

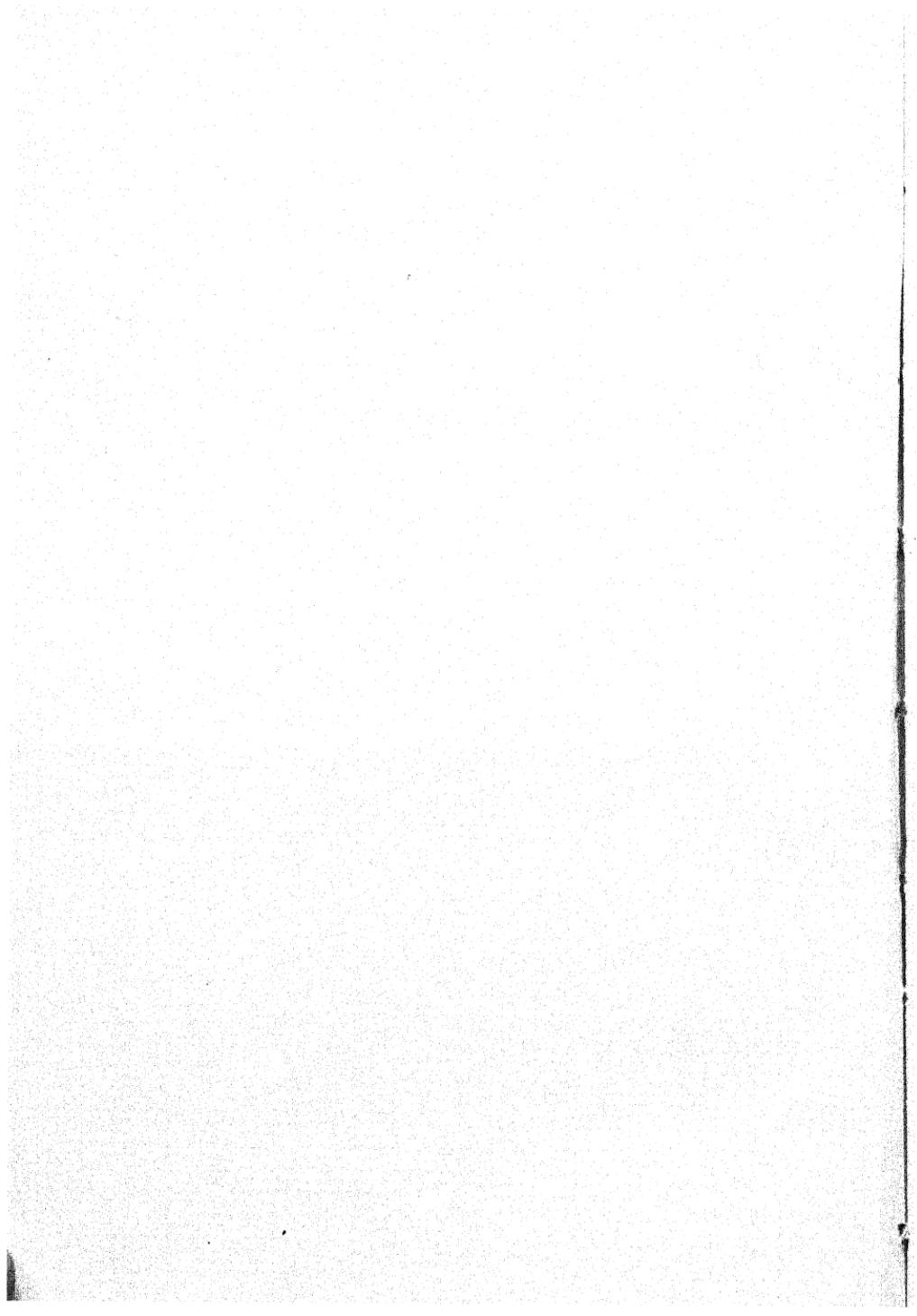
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VOLUME XIV

Anecdotes and Epigrams

Edited by

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

Professor of English, Columbia University

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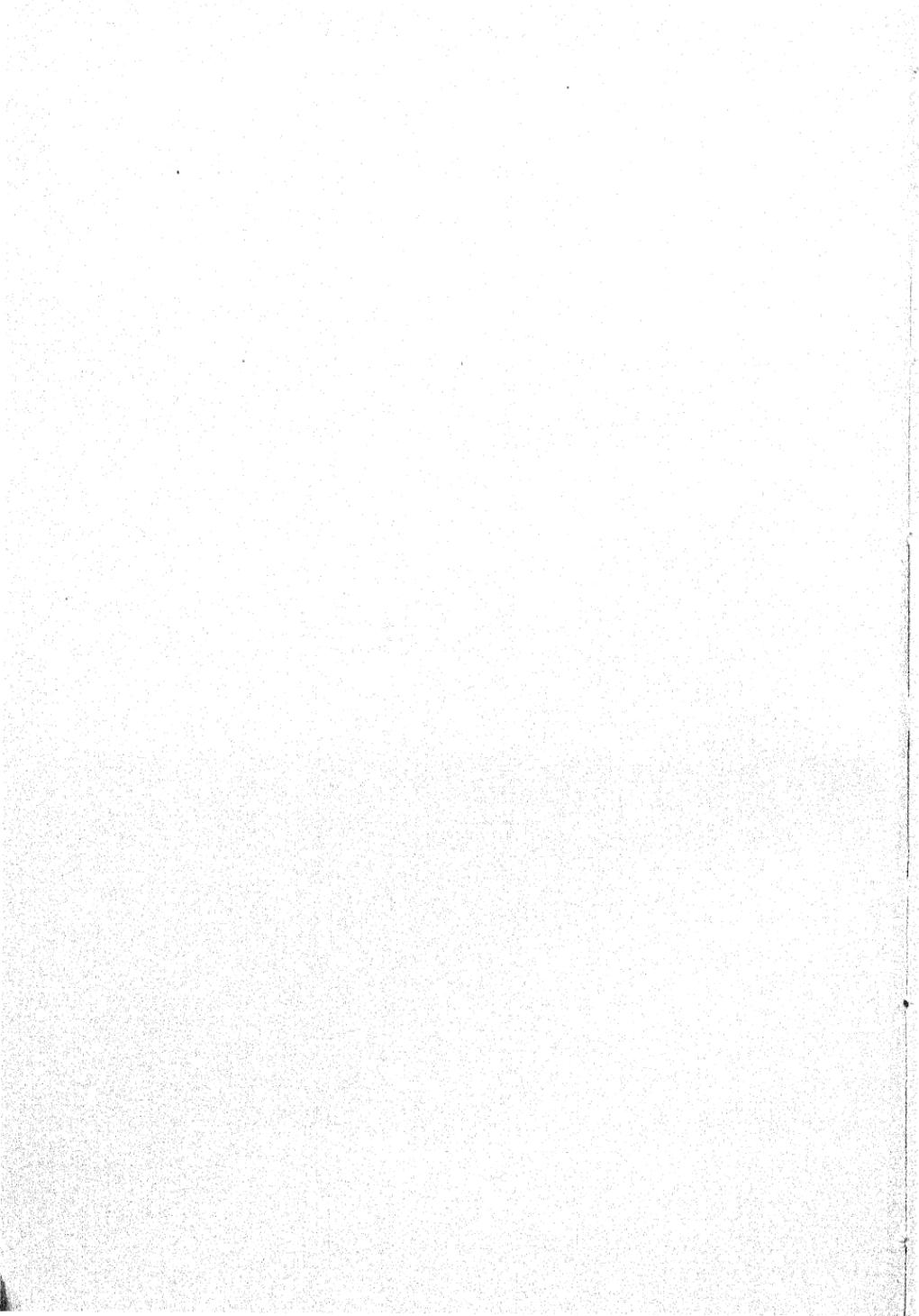
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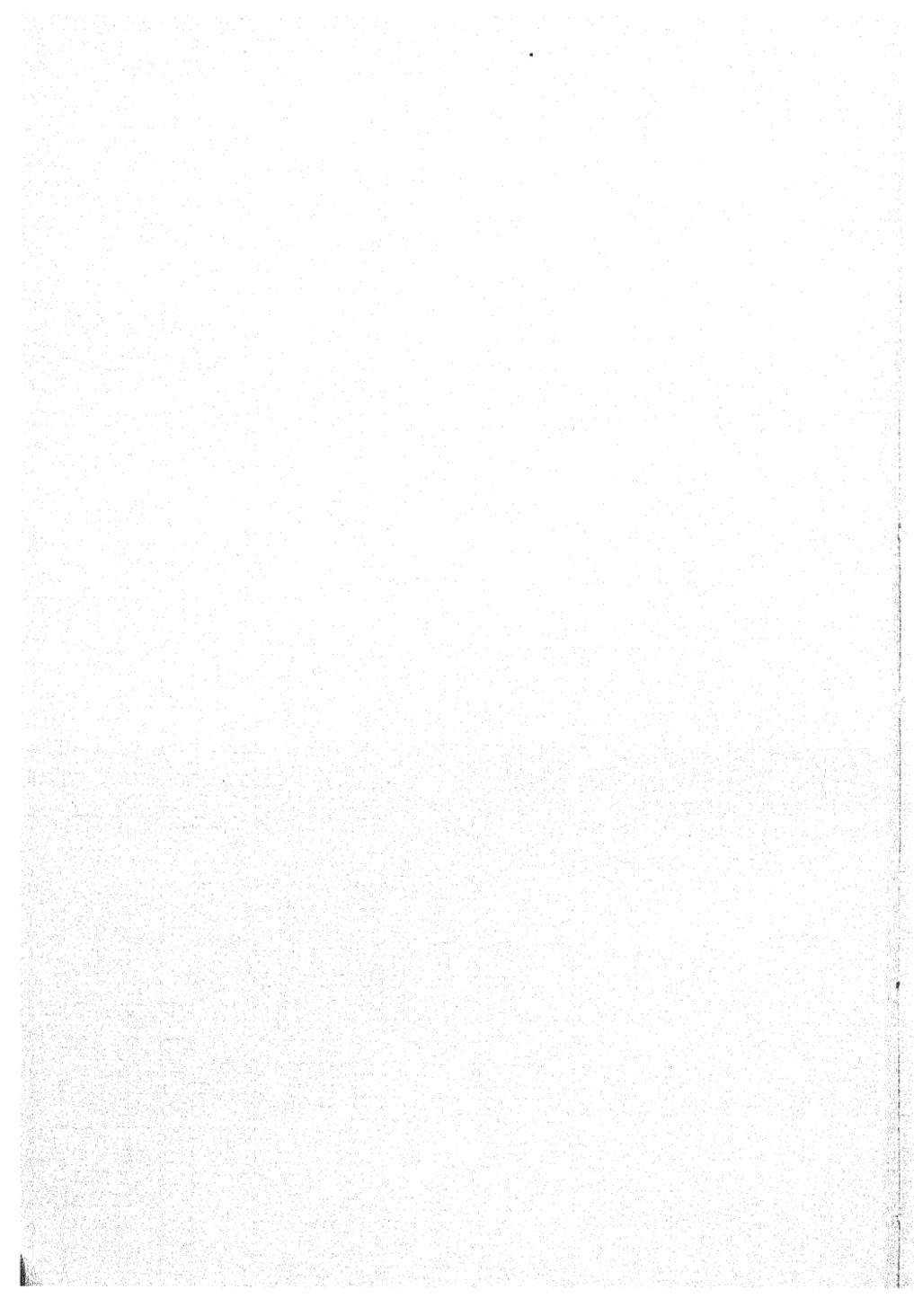
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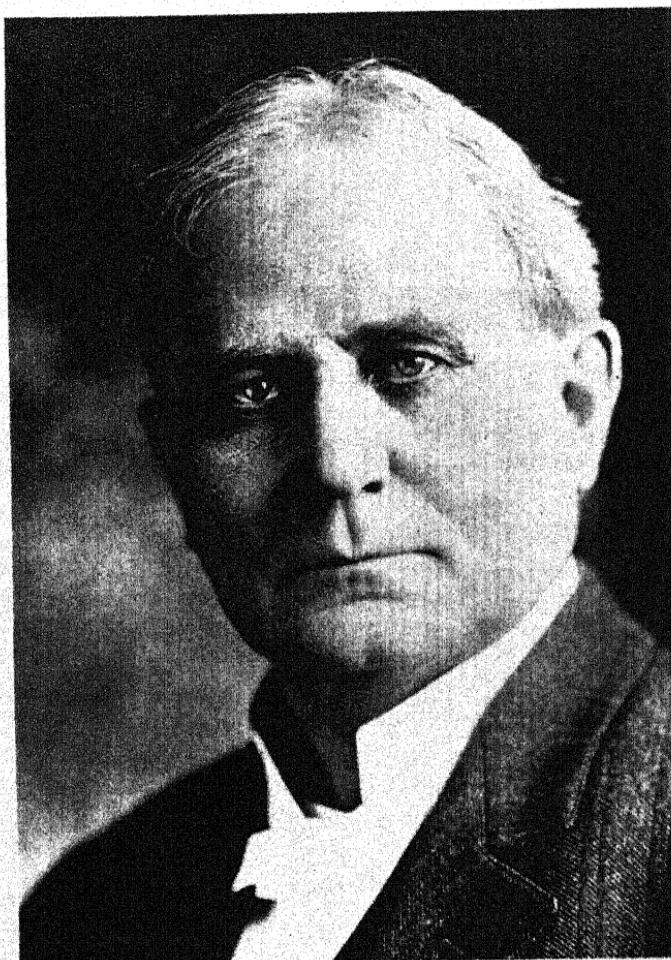
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CHAMP CLARK

INTRODUCTION WIT, HUMOR, AND ANECDOTE

By CHAMP CLARK

MANY persons who never had a bright idea in their heads or a generous sentiment in their hearts, assuming an air of owlish wisdom, affect to disdain wit and humor and to be vastly superior to the practitioners thereof, forgetting, or most likely never having heard of, the great truth enunciated by Charles Lamb: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

In most instances it is a case of sour grapes. To be disparaged is the penalty which brilliancy must pay to dullness. It is natural for jealous souls to belittle those qualities which they do not possess. It is a mean sort of egotism, a vainglorious pride, which is apt to have a sudden fall.

As the non-humorous and unwitty constitute the overwhelming majority, they have succeeded, partially at least, by dint of ceaseless iteration, in propagating the idea that mental dryness is indicative of wisdom and that a wit or humorist is lacking in the substantial qualities of mind—all of which is mere moonshine.

It was the success of the theory of the dry-as-dusts which forced Tom Corwin in his old days, in an address to a law class, to utter this pathetic plaint: "Young men, if you desire a reputation for wisdom, never joke; be as solemn as an ass!" Considering who said it, that is one of the saddest sentiments ever fashioned by human lips, for he went to his grave in the firm belief that his reputation as a wit and humorist had cost him the chief magistracy of the Republic. But in that he was mistaken; it was his speech against the Mexican War—by far the greatest he ever made, and one of the greatest ever delivered in

the Senate of the United States—which removed him forever from the list of Presidential possibilities.

No sane person would elect to be continually cooped up with another who is witty or humorous on all occasions, any more than he would desire to dwell in a land of perpetual day; but sunshine is a good thing, nevertheless. So are wit and its cousin humor. King Solomon tells us that there is a time to every purpose under the heaven—a time to weep and a time to laugh.

Laughter is the sweetest music that ever greeted the human ear, and the chief purpose of wit and humor is to produce laughter.

Henry Ward Beecher, who was created for enjoyment, once said: "If a horse had not been intended to go, he would not have had the 'go' in him." Wit and humor, like all other of the numberless precious gifts of God to man, undoubtedly have their proper uses. They help to float a heavy speech and give wings to solid argument. A brilliant sally, a sparkling epigram, a "fetching" simile, a happy *mot* and *apropos* anecdote, may extricate one from a perilous predicament, where all else would utterly fail.

For example, take the case of Tom Corwin whose splendid genius lighted up and glorified the age in which he lived. While the anti-slavery agitation was becoming acute and the Abolitionists growing strong enough to defeat candidates, though still too weak to elect them, Corwin—who was swart as Othello—being a candidate for Congress, was once addressing a great open-air meeting in southern Ohio, and doing his best to offend no one, when a wily and malicious auditor, in order to unhorse him, interrupted him with the query: "Are you in favor of a law permitting colored people to eat at the same tables with white folks in hotels and on steamboats?" "Black Tom" did not follow the Scriptural injunction: "Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay." That was too concise and direct for the end he had in view, which was to dodge, or, in prize-ring parlance, to "duck." If he should answer, "Yea," all the pro-slavery votes would be cast against him and he would be defeated. Should he answer "Nay," the Abolitionists would defeat him. He answered neither "Yea" nor "Nay," but—his dark, mobile countenance shining with the gladness of certain

victory—he replied: “Fellow citizens, I submit that it is improper to ask that question of a gentleman of my color!” The crowd, delirious with delight, yelled itself hoarse and the “Wagon-Boy” carried the day and the election. Now, I propound to a candid world this pertinent question. Could any dry-as-dust statesman have escaped the net of the fowler as easily and gracefully as did Corwin? I think not.

The truth is that the man who is dowered with wit and humor is in first-class intellectual company—with Shakespeare and Bacon; Swift and Sheridan; Jerrold and Sydney Smith; with Dickens and Thackeray; Curran and Lamb; with Burns and Byron, and countless master-spirits of the elder world; and with our own Washington Irving, Tom Marshall, and George D. Prentice; with Sargent S. Prentiss; with Lowell and Holmes and Lincoln; with “Sunset” Cox, Henry Watterson, and Proctor Knott; with Horr, Ingersoll, and Thomas B. Reed; with Justice Harlan and George C. Vest; and with a bright and shining host of statesmen, orators, poets, and literati—not to mention all the professionals from “John Phoenix” to “Mark Twain.”

It is a significant fact, pertinent here and well calculated to furnish food for reflection, that the three most distinguished living New York humorists are now comfortably located in these downy berths: Joseph H. Choate is Ambassador to Great Britain; General Horace Porter is Ambassador to France; Chauncey Mitchell Depew is United States Senator. It may also be interesting to state that one of the most illustrious New-Yorkers of the last generation, William Maxwell Evarts, the foremost lawyer of his time, owed his world-wide fame as much to his wit as to his legal attainments; and he filled the great offices of Attorney-General, Secretary of State, and Senator of the United States. It is safe to say that Dr. Talmage’s humorous faculty has netted him over a quarter of a million on the lecture platform, and Governor Bob Taylor’s has placed him in the ranks of rich Tennesseans.

Unless Republicans as well as republics are ungrateful, they will some day erect a magnificent monument to their pioneer, Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose irresistible

humor compelled the attention of men who were ready to stone his sober-minded companions.

This is *par excellence* the land of orators. Here within the life of the Republic—a mere span in the history of the human race—the divine gift of moving the mind and heart by the power of spoken words has been bestowed upon more men than in all the rest of the world since the confusion of tongues at the unfinished Tower of Babel. By universal acclaim Demosthenes is *the* Grecian orator, Cicero *the* Roman orator, Mirabeau is *the* French orator, Castelar *the* Spanish orator, and Edmund Burke *the* English orator. Their “right there is none to dispute.” Who is *the* American orator? Ask that question of any American audience and there will be a score of answers, precipitating a heated wrangle.

The universal gift of utterance in America renders appropriate, haply instructive, a discussion and illustration of the use of wit, humor, and anecdote in public speech, for all use them who can and they are found in every species of public speech—bar none. Henry Ward Beecher enlivened many of his sermons with them, as did John Smith of Kentucky and Missouri, commonly called “Raccoon” John Smith, because he was once remunerated in raccoon skins for pronouncing the marriage ceremony. He was famous in the Southwest as one of the great pioneers in the religious reformation with which the name of Alexander Campbell is forever associated in the nickname of “Campbellite.” In our time Sam Jones has rivaled Beecher and Smith in this respect. Of course all three have been severely criticized as innovators; but imitation is the sincerest flattery, and scores of young preachers pattern after them with various measures of success and applause.

One of the greatest surprises of my life was to discover that some genius had compiled and published a volume with the rather startling title of “The Wit and Humor of the Bible.” I once made the round of the St. Louis bookstores in quest of that “curiosity of literature.” From the furtive manner in which the clerks glanced at me out of the tails of their eyes, I incline to the opinion that they thought I was suffering from incipient lunacy.

After all, it must be confessed that the use of wit, humor,

and anecdote—*i.e.*, amusing anecdote—in sermons or in funeral orations is meager and of rather a lugubrious effect. They are used most frequently and most appropriately at the bar, on the stump, in Congress, on the platform, and in after-dinner speeches.

The most famous after-dinner speech within the memory of any living man is that of Henry W. Grady at the banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York in 1886. It is a rich mine of eloquence, wit, humor, and anecdote. To illustrate the power of faith, he told this story, which is perfect: “There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: ‘When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife who was’—then turning the page—‘one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopherwood, and covered with pitch inside and out.’ He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: ‘My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.’”

I once heard Vice-President Garrett A. Hobart in an after-dinner speech in Washington, speaking to an audience made up largely of newspaper men, utter this *mot*: “Since I have been in office, I have given the newspaper men everything they asked of me—except my confidence!” which was enjoyed immensely by all his hearers, especially by the newspaper men themselves.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate is no less celebrated as a postprandial orator than as a lawyer. Nothing verbal could be more delicious than his description of the dinners of the New England Society of New York as “those gatherings of an unhappy company of Pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico’s to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history.” At one of those dinners he proposed the following toast, which contains more wit than do most witty speeches: “Women, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender

summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

New-Yorkers agree that either Choate or Chauncey M. Depew is the finest after-dinner speaker on earth. Some one says: "At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society Choate was down for the toast, 'The Navy,' while Depew was to respond to 'The Army.' Depew began by saying, 'It's well to have a specialist: that's why Choate is here to speak about the Navy. We met at the wharf once and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the Navy.' Choate responded: 'I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking, as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Dr. Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe.'"

In joint discussions on the stump every weapon in the mental armory is brought into service. In that species of public speech wit and humor are invaluable and are most used—especially that sort known as repartee. By far the most memorable performance in that line was the series of debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas in 1858. The United States senatorship was the prize directly in sight, but both looked beyond that to the Presidency as their goal. In winning the senatorship Douglas lost the Presidency to Lincoln. Unlike in everything except ambition, they were most equally matched, each being wondrously strong. They had known each other from early manhood and were on the friendliest footing; but they laid on and spared not, being none too particular about "hitting below the belt." On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retailing whisky. "Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whisky by the drink. I

was on the inside of the bar and the Judge was on the outside: I busy selling, he busy buying"—which is about as neat a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich but not malicious. It perhaps had a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about temperance in general and his own temperance in particular.

On the stump, in a hot campaign, it is not the elegance of an anecdote that tells so much as its pointedness, snappiness, above all, its applicability. Probably no better story-teller than former Lieutenant-Governor David A. Ball of Missouri ever stood before an American audience. In 1896 he was trying to persuade the Gold Democrats that notwithstanding the fact that they differed with the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many others that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows: "How would a mossback Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike county an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes and said: 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer, I would have been in Heaven!' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a devil of a figure in Heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' And that," concluded Governor Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever!" I have heard that anecdote told all the way from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and it invariably brought down the house.

One of my predecessors in Congress, now a leader of the St. Louis bar, Colonel David Patterson Dyer, owes his advancement in life fully as much to his wit and humor as to his professional attainments. He is an intense Republican and was sent to Congress during the reconstruction period, though his Democratic opponent received a large majority of the votes cast. He understands thoroughly the philosophy which teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. He is *persona grata* to his old Democratic constituents and though he tongue-lashes them dreadfully, they turn out in large numbers to hear him when he comes back to his old home to speak. Once in a while,

however, he presumes too much upon their personal affection and nothing except his readiness at repartee saves him from serious trouble. For example, when he was a candidate for re-election to Congress he was making a speech in which he was imputing to the Democrats all the sins denounced in the decalogue and a great many which are not mentioned in that comprehensive document, when an irascible Democratic veteran exclaimed: "Shut up! You were never elected to Congress in the first place!" Dyer looked at him a moment in a quizzical sort of way and replied: "Well, my old friend, any blamed fool can serve in Congress who is elected, but it takes an unusually smart one to serve there who has never been elected!"—a happy shot which restored the *entente cordiale* between the Colonel and his Democratic auditors.

Allen V. Cockrell, a brilliant Washington littérateur, gives this felicitous account of how ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado once rescued himself from a ticklish position by a happy use of wit: "During his twelve years of senatorial service the Coloradoan has won for himself the honor of being about the most eloquent Republican in the Senate. In addition to his oratorical talent, he is wonderfully clever at campaign repartee. This gift was well demonstrated before he became nationally known, when he was sent to a Southern State to advocate Republicanism. At a certain place he was politely informed that the 'rally' would begin and end about the same time, and that not since 1883 had any Republican been permitted to finish a speech there. Wolcott was determined, however, and upon learning that the citizens, as a rule, were kind enough to permit the speakers to get out of town and fill their next appointment, he concluded to make his speech as billed. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce him to the audience in as few words as possible. The advice was followed a little too literally. He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker, and disappeared behind the scenes.

"Wolcott began his speech at once, with one of his best stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery and only white people below. In about five minutes Wolcott's discretion was overcome by his Republican-

ism, and he made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, whereupon a body of young men in the center of the theater shouted in concert, 'Rats!' Wolcott paused for a moment, and then, waving his hand at the gallery, said, 'Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!' The effect was electrical and effectual. In laughingly referring to the incident afterward, the Senator said: 'You should have seen that dusky hillside of faces in the gallery break into ledges of pearl!'"

Occasionally the humor at a public speaking comes from the audience instead of the speaker. Sometimes the humorous auditor makes a hit unconsciously. Notwithstanding the fact that in the summer of 1900 I indulged in the luxury of some twenty-five joint political lectures—really "knock-down-and-drag-out" political discussions, but denominated "lectures" because they were delivered at Chautauqua assemblies—with Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa and Representatives Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio and Charles B. Landis of Indiana, and in addition thereto heard several other Republican orators of great repute, my candid and well-considered opinion is that the best Republican stump speech that I heard during that campaign was delivered by one of my stanchest friends, personal and political, a well-to-do farmer in the district which I have the honor to represent. He voted the Democratic ticket straight, from Bryan down to constable—never voted or thought of voting anything else in his life. His speech, which consisted of only one short sentence, was injected into mine, which consumed about one hour and a half in delivery. It came about in this wise: One very hot day in August I was making a Democratic speech in a magnificent grove up in Ralls county, at a Modern Woodmen's picnic. My friend Enoch G. Matson, popularly known as "Nuck," was standing directly in front of me, about five feet distant, listening intently to what I had to say. I was mauling the Republicans, with all the power I possessed, about their policy and conduct in the Philippines, declaring that they were ignoring the Declaration of Independence, overthrowing the Constitution, and otherwise deporting themselves in unseemng and un-American fashion. After I had been going on for about forty-five minutes Matson remarked *sotto voce*: "Well, I guess we can stand it as long as beef-cattle

are five cents a pound on the hoof." That was the gist of the whole argument which carried the Middle and Western States for the Republicans. I have always thought it lucky for me that no quick-witted newspapermen were within ear-shot of "Nuck" when he uttered his ejaculation. If that dangerous epigram had ever got into print, I should not have heard the last of it till the polls closed.

While a man may be both humorist and anecdote teller, it does not necessarily follow that because he is one he is also the other. The best anecdote teller, pure and simple, who has been in Congress in the last ten years is Hon. W. Jasper Talbert of South Carolina, who will probably be the next Governor of the Palmetto State. He is a free trader of the Henry George sort. In order to illustrate his theory of the operation of the high protective tariff as it affects the different sections of the country, he told this story in a speech in the House: "Down in my district a boy went to mill for the first time, and did not understand the *modus operandi*. So when the miller took out the toll, the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured the rest of the corn into the hopper, and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that too, and he thought furthermore that it was high time for him to take his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty sack and started home as fast as his legs could carry him. The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him in the race home, and fell down in the yard out of breath. His father ran out and said: 'My son, what is the matter?' Whereupon the boy replied: 'That old fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn and gave me an awful race for the sack!' Now," said Mr. Talbert, "that illustrates the working of the high protective tariff precisely. The tariff barons have been skinning the farmer for lo! these many years. They've gotten all our corn and now they are after the sack!"

Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall of Virginia, after several years' service in the House of Representatives, retired with a great reputation for capacity and none for wit and humor; nevertheless he told one of the finest and most effective anecdotes ever heard in Congress. It was at the expense of William Bourke

Cockran, whose fame as an orator extends all over the English-speaking world. Among his many qualifications for successful public speaking Cockran has a voice that would have aroused the envy of the Bull of Bashan, if that historic animal had ever heard the Tammany Demosthenes. It so happened that O'Ferrall and Cockran locked horns on a contested election case. Cockran's big voice was in prime condition and made the glass roof of the hall of the House rattle. O'Ferrall, though chairman of the Democratic Committee on Elections, advocated the seating of the Republican, for which Cockran assailed him bitterly and bombarded him with his heaviest artillery until everybody within half a mile was deaf from the noise. O'Ferrall began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of a story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule, and who was caught in a violent thunderstorm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lightning which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion: 'O Lawd, if it's jes' the same to you, I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light!' Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hogshead of noise and would be thankful for a thimbleful of light on this important subject!"

The dry-as-dusts solemnly asseverate that humor never did any good. They are cock-sure of that. Now, let's see. How did Private John Allen of Mississippi get to Congress? He joked himself in. One "fetching" bit of humor sent him to Washington as a national lawmaker. The first time John ran for the congressional nomination his opponent was the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly during the Civil War and served with distinction two or three terms in Congress. They met on the stump. General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows: "Seventeen years ago last night, my fellow citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember as I do the times that tried men's souls will not, I

hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the general at his own game in the following amazing manner: "My fellow citizens, what General Tucker says to you about the engagement seventeen years ago on yonder hill is true. What General Tucker says to you about having bivouacked in yon clump of trees on that night is true. It is also true, my fellow citizens, that I was vedette picket and stood guard over him while he slept. Now then, fellow citizens, all of you who were generals and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker; and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen!" The people caught on, took John at his word, and sent him to Congress, where he stayed till the world was filled with his renown.

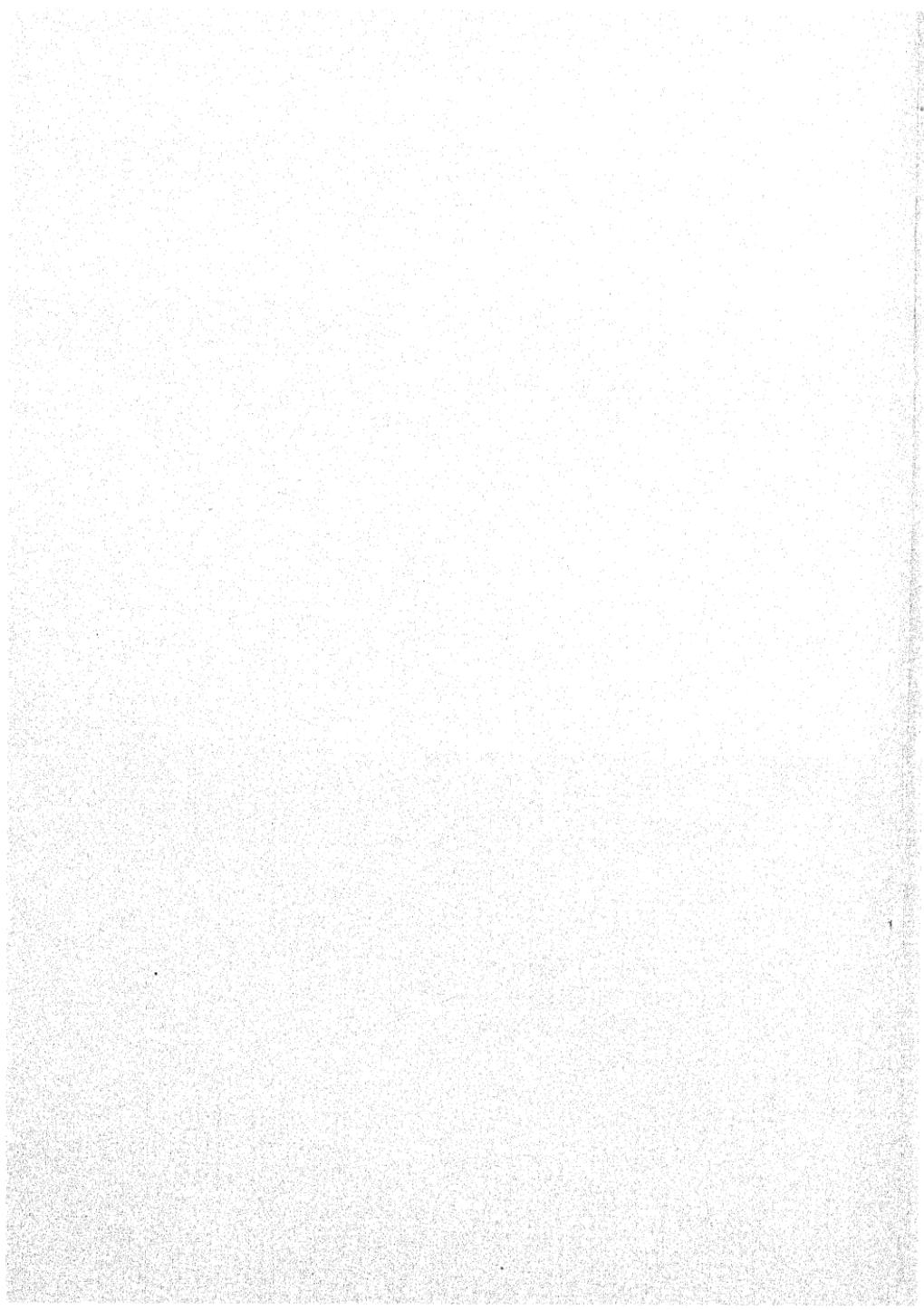
It would perhaps be cruelty to animals to ask any or all of the dry-as-dusts to specify one piece of solemn wisdom which ever did as much for a congressional candidate as John's brief bit of humor did for him in his contest with General Tucker, and at the General's expense. Right or wrong, success is universally admitted to be the standard of merit, and by reason of his humor John Allen succeeded.

Of course, every Representative must make his "maiden speech" in Congress—that is, if he intends to try the oratorical caper at all. Much depends on that effort. The congressional tyro feels that the eyes of the House, of his constituents, perhaps of the whole country and of posterity, are fixed upon him. Generally he is mistaken as to the number of eyes riveted upon him, but nevertheless he feels as he rises to say "Mr. Speaker" for the first time, that he is a sort of universal optical target, and so feeling he is liable to an attack of heart-failure or stage fright. Lucky the member who catches the ear of the House and of the country in delivering his "maiden speech." He is not only lucky. He is scarce—almost as scarce as hens' teeth.

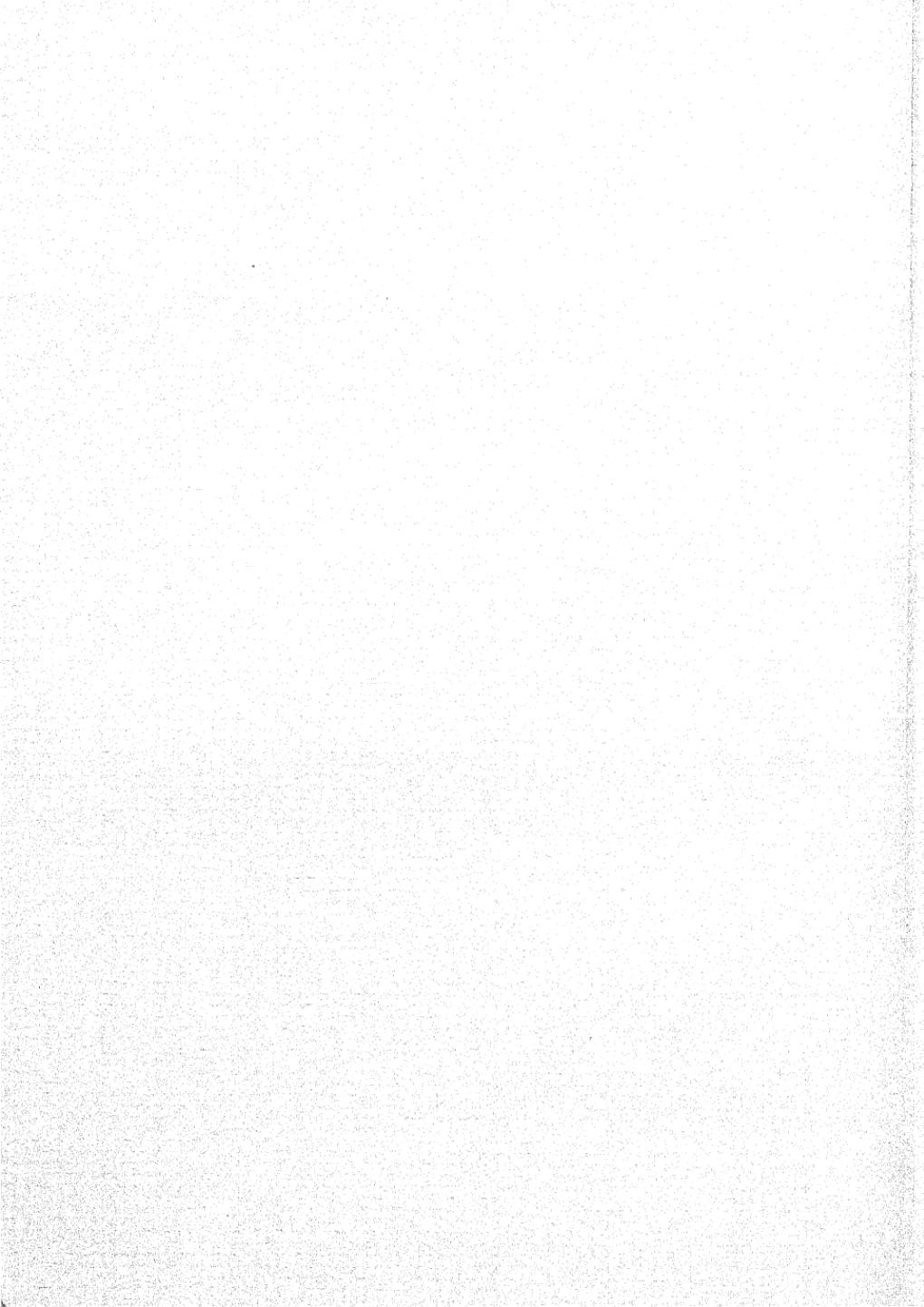
In due time Private John Allen delivered his "maiden speech" in Congress, proved to be one of the lucky ones, and took an instant secure hold on the auricular appendage of the House, which he held as long as he occupied his seat. The members

regarded Allen as a godsend—as a welcome and grateful relief from what the late lamented Mr. Mantalini would have denominated “the demnition horrid grind” of the congressional mill. John arose to make his “maiden speech” an obscure member. Next morning he awoke to find himself famous, as did Lord Byron after the publication of the opening cantos of “Childe Harold,” and the fame of the Mississippi humorist was as fairly won and as justly bestowed as was that of the English poet.

The river and harbor bill was up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for the Tombigbee River. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Willis of Kentucky, had promised him time and had then forgotten it. John asked unanimous consent to address the House, and Willis tried to help him get it, but some one objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said with melancholy accent, “Well, I would at least like to have permission to print some remarks in the *Record* and insert ‘laughter and applause’ in appropriate places.” That was his astonishing exordium. The palpable hit at one of the most common abuses of the House “leave to print”—tickled the members greatly, and he secured the unanimous consent which he desired. He closed that speech with an amazing exhibition of assurance, which added to his fame more than the speech itself. He wound up by saying, “Now, Mr. Speaker, having full answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloakroom for a few moments, to receive the congratulations of admiring friends”—which set the House and galleries wild with delight. He did retire to the cloakroom, and did receive the congratulations of admiring friends—a performance which has been going on at frequent intervals ever since.

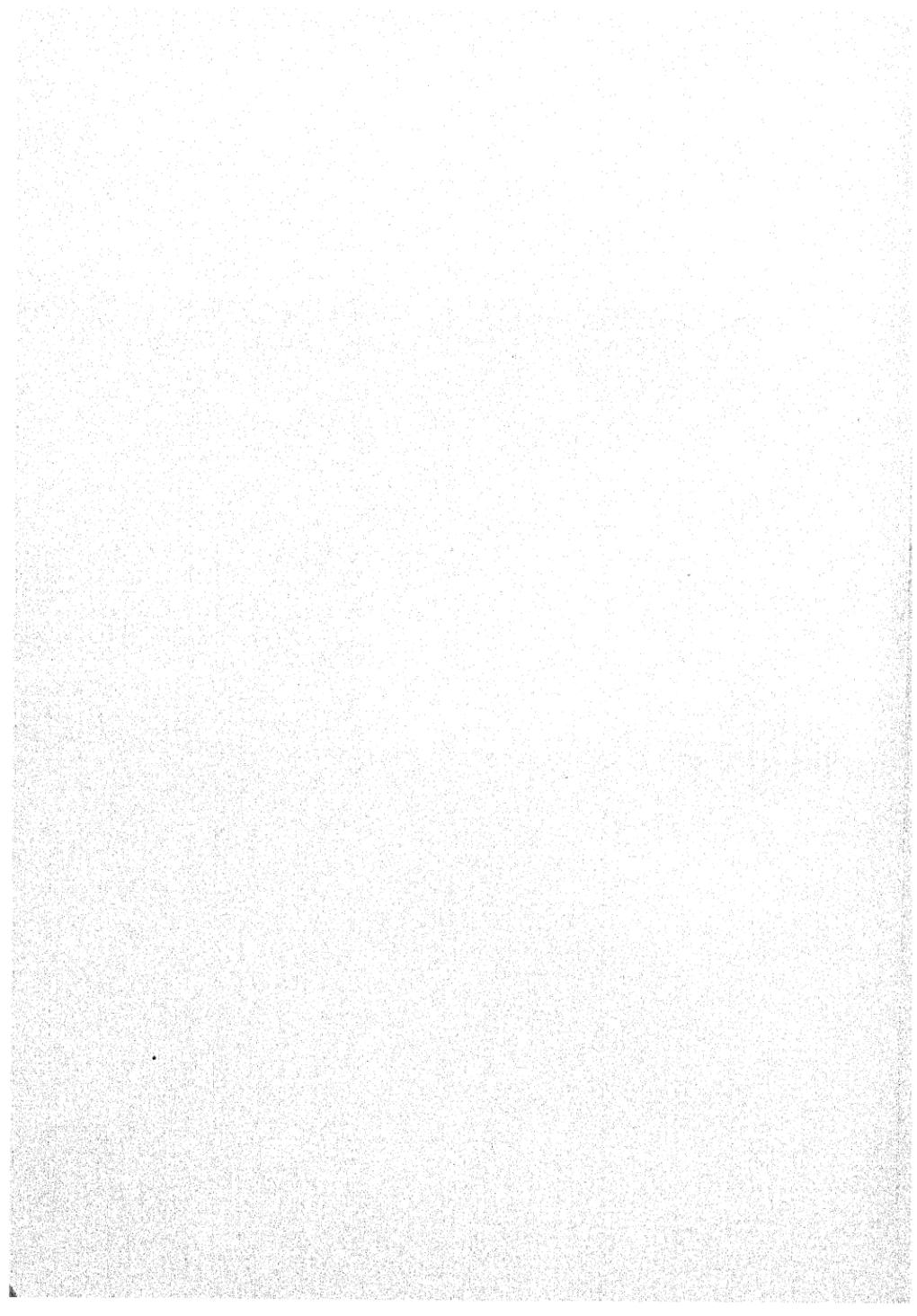


**FIVE HUNDRED
BEST ANECDOTES**





CLERGY, CHURCH AND CREED



HOW IS IT WITH YOUR SOUL?

Once, there went out from these midwestern prairies a man who represented his country in the United States Senate. He was the son of a minister, like a multitude of great and holy men and women throughout the world. The old father was visiting his son in Washington. One evening the father returned from church just as a diplomat from one of the Latin countries was leaving his son's home. The old minister, who had been deeply stirred by the services at the church, met them in the hall. The Senator introduced his father and the diplomat greeted the venerable man with the urbanity characteristic of his race. Without a word of warning, the father asked the diplomat in almost stentorian tones: "Are you a Christian?" The man of the world was thrown off his guard for a moment, but recovering his native politeness, replied: "I am a Catholic." Gently placing his hand upon the diplomat's shoulder, the man of God continued: "That is all right, my brother. I do not care whether you are a Catholic or a Protestant. How is it with your soul?" The diplomat said his good night and returned home. But the very next day the old preacher was taken with his last illness. Every day the diplomat called to inquire, leaving a bunch of flowers. As the servant of God lay dead in his casket, the statesman came to the Senator's home and asked permission with some member of the family to enter the death chamber. He knelt and kissed the dead hand, placed a wreath upon the calm brow, and then went out sobbing like a child as he said: "He was the first man who ever asked me a question about my soul."—*Rev. George Elliott.*

NO NEED FOR FUSS

A soap-box orator returning home flushed with his oratorical efforts, and also from other causes, found a mild curate seated opposite in the trolley car. "It may interest you to know," he

said truculently, "that I don't believe in the existence of a Heaven." The curate merely nodded, and went on reading his newspaper. "You don't quite realize," said the soap-box orator, "what I'm trying to make clear. I want you to understand that I don't believe for a single, solitary moment that such a place as Heaven exists." "All right, all right," answered the curate, pleasantly, "go to Hell; only don't make so much fuss about it."—*C. F. Curry, M. C.*

THE LIMITS OF INFALLIBILITY

When Cardinal Gibbons at a dinner table was asked by a lady for his opinion of papal infallibility and its limits, he is said to have replied: "I can only say that during the last interview I had with His Holiness he addressed me constantly as Cardinal Jibbons."

SOMEBODY, ANYHOW

One day as Bishop McConnell was preparing to leave the train at a station in West Virginia the colored porter appeared with intent to brush him off.

"Are you ready, Colonel?" said the porter.
"I am ready, but I am not a colonel," said the Bishop.
"All right then, Jedge."
"But I am not a judge, either."
"Well, boss, would you mind tellin' me what are you?"
"I am a Methodist bishop."
"Dar, I jest knowed you was some kind of a face card."—
Rev. J. W. Langdale.

YOU TAKE OUT WHAT YOU PUT IN

A city clergyman on a holiday was invited to preach in the little country church. As he entered the church he dropped a fifty cent piece in the collection box. After the services the deacon said apologetically:

"Dr. Blank, it's impossible for us to pay you what we'd like to for your fine sermon, but we always give the visiting clergyman whatever there is in the collection box."

Opening it, he handed the reverend Doctor his own fifty cent piece; there was nothing more in the box. The clergyman thanked him and walked on in company with his young son. After a while the boy said:

"Dad, if you'd put more in you'd have taken more out."

UNPREPARED

A preacher who had had one sort of trouble after another all week found himself on Sunday morning without a sermon. He laid his difficulty frankly before the congregation.

"Beloved," said he, "I deeply regret that it has been impossible for me to prepare a sermon. I can do no more than open my mouth and let the Lord speak through me. Next Sunday I hope to do better."

A PERFECT SERMON

The one perfect sermon I have had the fortune to hear was eloquent through its brevity.

"The Lacedemonians do not ask

'How many are the enemy?'

but

'Where are they?'

—Aaron Davis.

JUST SHOW 'EM THE ENEMY

Many years ago the Rev. Dr. Twing, of the P. E. Church, founded what he called the Sunday School Church Army to promote the cause of domestic and foreign missions. It was his habit to visit one church after another in order to see how far the rector of the parish had succeeded in interesting his young people in missionary work. On his annual round Dr. Twing came accordingly to a church in Western New York, where on a Sunday morning the rector caused the entire Sunday School to pass before him in military order, company by company, with banners flying, each class having its own banner. At a certain point in the procession one of the classes of boys, whose gait and demeanor were conspicuously warlike, was

stopped by the rector in front of the chancel. "My boys," he said, "I see that you understand your business very well. So please tell Dr. Twing what my Church Army is going to do." The banner-bearer held up his hand and answered: "We are going to fight the missionaries."—*Rev. George William Douglas.*

WE ARE THE PEOPLE

At a meeting of the good members of one of our Connecticut churches, held in Colonial days, the following resolutions were passed, to be spread upon the records of the church:

"Voted: That the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.

"Voted: The fullness of the earth is for the Saints.

"VOTED: We are the Saints."—*George H. Wilcox, Meriden, Conn.*

COULDN'T TRUST THE YOUNG ONES

A minister noticed that on the Sabbaths when he preached in church the maid would sit up in the gallery and go to sleep, but when any of the young theologians came down from Edinburgh she was very much awake, drinking in every word. The minister did not like it and decided he would take her to task for it. He said, "Janet, I cannot but notice that when I am preaching you do not mind going to sleep, but whenever these young men come down from the Seminary you are wide awake, and I do not like it." "You mustn't mind that," she said, "I know when you preach that the word of God is safe, but you cannot tell what liberties these young ministers might take with it."—*J. Spencer Smith.*

THE SHORTEST FUNERAL EULOGY

The late Robert B. Minturn was intimately associated with Dr. Muhlenberg in the development of the church of the Holy Communion, in New York, the first free church in this country, and of St. Luke's Hospital and of St. Johnland. At his funeral Dr. Muhlenberg, who conducted the service, took his place in front of the coffin, facing the congregation, and announced as

his text the following: "Do justly; love mercy; and walk humbly with thy God." Then pointing to the coffin directly in front and below him, he said, "This is what this man did. Go ye and do likewise."—*Rev. Henry Mottet.*

A FAIR BARGAIN

When Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the Brooklyn preacher, was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Evanston, Ill., his family was treated by Dr. Webster, the leading physician of the town. No bill came for professional services. Meeting the physician one day, Dr. Hillis said:

"Dr. Webster, I hope you will send me your bill for the calls you have made at my home. The children are all right now and I would like to settle up."

The doctor demurred about sending a bill but Dr. Hillis still pressed him, until the physician replied: "Well, Hillis, you seem to think that I am a pretty good doctor and although I have not been in your church or any other church for a long time, I hear you are a pretty good preacher and know how to pray well, so I will make this bargain. I'll do all I can to keep you out of Heaven and you do all you can to keep me out of Hell, and we will not charge a cent. Is it a go?"—*C. T. Lee.*

HYMNS AND PILLS

A certain congregation of limited means had been unable to purchase hymn books. A patent medicine company offered to print the books in return for the privilege of placing their advertisements in them. Instead, however, of printing the advertisements on separate pages, the company mixed them up with the hymns. So on the first Sunday morning after the new hymn books arrived the pastor rose and solemnly lined out a hymn from the new books before the astonished congregation as follows:

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Beecham's pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth, and Mercy mild—
Two for man and one for child."

—*Senator Sheppard.*

SERVING TWO MASTERS

Rev. William G. Schauffler, D.D., was a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Constantinople during the latter half of the nineteenth century. During a part of that time the influence of Russia was very strong in Constantinople, and the Czar was represented by an ambassador of special force and diplomatic ability. Russia was, however, opposed to the advance of Protestant missions in the Near East.

One day, Dr. Schauffler was invited to the Russian Embassy for the discussion of some disputed point. Finally the Russian ambassador said to Dr. Schauffler, "I may as well tell you, sir, that my master, the Emperor of Russia, will never allow a Protestant mission to set its foot in Russia." Dr. Schauffler, drawing himself up, replied, "Your excellency, may I say to you that the Kingdom of Christ, who is my Master, will never ask the Emperor of Russia where it may set its foot."—*Rev. Lewis T. Reed.*

COST CONSIDERABLE

A clergyman addressed the father of a family he was visiting: "Well, John, I hope you keep family worship regularly?" "Aye, sir," answered John, "in the time o' year o't." "In the time o' year o't, John! What do you mean?" "Ye ken, sir, we canna see in winter." "But, John, you should buy candles." "Aye, sir," replied John, "but in that case, I'm afraid the cost might owergang the profit."

BOTH MAY BE THERE

A minister in the north of Scotland took to task one of his hearers who was a frequent defaulter, and was reproaching him as an habitual absentee from public worship. The accused vindicated himself on the plea of a dislike to long sermons. "'Deed, man," said his reverend minister, a little nettled at the insinuation thrown out against himself, "if ye dinna mend, ye may land yerself where ye'll no' be troubled wi' mony sermons, either lang or short."

"Weel, aiblins sae," retorted John, "but it mayna be for want o' ministers."

VERY TIRED

It would be with you very much as it was with the Scotch congregation, when the minister boasted to his fellow clergyman, "I preached to them two hours and twenty minutes." And the other minister said, "Why, weren't you awfully tired?" "No," he said, "but you ought to have seen the congregation!"

—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

WHEELS

A level-headed old Yankee had, among other ills, to bear with the vagaries of a hysterical wife with a tendency to religious dissipation. She was just then a Millerite and a firm believer in the coming end that night—and she faithfully watched for it. Jacob was tired and needed rest, and lacked confidence; he went to sleep. The snow was about four feet deep all over the country, and in the course of the night, it was said, the wife excitedly called her husband, and said: "Wake, Jacob, wake! Gabriel is comin' now, cert'n! I hear the rumblin' of his chariot-wheels." He was reported to have said: "Go to sleep, you old fool; do you s'pose he'd come on wheels sech sleighin' as this?"—*Grosvenor P. Lowrey.*

A SUBSTITUTE

Father Shebane, an old Universalist preacher in Alabama, was known as "The Walking Bible." In the courthouse it was discovered on one occasion that there was no Bible to swear the jurors and witnesses upon. The judge, casting his eyes on the venerable preacher, said: "There's Shebane, he has the Bible in his head; let them lay their hands upon him, and that will answer the purpose."

AGAINST MANUSCRIPT SERMONS

A clergyman thought his people were making rather an unconscionable objection to his using a manuscript in delivering a sermon. They urged, "What gars ye tak up your bit papers

to the pu'pit?" He replied that it was best, for really he could not remember his sermons, and must have his paper. "Weel, weel, minister, then dinna expect that we can remember them."

NOT MUCH LEFT

"Well, Father Brown, how did you like my sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "You see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons o' yourn. I'm an old man now, 'n' have to set putty well back by the stove; 'n' there's old Miss Smith, 'n' Widow Taff, 'n' Mrs. Rylan's daughters, 'n' Nabby Birt, 'n' all the rest settin' in front o' me, with their mouths wide open, a swallerin' down all the best o' the sermon, 'n' what gits down to me is putty poor stuff, parson —putty poor stuff."

MONEY WANTED

"Brudren," said a darky minister down on a plantation, "brudren, I'se got a five-dollar sermon, an' a two-dollar sermon, an' a one-dollar sermon, an' I want dis here indelicate audience to take up a collection as to which one ob dem dey can afford to hear."—*Theodore Cuyler*.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE

A minister esteemed it his religious duty to visit an extreme frontier settlement to preach. To reach that settlement he had to pass through a wilderness infested with hostile Indians. When about to start on one of these journeys, he took his rifle from its rack and was about to depart with it on his shoulder when his good wife said to him: "My dear husband, why do you carry that great heavy rifle on these long journeys? Don't you know that the time and manner of your taking off has been decreed from the beginning of time, and that rifle cannot vary the decree one hair's breadth?" "That is true, my dear wife, and I don't take my rifle to vary, but to execute the decree. What if I should meet an Indian whose time had come according to the decree and I didn't have my rifle?" And the pious woman acknowledged her shortsightedness.

—*Henry C. Caldwell, (Modern Eloquence, I.)*

CARRIED METAL

It was said of one clergyman, that if he was not as wise as Solomon, he was at any rate like him in one respect—he brought a great deal of “consecrated brass” into the temple every time he entered it.—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

EFFECTUAL PRAYER

One of the most prominent New England divines, himself the son of a Puritan clergyman, told me that when a boy he heard the deacons at his father's house discussing the merits of their respective ministers. After many had spoken, one old elder said, “Waal, our minister gives so much attention to his farm and orchard that we get pretty poor sermons; but he's mighty movin' in prayer in caterpillar and canker-worm time.”—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

WHY HE WAS IN JAIL

A kind-hearted clergyman asked a convict how he came to be in jail. The fellow said, with tears in his eyes, that he was coming home from prayer meeting, and sat down to rest, fell asleep, and while he was asleep there the county built a jail around him, and when he awoke the jailer wouldn't let him out.

HIS SAMPLES

An English theologian and Wesleyan was in the habit of carrying with him a strong bottle of pepper sauce, the very strongest he could find. He would not trust to that furnished by the hotels. One day a guest said to him: “Please pass those peppers over this way.” “Why, I beg your pardon, but that is my private property.” “Well, give a fellow a taste of it anyway.” He tasted it and then said after a moment, “You are a preacher, are you not?” “Yes.” “An orthodox preacher?” “I am so taken and accepted.” “You believe in hell-fire?” “Well, I feel it incumbent upon myself to warn the impenitent of their danger.” “You believe in a literal hell-fire?” “I so interpret the Scriptures.” “Well,” said the guest, “I have met

your kind before, but I never before met a man who carried his samples with him."—*J. P. Brushingham.*

A STOLEN DISCOURSE

It must have been with infinite amusement that Henry Ward Beecher, during a vacation, once heard one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of the service he accosted the divine, and said, "That was a fair discourse; how long did it take you to write it?" "Oh, a matter of a day or so," was the reply. "Indeed," said Mr. Beecher; "it took me three weeks to think out the framework of that sermon." "Are you Henry Ward Beecher?" said the astonished preacher. "I am," was the reply. "Well, then," said the unabashed prig, "all that I have to say is, that I am not ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

LABOR IS PRAYER

Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were in the West Highlands together on a tour, before leaving for India. While they were crossing a loch in a boat, in company with a number of passengers, a storm came on. One of the passengers was heard to say: "The twa ministers should begin to pray, or we'll a' be drooned." "Na, na," said a boatman; "the little ane can pray, if he likes, but the big ane must tak' an oar!"

FEES AND DEGREES

Wanting some alterations made in the palace at Fulham, the Bishop of London employed a first-rate architect to inspect the building, and to consult as to what was needed to be done. The business occupied the architect three or four hours: and the bishop, on the report of the expenses, determined not to proceed. He said, however, "Be good enough to tell me your fee." "I thank your lordship—a hundred guineas." "A hundred guineas?" "Yes, my lord." "Why, many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's services." "Very true, my lord; but I am a bishop in my profession!" The check was drawn and handed over in silence.

CURE AND CURATE

Cornelius O'Dowd says that when a friend of his once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, where he had gone to reduce himself by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days, he observed a decrease in Sydney's size, and said: "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last." "Yes," said he, "I have only been ten days here, but they have already scraped enough off me to make a curate."

A REDUCTION

The loyal sons of New England, devoted to her traditions and training, who have braved the dangers of her dinners and the wind-storms of her presiding officers for scores of years, may well sympathize with the clergyman who said joyfully to a brother of the cloth, "We have just terminated the greatest revival our church has experienced for many years." "I rejoice to hear it," said the other. "How many did you add to the fold?" "Well, we didn't add any, but we got rid of three."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

WORDS AND WORK

"Brudren," said a darky in a prayer meeting, "I feel 's ef I could talk mo' good in five minutes dan I could do in a year."

SURPRISE ABOVE

There is a very old story told of a North Carolina preacher, who was called upon to deliver a sermon at the funeral of a man of his parish whose antecedents had left in his mind very grave doubts whether his soul had taken the upward direction after it was separated from the body. However, he was equal to the emergency, and he got over the difficulty in this way: Said he, "My brethren, there will be a great many surprises for you if any of you happen to reach the kingdom of Heaven; you will look about you expecting to find a great many people who won't be there; you will see a great many people there that you had no idea would ever get in; but the last and greatest surprise of all will be that you got there yourselves!"—*Isaac H. Bailey.*

COOLNESS

A certain eminent judge who was recently re-elected, when he was asked about the facility with which he turned from one case to another, replied that he had learned that from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when he was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It befell that one of the female converts, when she was dipped in the water, suddenly slipped from the preacher's hands and went downstream under the ice. The preacher looked up at the crowd on the bank with perfect calmness, and said: "Brethren, this sister hath departed —hand me down another."

PROFANE SILENCE

The other day upon the links hard by—I do not say Dyker Meadow—a distinguished clergyman was playing a closely-contested game of golf. He carefully teed up his ball and addressed it with the most approved grace; he raised his driver and hit the ball a tremendous clip, but instead of soaring into the azure it perversely went about twelve feet to the right and then buzzed around in a circle. The clerical gentleman frowned, scowled, pursed up his mouth, and bit his lips, but said nothing, and a friend who stood by him said: "Doctor, that is the most profane silence I ever witnessed."—*Frederic A. Ward.*

THEIR WAY

"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of a class in American history. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

IN ALL HUMILITY

A woman in humble life was asked one day, on her way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon, a stranger having preached. "Wud I hae the presumption!" was her simple and contented answer.

IMPARTIAL

At a large dinner-party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a long discussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present, took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed: "Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion." Twain replied gravely: "Madam, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity; I have friends in both places."

BETTER

On one occasion General R—— was taken suddenly ill with the cramp colic, and it was feared he would die. He had quite a number of slaves, and among them was old Harry, a very pious old darky. The general requested that Harry and the other slaves be called in immediately, to pray for him. They came in, and knelt and prayed with all their might, the General rubbing his body and groaning in agony. After a while he said he felt some easier, and again looking around on his blacks he exclaimed: "You black rascals, stop praying and go to your work; I think I shall get well now!"

RENOUNCING THE WORLD

Chatting with one of her neighbors not long since, a woman related her experience when converted, many years ago, as follows: "I used to be very gay, and fond of the world and all its fashions, till the Lord showed me my folly. I liked silks and ribbons and laces and feathers, but I found they were dragging me down to hell—so I gave them all to my sister!"

BRAIN AND BULK

When Dr. Bethune was walking with a clergyman almost as full in person as himself, they spied another Brooklyn pastor who presented a perfect contrast to their rotundity, and who at the time was suffering from a horrible attack of dyspepsia. As he approached, Bethune said to his companion, within hearing of the third party, "See there! anybody that looks so cadaverous as that can't have a good conscience." The thin parson

was wide-awake, and rejoined, "Brethren, I don't know about the conscience, but I'd rather have the gizzard of one of you than the brains of both."

MARKSMANSHIP

In the town of W——, Illinois, lived Deacon Wright, an exemplary member of the Freewill Baptist Church. But he was troubled with the weakness as common to deacons as to other men—that of an extra tillage of the "root of evil," and the usual objection to the root spreading. The church building being in want of repair, such as plastering, painting, etc., the deacon, as well as many others, was applied to, and he contributed his mite in conformity with the parable, at least as far as the mite went. One night during prayer meeting, Elder Woodworth presiding, a large sheet of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the head of Deacon Wright, hurting him somewhat, but frightening and enraging him much more. He sprang to his feet and cried, "I will give ten dollars toward repairing this church!" when, in a solemn voice, Elder Woodworth responded, "Lord, hit him again!"

TRUE LIBERALITY

A Chicago negro in his prayer remembered "de white element in our population."

PRIESTCRAFT OUTWITTED

An Italian noble, being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece. "Here is another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" asked the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the priest, "I am certain they are now in Heaven." "Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing the souls are already got to Heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

A REAL SCOTCH "SAWBETH"

The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, while traveling in the neighborhood of the Hebrides, heard several anecdotes illustrative of the fearful reverence with which Scotchmen in that region observe the Sabbath. Says he: "A minister of the kirk recently declared in public that at a country inn he wished the window raised, so that he might get some fresh air, but the landlady would not allow it, saying, 'Ye can hae no fresh air here on the Sawbeth.'"

A POWERFUL PREACHER

Very soon after a Congregational chapel had been planted in a small Scotch community, an incident occurred which showed that the powers of its minister were appreciated in certain quarters. A boy named Johnny Fordyce had been indiscreet enough to put a sixpence in his mouth, and accidentally swallowed it. Mrs. Fordyce, concerned both for her boy and the sixpence, tried every means for its recovery, consulted her neighbors, and finally in despair called in a doctor, but without result. As a last resort, a woman present suggested that they should send for the Congregationalist "meenister." "The meenister!" chorused mother and neighbors. "Aye, the meenister," rejoined the old dame; "od's, if there's ony money in him he'll sune draw it oot o' 'm!"

MEASURING HIS CREDIT

A certain laird in Fife, well known for his parsimonious habits, whilst his substance largely increased did not increase his liberality, and his weekly contribution to the church collection never exceeded the sum of one penny. One day, however, by mistake he dropped into the plate at the door a five-shilling piece, but discovering his error before he was seated in his pew, hurried back, and was about to replace the crown with his customary penny, when the elder in attendance cried out, "Stop, laird; ye may put in what ye like, but ye maun tak' naething out!" The laird, finding that his explanations went for nothing, at last said, "Aweel, I suppose I'll get credit for it

in Heaven." "Na, na, laird," said the elder, "ye'll only get credit for a penny."

SOLOMON'S SYSTEM OF SELF-DEFENSE

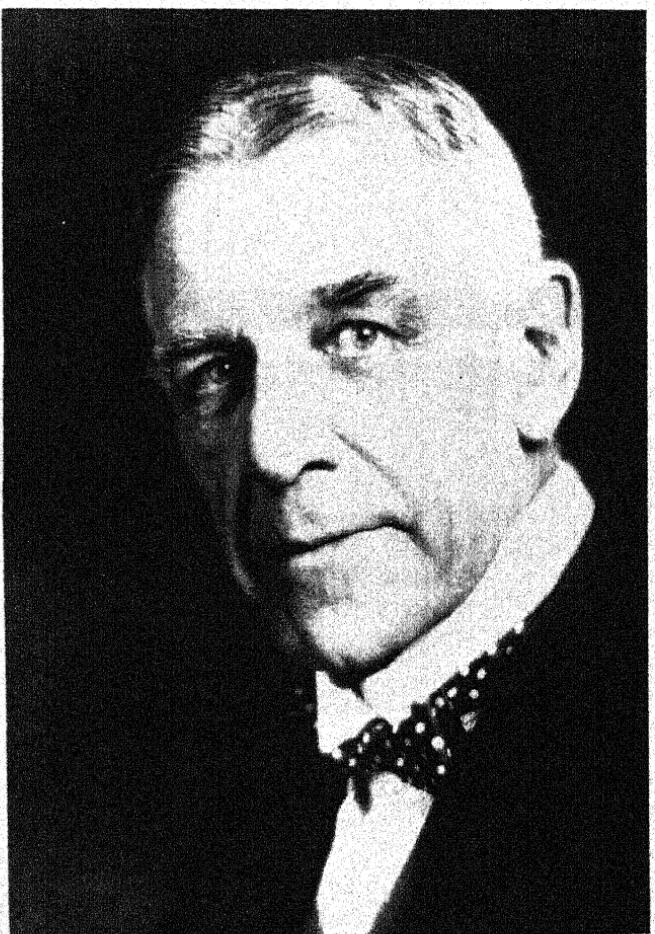
"Do you think it would be wrong of me to learn the 'noble art of self-defense'?" a religiously inclined youth inquired of his pastor. "Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life." "Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?" "Neither. I learned Solomon's system," replied the minister. "Solomon's system?" "Yes. You will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I have any knowledge."

LIKE A SINNER

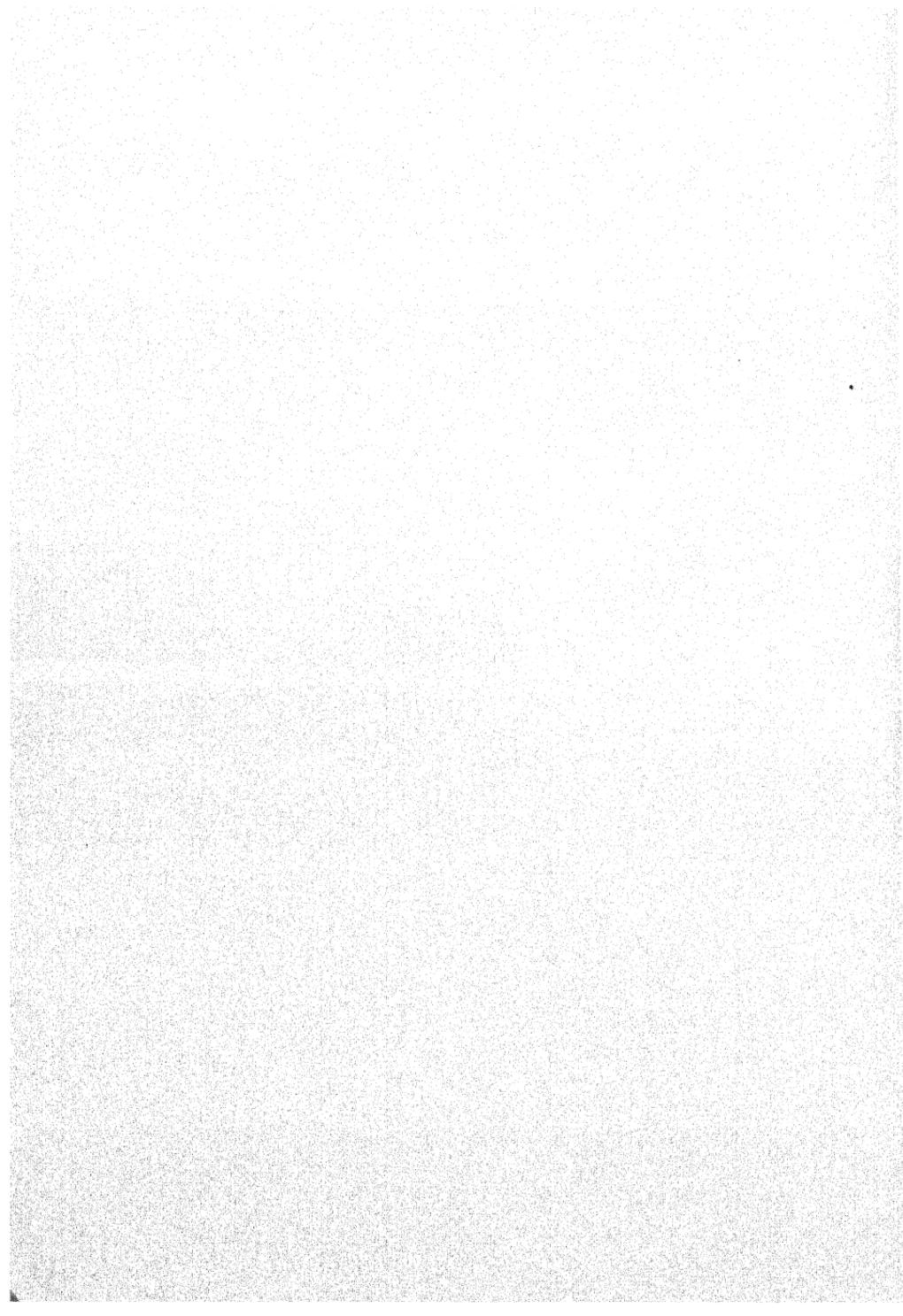
A minister was riding through a section of the State of South Carolina, where custom forbade inkeepers to take pay from the clergy who stayed with them. The minister in question took supper without prayer, and ate breakfast without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a clergyman!" "That may be," responded the landlord, "but you came here, smoked like a sinner, ate and drank like a sinner, and slept like a sinner; and now, sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

LAYING A CORNER-STONE

Two little English girls, one the daughter of a curate and the other of an English bishop, were quarreling over the comparative success of their fathers in the ministry. "My father can preach better than your father, because he is a bishop," said one. That was too weighty a reason for the curate's little girl. But she quickly recovered and said: "Well, anyhow, we've got a hen in our yard which lays an egg every day." "That's nothing," retorted the bishop's daughter; "my father lays a corner-stone every week."—*Edward W. Bok (Modern Eloquence, XIII.)*



EDWARD BOK



COULD HAVE DONE BETTER

A good old gentleman was recently visited by two elders of the congregation to which he belonged. When they arrived at the door of his room the good man was engaged in prayer aloud. Not wishing to disturb his devotions, the two elders waited at the door till he had finished, having heard every word of the prayer. When they entered they complimented him on the ability and fervor of his prayer. "Ah!" he exclaimed; "if I had known you were listening, I would let you hear far better than that."

DISTINCTION

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

SAYING GRACE

Dr. Franklin, when a child, found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provisions were salted—"I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask once for all it would be a vast saving of time."

HIGHLAND CHRISTIANITY

A Highlander was visited on his death-bed by his clergyman, who exhorted Donald to prepare himself for another world, by sincere repentance of all the crimes he had committed on earth; and strongly urged the absolute necessity of forgiving his enemies. Donald shrugged up his shoulders at this hard request, yet he at last agreed to forgive every person who had injured him except one, who had long been the Highlander's mortal foe, and of whom Donald hoped the person too would make an exception. The holy man, however, insisted so much on his point that Donald at last said, "Weel, weel, sir, since there be no help for it, Donald maun forgive her; but," turning to his

two sons, "may it gang hard wi' you, Duncan and Rory, if you forgive her!"

AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE

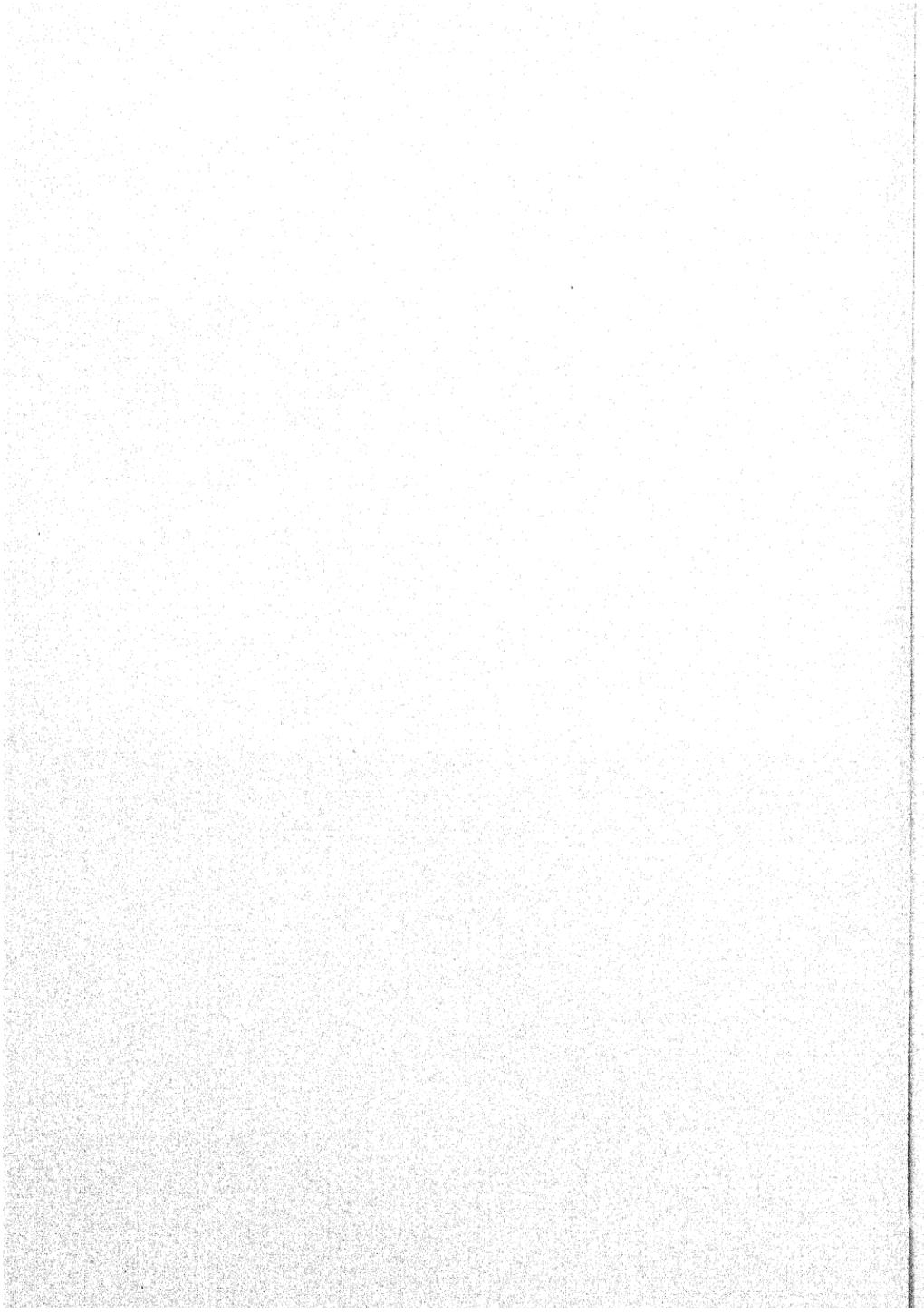
In the first year of my ministry in Virginia, I was asked during my vacation to travel over the state in the interest of the Women's Missionary Societies. After a few weeks I was able to put into a speech of thirty minutes everything I knew about missions. My first appointment was at Charlottesville, Virginia. There I delivered the address in the morning to a good audience, and a dignified, well-bred, aged gentleman approached me, and expressed his warm approval of my address, which encouraged me very much. My second appointment was that afternoon at Piedmont, a place about four miles from Charlottesville. When I entered the pulpit, and faced a comfortably filled house, my courteous friend from Charlottesville occupied a seat on the front pew. This somewhat embarrassed me, but as he had been so warm in his approval of the address, I thought he could tolerate its repetition. At the close of the services he approached me, and expressed his hearty approval of the address. That evening I spoke at Gordonsville, a few miles away, and when I entered the pulpit my courteous friend again occupied a front seat. I felt a strange embarrassment. My speech was one of those missionary addresses that a dozen texts would suit, so I forthwith decided to start with another text. There were three divisions in the address, so I made the second division first, followed by the second, and in making these changes, in order to conceal that it was the same address, I made a wretched failure, and was eager to get out. But I was seized by my friend in the same courteous manner, and with the same commendatory expressions. In my confusion I took one of the officials of the church aside and asked him who this elderly gentleman was. To my great relief, he said, "That is Dr. Beall. He has not heard a sound for forty years, but he goes around over the country saying nice things to encourage young preachers." I never afterwards felt any embarrassment in seeing a person in the audience who had heard my sermon before.—*Rev. Peter Ainslie.*

THE BLESSINGS OF CHRISTIANITY

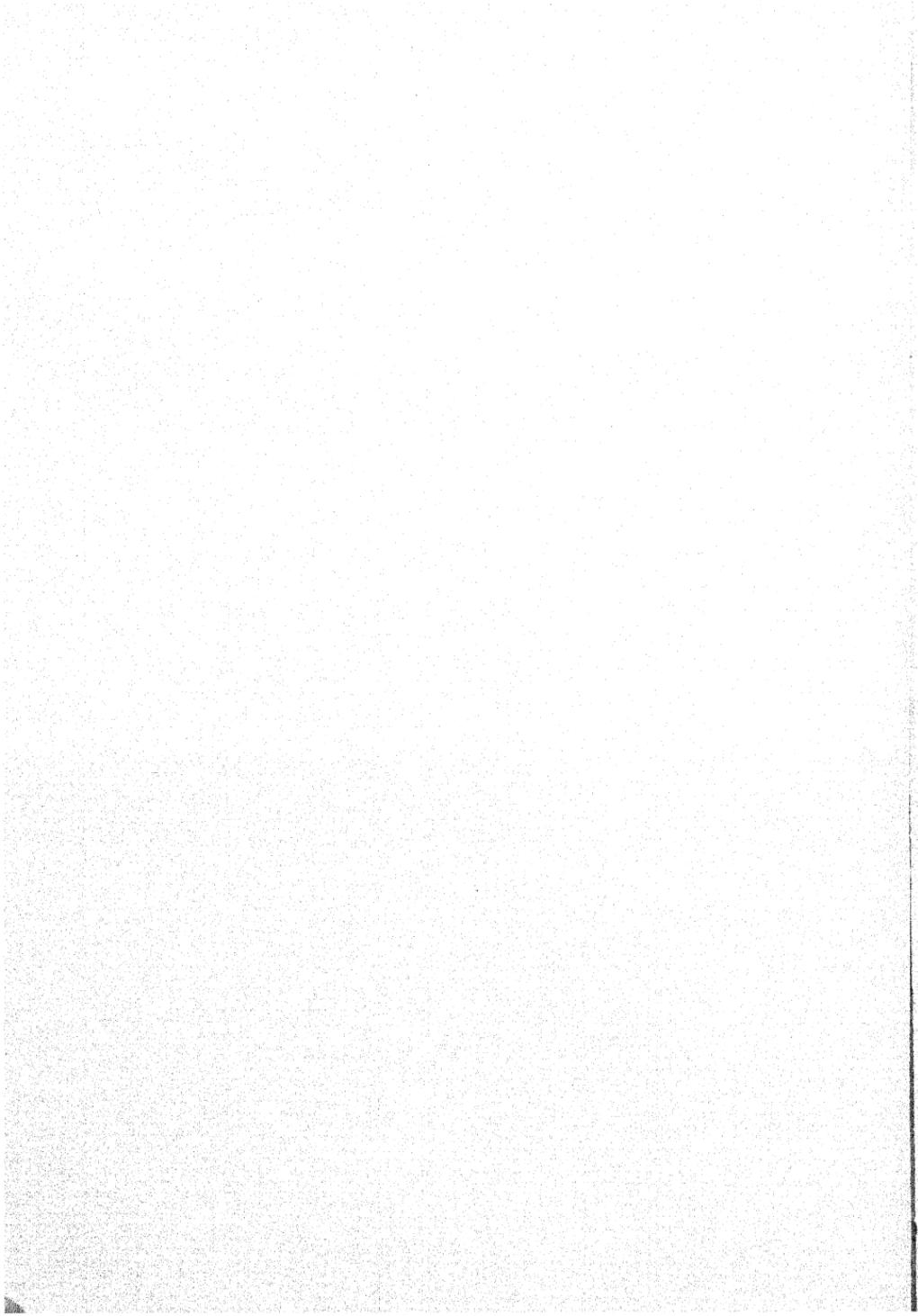
A sailor was cast upon an island inhabited by savages. He found a cave where he hid himself. When night came on and he sat in his place of refuge listening to the noises of the night including the roar of animals and the shouts of cannibals, he thought he perceived a light through the underbrush in the thicket. He crawled out of his haven of refuge through the underbrush toward the light; he came to a clearing and there he saw a thatched house from the window of which there shone forth a light. Alarmed by the hideous tumult within, however, he started to crawl back on his hands and knees toward his cave, when above the noise he heard a shout: "What in hell did you trump my ace for?" He rose to his feet with a cry of joyful relief and rushed toward the house exclaiming, "Thank God, I have fallen among Christians!"—*Charles J. Orbison.*

DENIED HIMSELF NEEDLESSLY

A nervous young minister dined one Sunday noon with a farmer and expressed his great sorrow that as he was about to preach at two, he could eat none of the chicken, or other "bounties of a kind Providence," but would take only a cup of hot water. The farmer was grieved and his women folks almost wept. After service, the host joined his guest and said with a sigh as they started for home, "Well, elder, you might as well hev et, mightn't you?"—*Rev. Dillon Bronson.*



POLITICS



DESERVED A REST

Once I was campaigning with a friend of mine who had served many years in Congress and who was a candidate for re-election. He opened his speech by saying that he had worked very hard during the Session and was tired; that for a great many years he had sacrificed his personal interests in the service of his constituents and enumerated many things he had done for his District and for individuals in it. An old gentleman arose in the rear of the audience and said, "John, I think you have sacrificed your personal interests for us altogether too long. I think we have imposed on you and you have done too much for your constituents and your District. I recognize the fact that you are very tired and it is my opinion you had better stay home and rest awhile and let some one else be elected this year."—*C. F. Curry, M. C.*

MANY PATHS, ONE GOAL

Ex-Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania tells the story of a veteran member of the Legislature who had introduced, "by request," a bill licensing naturopaths to practice their healing art. Rising to explain the bill he said: "I have been a member of this body for many years. I have voted to license allopaths and homeopaths and osteopaths, and I suppose I may as well vote to license naturopaths, for I believe with the immortal author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' that all these paths lead but to the grave."

KNEW HIS FRIENDS

The late Congressman Holman, of Indiana, for many years waged constant warfare on amendments to appropriation bills, which won for him the name of "The Watchdog of the Treasury." He served a long term and, through his knowledge of the rules and practice, exercised much power.

Along toward the end of his term an amendment was offered affecting the district which Mr. Holman represented. The familiar "I object" was not heard, and the amendment went through with his support; whereupon a member sitting near exclaimed:

'Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.

—E. N. Dingley.

HELP, NOT ENCOURAGEMENT

Representative B. G. Lowrey of Mississippi, in a speech in the House, likened the plight of the farmer to Sam Jones's rabbit. The particular cottontail in question was being pursued by a flop-eared cur dog and was being mighty hard pressed, despite his doubling and feinting. Mr. Man, standing by, had his admiration stirred by the rabbit's gameness. He popped his hands and stamped the ground and shouted, "Go to it, old cottontail; go to it. There's a sink hole in the bottom by the big oak tree. I'm betting on you to get there first." "That's all right, Mr. Man," replied the rabbit, "but I don't need for you to pop your hands and holler at me. I'm doing my best already. What I need is for somebody to head that dog."

WHERE THEY'D DO THE MOST GOOD

When the unique Davy Crockett was a member of this House, a certain Pennsylvania Congressman, having seen a drove of Tennessee mules in the street, said to him, "I saw a big lot of Tennesseeans down town a while ago—constituents of yours. You'd better go down and look them up." Crockett hurried out in search of his constituents and found the mules. He came back smiling. "Well, Crockett, did you find out where your constituents were going?" asked the Pennsylvanian. "Yes," said Crockett, "they are all going to Pennsylvania to teach school."—B. G. Lowrey, Member of Congress from Mississippi.

NOT HELPING A BIT

A lady, after giving a census reporter all the necessary information regarding the family, names, ages, sex, was asked by the enumerator what the political faith of the family was.

She replied, "It is decidedly mixed. I am a Republican, my husband is a Democrat, the baby is Wet, the cow is Dry, and the dog is a Socialist."

"Why, Madam, why do you say your dog is a Socialist?"

"Because he does nothing but sit around all day and howl."

—*Joseph W. Fordney, Member of Congress, Mich.*

CAN BE TOLD EITHER WAY

At the beginning of a political campaign Chauncey Depew chanced to meet one of the leading men on the other side. This man said to Mr. Depew, "Can we not carry on this campaign without any mud-slinging?"

Mr. Depew replied: "That's a good idea. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will refrain from telling any lies about the Republican party, I will promise not to tell the truth about the Democratic party. Will you agree?"—*Rev. John Herman Randall.*

A LOW OPINION OF CONGRESSMEN

Recently while conducting a Congressional investigation of the complaints made against the management of a government hospital for insane veterans, the following incident occurred:

During a recess of the Investigating Commission, I strolled into one of the wards and personally questioned some of the patients. Just then a white clad attendant approached and ordered me to "go into the other ward where you belong."

In reply to my remonstrances that I was not a patient and was a Member of Congress engaged in investigating the Institution, he soothingly replied, "That's all right, if you wasn't crazy, you wouldn't be a Member of Congress," and then kindly but firmly handed me over to the attendant in the next ward with the following:

"Here's a 'loose nut' that thinks he's a Congressman."

To which the other replied, "He doesn't belong here. You know we have only mild cases in this ward."—*Albert B. Rossdale.*

NATURAL HOSTILITY TO THE TRUTH

One day in the United States Senate cloakroom, Senator Daniel was reposing on a lounge, with his eyes half shut, when the famous Joe Blackburn, who loved a little fun, concluded he would make Senator Daniel rise in defense of George Washington, the most notable of all Virginians; so Blackburn walking up and down the floor of the cloakroom and speaking in a very clear voice, said:

"I never could understand why people insisted upon praising George Washington to the skies. There never was anything remarkable about George Washington. He was a pretty fair country surveyor and moderately successful as a militia officer, but there was nothing extraordinary about George Washington justifying people in raising him to the elevation of the gods. Why, George Washington actually placed the capital of this Nation on a swamp for the purpose of promoting a real estate speculation on behalf of himself and his friends. All this praise of George Washington is ridiculous, unwarranted and absolutely preposterous."

Senator George G. Vest sitting by calmly smoking his cigar, turned to Senator Daniel and said:

"Daniel, are you going to let Joe Blackburn run down and abuse the noblest man your State ever produced, without a word of defense?"

Daniel lifted his hand languidly into the air, and said:

"Oh, let Joe Blackburn alone. You know Joe Blackburn has had a perfectly unconquerable hostility to George Washington ever since he discovered he could not tell a lie."—*Sen. Robert L. Owen.*

SMARTEST MEN NOT IN CONGRESS

Senator Henry L. Dawes was a very distinguished and learned Senator from Massachusetts, and was Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs of the United States Senate. On

one occasion a Quapaw Indian called upon him urging the passage of a bill to authorize the Quapaws to allot their lands in severalty. Senator Dawes objected on the grounds that the Quapaws were not sufficiently intelligent; whereupon the Quapaw said to Senator Dawes:

"Why, Senator, do you mean to tell me you think I have not sense enough to manage my own business?"

Senator Dawes replied:

"No, certainly not; I was only thinking of the average Quapaw."

The Quapaw delegate replied:

"Senator Dawes, I am an average Quapaw Indian."

"Oh, no, Mr. Abrams," said the Senator, "the Quapaws would not send an average man to represent them before the Congress of the United States. They would send the smartest man they had."

Delegate Abrams replied:

"My dear Senator, you are very much mistaken. The Quapaws are just like the people of the United States. They never do send their smartest man to Congress."—*Senator Robert L. Owen.*

JUST DIDN'T CARE

Mr. A., a noted Republican statesman, at one time a cabinet officer, was asked to what fact he attributed the recent Republican defeat. He said that the Republican party had always suffered defeat after the enactment of a high tariff law. He further said that this fact had been frequently called to the attention of the leaders of the Party but seemed to produce no impression upon them. Continuing, he stated that it reminded him of an incident which had occurred in Indiana in his youth. A farmer in that State was negotiating for the purchase of a horse from another farmer, and went down to the stable lot to inspect the horse in question. The owner of the horse brought him out to put him through his paces. The horse galloped across the lot and collided head on with the side of the barn, falling flat on the ground. After a while he was revived, and the owner said that there was not enough room to exhibit the horse in the stable lot and suggested that he be taken out

into a twenty-acre pasture, which was done. The horse was started off again to exhibit his action, whereupon he cocked up his tail and went at full speed across the pasture and ran straight into the only tree in the pasture, again knocking himself senseless. He was again revived, and the purchaser then said to the owner: "You can't make me believe that horse is not blind." The owner waved his hand in front of the horse's eyes, and the horse threw back his head, showing that he was not blind. The purchaser then said: "If he isn't blind, what on earth is the matter with him?" To which the owner replied: "Well, he just naturally doesn't give a damn." This Republican statesman said he could only explain the action of his party in inviting these successive defeats upon the theory that it didn't "give a damn."—*George Gordon Battle.*

BROKE IT UP TOO SOON

Hon. Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, Democratic Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee during the War, and Hon. Joseph W. Fordney, of Michigan, ranking Republican member, and subsequently Republican Chairman of the Committee, were great personal friends. During the War for the first time in many decades, there was no partisanship in passing the revenue measures. However, there were some differences between the House bill and the Senate bill to be ironed out in conference. Mr. Kitchin tells the following on Uncle Joe Fordney in connection with the conference report:

He had got Uncle Joe to agree to stand by him on Senate amendment No. 21, and to insist that the House have its way. In order to make sure he had told Uncle Joe when they reached that amendment to throw the papers down on the table and declare the conference would be broken up unless the Senate yielded. When they reached a certain amendment Uncle Joe insisted that the House have its way, whereupon one of the Senate conferees declared the Senate must have its way, and Uncle Joe after protesting finally threw the papers on the table and started out, declaring that he would break up the conference before he would agree to the Senate amendment. Mr. Kitchin followed him out and undertook to pacify him, where-

upon Uncle Joe said: "I am doing exactly what you told me to do." To which Mr. Kitchin responded, "We are only on amendment No. 20. You are not to break up the conference until we reach amendment No. 21."—*Everett Sanders*

IF THERE WAS NO HELL

Bishop Hoss used to tell a story like this. Down at the foot of the Tennessee mountains lived a Methodist preacher. In the course of time he got somewhat rattled on his doctrinal views and joined the Baptists. After preaching for the Baptists for a while he quit them and joined that denomination which the profane of the community called "Campbellites." A year later he had undergone another complete reversal, and was found in the ranks of the Universalists preaching the no-hell doctrine with great enthusiasm. But when a man starts going down there is no telling where he will stop. There came a hot political campaign, and he quit preaching and went to stump-speaking. Not only that, he forsook the party of his fathers and joined the Republicans. One day a group of men sat about the village store discussing this fallen evangel, and some of them in their bitter criticism seemed rather inclined to leave him off the dis—. But a charitable farmer who had known and loved him in his blameless days came to his defense with the remark, "Now, fellows, don't be too hard on him. If you didn't believe there was any hell, some of you might turn Republicans, too."—*B. G. Lowrey, Member of Congress from Mississippi.*

THE MELTING POT

The Republican leader of the Black and Tan Faction in Louisiana has a wide reputation as one of the foremost of his race: Walter L. Cohen. He has a keen sense of humor and while discussing the reluctance of the President to appoint him to a Federal office, because of local race prejudice, with a group of white men he naïvely remarked:

"I suppose the Ku Klux Klan is behind the opposition to me, my father was a Jew, my mother negro, and she raised me a Catholic, and here I am knocking their machine on all three cylinders."—*L. H. Burns.*

RUNNING FOR CONGRESS

During the recent campaign when I ran for Congress in the 17th District, which is overwhelmingly Republican, a good deal of sympathy was expressed for me for having as a Democrat accepted the nomination in that district when I might have easily requested a nomination elsewhere. I think the general feeling was best expressed by my youngest, a boy of five years, who came to me one day and seriously said:

"Pop, I saw your picture in the fish market this morning." I said, "What of it?" He answered, "Nothing, but when the other fish saw it they said 'poor fish.'"

Personally, in trying to explain at various meetings why I was running in that district, I could give no better reason than to tell the story of the little Jewish boy who was taken to the hospital, told he had smallpox and was going to die.

"Hurry, send for the priest," he said. "Why, you don't want a priest, you want a rabbi." He answered, "No, I don't. Why should I want to give the rabbi the smallpox?"

This seemed to satisfy the audience as to why I was nominated in that district, and they all saw the point.—*Herman A. Metz.*

NO CHANCE FOR HIM IN MISSOURI

Jenkins was traveling in Missouri just before the Presidential election, and in the car right across from him two men were arguing as to the probable result of the election. Says one: "Bryan's the man." "No, sir. McKinley'll get it," was the reply. Suddenly an Adventist, sitting behind them, spoke up and said: "My friends, do you know who is to be our next President? It is the Lord, who is coming at once, with his angels, to reign." Quick as thought, Jenkins, who imagined that some third-party candidate had been mentioned, sprang up, slapped the Millerite on the shoulder, and cried out, "Bet you twenty-five dollars he don't carry Missouri."

GOVERNMENT

A young lady was inquiring of her old nurse, the widow of a pensioner, how she got on. "Badly enough, darlint, only the

Guver'mint intinds to do something for us." "And what's the Government, Nora?" "Is it jokin' ye are, Miss? Sure ivery child knows what's the Guver'mint. It's a half dozen gentlemin an' the loikes, maybe, that meets an' thinks what's best for thimselves, an' thin says that's best for us—an' that's the Guver'mint."

CHANCE TO GET IN A WORD

My friend the silver man reminds me of a story. I was out West not long ago, where I met a friend who lives in Kansas, and he was telling me about the excitement over the free coinage of silver. He said that a man died out there whom nobody seemed to know. The funeral was held. A minister read a few passages from the Bible, and offered a prayer, and then he asked if there was anyone in the audience who knew the deceased and wanted to make remarks. No one arose for a moment, but finally a lank, long-haired fellow stood up in the back part of the audience, and said: "If no one wants to occupy the time in speaking of the deceased, I would like to make a few remarks upon the free coinage of silver."—*E. S. Lacey.*

ORATORICAL CUTLERY

How easy it is to make a tragedy into a farce, and to slip from the sublime to the ridiculous. Burke did this when, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons in 1793, he drew a dagger from his breast and threw it upon the floor of the House, saying, "That is what you are to obtain from an alliance with France." In the French chamber such an act would have produced great excitement, but at Westminster it only provoked ridicule. "The gentleman has brought his knife," said Sheridan, "but where is the fork?"

PREVIOUS

Charles James Fox once said of Edmund Burke: "Burke is often right, but he is right too soon!"—*William R. Terrett.*

LITTLE TURNCOATS

A large Republican meeting in Clermont, Ohio, was attended by a small boy who had four young puppies which had not yet begun to see, and which he offered for sale. Finally, one of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked: "Are these McKinley pups, my son?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then," said he, "I'll take these two." About a week afterward the Democrats held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same boy with his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Democrat, who asked: "My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?" "They're Bryan pups, sir." The Republican who had purchased the first two happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy: "See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups I bought of you last week were McKinley pups?" "Y-e-s, sir," said the young dog merchant; "but these ain't—they've got their eyes open."

NUMBER ONE

Said Lord John Russell to Mr. Hume at a social dinner: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one," was the commoner's reply.

TURNING THE KNIFE IN THE WOUND

It was readiness which made John Randolph so terrible in retort. He was the Thersites of Congress, a tongue-stabber. No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more bitterness. "Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he one day in the Senate, "that noble bulldogs of the Administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the Senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and pointing his long finger at his opponents, Randolph screamed out, "Rats, did I say?—mice, mice!"

SELF-MADE

A drunken Congressman said to Horace Greeley one day: "I am a self-made man." "Then, sir," replied the philosophical Horace, "the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

NOT THE ONLY FOOL

An old Dutchman who, some years ago, was elected a member of the legislature, said, in his broken English style, "Ven I vent to the lechislatur, I tought I vould find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere was some as pig fools dere as I vas."

GOING UNPLEDGED

Judge Martin Grover, who was a political leader before his elevation to the bench, was once approached by a young lawyer ambitious for legislative honors. Judge Grover was not sure of the young man's integrity, and questioned him on this point. He finally said: "Young man, if you'll give your word that you won't steal when you get to Albany, I'll do what I can to help you go there." Assuming a dignified air, the young man replied: "I go to Albany absolutely unpledged, or I don't go at all."—*Louis Wiley*.

COVETING MISERIES

Proctor Knott once said regarding the woes of a Congressman. "When I see him bidding adieu to the sweets of private life, for which he is so eminently fitted by nature, to immolate himself on the altar of his country, Homer's touching picture of the last scene between the noble Hector and his weeping family rises before my imagination; when I see him seated sorrowfully at a miserable repast of sea-terrapin and champagne, my very bowels yearn for him; and when I see him performing, perhaps, the only duty for which he is fully competent, signing the receipt for his monthly pay, I am so overwhelmed for his miserable condition that I wish I were in his place."—*Samuel S. Cox*.

TARIFF TALK

In our neighborhood years ago, when the McKinley act was a live but wearisome topic, a man was haled into court on a charge of assault. When he told his story the judge let him go. The prisoner said: "I was sitting quietly in my house, when a tramp came along and demanded something to eat. He was an ugly-looking fellow, and I told my wife I thought we had better feed him. She got him a good meal, but he began to complain of his victuals. We let it pass without comment, to avoid difficulty. When he had finished, he tipped back his chair, put his feet on the table, lighted his pipe, and began to spit on the floor. I was angry, but prudently forebore to take notice. Then he insulted my wife. But she begged me to let it go. At last he began to talk tariff—and then I took a sled-stake and knocked him down." The judge said: "You ought to have killed him."—*George A. Marden.*

DOG LAW

The first ballot-reform bill, so-called, that ever found its way to an American legislature was introduced early in 1888 in the legislature of New York. We do not boast much of the law we have, which was the outcome of a long and bitter contest between the Governor and the legislature. It reminds me somewhat of a dog law which a Kentucky legislator wanted a lawyer to draft. "Well, what kind of a dog law do you wish to have?" said the lawyer. The lawmaker replied: "I want a good, broad, safe, Democratic dog law, that will please my constituents and won't interfere with the rights of the dogs."—*Charles T. Saxton.*

REED AND SPRINGER

Probably no utterance of an American statesman has been more frequently quoted than Henry Clay's famous declaration: "I would rather be right than be President." No reminiscence of Mr. Reed is oftener referred to in the cloakroom than his tilt with Hon. William M. Springer, for many years a Representative in Congress, once chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and later a United States judge in the Indian Territory.

Mr. Springer was a frequent speaker in the House. One day he said in debate: "I say, with Henry Clay, 'I'd rather be right than be President.'" "But," drawled Reed, "the gentleman from Illinois will never be either."

OBSERVE THE INFLECTION

When Elbridge Gerry was chosen Governor of Massachusetts—the first Democratic governor that we had had for a great while—old Dr. Osgood of Medford, the last of our Tory clergy, was obliged to read the Governor's proclamation. You know the form—if you do not, his Excellency the Governor will remind you of it and refresh your memory. He read, "Elbridge Gerry, Governor! God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"—*James Russell Lowell*.

ALTERED IF NECESSARY

You can understand how largely I sympathize with Rufus Choate when, in attending a concert, he said to his daughter, who was by his side: "My dear, interpret to me the libretto, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion." If I should make any such mistake, I beg you to accept from me the utterance of the politician from Texas—I do not know whether it was the immortal Flannagan or not—who, after addressing the audience, said to them. "Fellow citizens, them are my sentiments, but if they don't suit you they can be changed."—*Seth Low*.

WHAT HE THOUGHT

An Indiana stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly, with a strong Scotch brogue, replied: "I think, sir, I do, indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir!"

EARLY PRAYERS

An anecdote is told of "Prince" John Van Buren when a student at Princeton College. He was negligent in attendance upon prayers, and the then President, Dr. North, expostulated with him upon the subject, and said: "Mr. Van Buren, we have prayers at six o'clock in the morning, and we would like to see you there." "Well," replied Mr. Van Buren, "the trouble is, Dr. North, you have prayers so very late, I cannot sit up to that hour. Now, if you had prayers at five o'clock, I would try and sit up."

A ROYAL EXPLANATION

The satirical epitaph, written upon King Charles II, at his own request, by his witty favorite the Earl of Rochester, was not more severe than just:—

Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

"This," observed the Merry Monarch, when he first read the epitaph, "is easily accounted for—my discourse is my own, my actions are the Ministry's."

POLITICIANS RISING

I believe that it was while William H. Seward was holding the position of Secretary of State that, as he saw the elevator going up to his office laden with citizens of diplomatic aspirations, he remarked: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I ever saw taken up."—*Rev. Heman L. Wayland.*

CADS

Visiting Briton: " Ya-as, Miss Wosalind—but your politicians—aw—are a lot of cads, y'know. You are—aw—wuled by a set of wiotous wascals whom you wouldn't dweam of—aw

—inviting to your house.” Rosalind: “True; but in England you are governed by persons who wouldn’t dream of inviting you to theirs.”

A MUCH HARDER QUESTION

“What,” said an interviewer to a candidate, “do you intend to do if you are elected?” “My goodness!” said the poor fellow, “what shall I do if I’m not elected?”

A TEXAS STEER

I think the best story I ever heard was adapted from Hoyt’s celebrated play of “A Texas Steer,” and as near as I can recall, it is about as follows:

Matthew Brandner was a wealthy cattleman of Texas, and during the Populist wave of the nineties, while he was in Texas rounding up cattle, he was nominated and elected to Congress. When he returned home, he repudiated the election, stating he did not want to go to Congress or to Washington, but wanted to remain in peace at home; but with fire in their eyes and horse pistols in their hands, a committee called upon him, and with the pistols pointed at his head, said:

“Well, we suppose you think you are too good for us, to go to Congress, but you’ve got to go,” and under the circumstances, Mr. Brandner accepted.

Before he got to Washington, he was told that he must have a secretary and a valet; so for the former he engaged a noted lobbyist, Brassy Gall, who procured a colored valet for Mr. Brandner with the distinguished name of Christopher Columbus Washington Fishback, and engaged for Mr. Brandner a suite of rooms in one of the large hotels in the Capital City.

After his first day in Congress, not used to the confinement, the session being a very long one, Mr. Brandner returned to his hotel very much exhausted, and as he entered his rooms, he told Fishback that he was not to be disturbed under any circumstances, and retired to rest.

A few minutes afterwards Fishback returned, rapped at the door and said: “Massa Brandner, there is some one to see

you," and Mr. Brandner hurriedly replied: "Don't bother me; I told you I did not want to see anyone."

A few moments later Fishback rapped again: "But it is a lady, suh!" Mr. Brandner answered: "I don't care who it is; I do not want to see anyone."

A third time Fishback returned and rapped: "But it is a young lady, suh!" "Ah," said Mr. Brandner, "that's different," and hurried into his reception room, where soon after Fishback brought in a very handsome young lady, stylishly attired, who said:

"Do I stand in the presence of the great and good Mr. Brandner?"

"My child," he said, "you have that honor."

She continued: "Well, Mr. Brandner, you know my Pa invented a tent which the Government used and never paid for and when he died all he left Ma and me was his claim against the Government and Ma always said that if some great and good man like you, Mr. Brandner (here Mr. Brandner bowed profoundly), would take up the claim, you might be able to realize something for us, and I come to ask you, Mr. Brandner, if you will not help Ma and me."

Mr. Brandner replied: "I certainly will do all I can for you."

She said: "When can I bring you the papers?"

Mr. Brandner said: "Next Tuesday afternoon."

With a graceful courtesy, she said: "Thank you, Mr. Brandner," and walked slowly to the door, but turning and coming back, said:

"Oh, Mr. Brandner! My Ma said when she was a little girl she was kissed by Daniel Webster and just think, Mr. Brandner, what a wonderful thing it will be for me when I am old like my Ma to say that I was kissed when a little girl by the great and good Mr. Brandner. Now, Mr. Brandner, won't you please kiss me?"

Mr. Brandner was equal to the occasion, buttoning up his coat and expanding his chest, he leaned over and gave the young girl a hearty smack. With another graceful courtesy, she went out.

In a few minutes, however, she returned with a regular bruiser on her arm, he having a kodak under the other arm, and

she said: "Oh, Mr. Brandner, just think! While you were kissing me this horrid man was outside and saw us and took our picture and he says if you don't give him a hundred dollars, he will show the picture to Mrs. Brandner, and then, what will she think of me?"

Mr. Brandner said: "What will she think of you? Well, that won't be a marker to what she will do to me"; so without further talk he handed over the one hundred dollars and took the kodak, and the couple went off.

Again the little girl came back and said:

"Mr. Brandner, I hope you don't blame me for this."

"Oh, no, little girl," said Mr. Brandner, "but let me ask you one question: Did it cost Daniel Webster one hundred dollars to kiss your mother?"—*W. O. Hart.*



BENCH AND BAR



THE DEAD HAND

Daniel Webster is remembered chiefly for his ponderous eloquence and is not generally credited with having a light vein which was quite as effective as his words that "weighed a ton." He and Choate were pitted against each other in a will contest, at Springfield, Mass., Choate endeavoring to break the will, and Webster defending it. Choate dwelt on the alleged inequalities of the will, and especially anathematized the power of the "dead hand," and in closing his address to the jury said, "Gentlemen of the jury, look here upon the living, with all the hopes, fears, anxieties and tribulations of the living—think of them, and the dark auguries of their future—while John Smith is *dead—DEAD—DEAD!*" Silence reigned in the court room and it was supposed that the case was settled for the plaintiffs. But when Webster arose, he turned briskly to the jury, and in a quick, rather jaunty tone, said, "Gentlemen of the jury, this is an attempt to break the last will and testament of John Smith of Hampden County, yeoman! And when he made this will he wasn't dead, dead, dead!" The last three words uttered rapidly and with a half-suppressed titter brought the whole room to the verge of laughter. A prompt verdict sustained the will.—*Dr. Adolf A. Berle.*

CAN'T TAKE KNOWLEDGE FOR GRANTED

"Pardon me," said the late Justice Van Brunt of the Appellate Court, interrupting long quotations from authorities by a young lawyer who sought a reversal of the verdict against him, "I suggest that you get down to the merits of your own case."

"Presently, your Honor, presently," responded the young lawyer. Yet he continued with renewed earnestness to expound the law as he saw it.

"Let me suggest to you," said Justice Van Brunt, interrupting again, "that you get down to the merits of your case and

take it for granted that the Court is familiar with the elementary principles of law."

"No, your Honor, no," declared the young lawyer, with sincerity. "That was the mistake I made when I argued this case in the lower court."—*Louis Wiley.*

NO SECOND

A suit was brought in Justice Court by attorney representing a non-resident; the law required that a non-resident should give security for costs of court; no security was given. The Justice of the Peace was not at all learned in the law, but had had some experience in presiding over rural assemblies and had at least heard that there is such a thing as Parliamentary Law. When the case came on to be heard defendant's counsel arose and moved that the suit be dismissed on the ground that no security for costs had been given, as required by the statute. The old Justice sat in an expectant attitude, glancing from time to time at the plaintiff's counsel; hearing nothing further from either side, he finally turned to defendant's counsel and said: "Your motion is lost for want of a second."—*W. B. Bowling, M. C.*

HAD ITS ADVANTAGES

The late Joseph H. Choate when counsel for a large railroad called in Edward Lauterbach, then a young lawyer, to assist him in some routine work. On completion, Lauterbach submitted a bill for \$500. Choate looked at it and turning to Lauterbach said, "Is this what you figure your services to be worth?" Lauterbach replied, "Why yes, Mr. Choate, as it's for a large railroad I didn't think it too much, but if you think so I'll cut it down." Choate said, "Humph, hand me that pen!" He took the pen and wrote the figure 2 in front of the \$500, making the bill \$2500, and handed it back to Lauterbach said, "That's a little more like it." Lauterbach looked at Choate with admiring eyes and said: "Verily, Mr. Choate, thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian."—*Charles J. Wiley.*

UNFORTUNATE

Ex-Senator James Hamilton Lewis, then corporation counsel for the City of Chicago, was arguing before the United States Supreme Court the property damage cases resulting from alterations in the street railway tunnel under the Chicago River. After he had been upon his eloquent way for a half hour or more, the late Chief Justice White, leaning impressively forward, declared in his most "pulverizing" tone:

"Colonel Lewis, I am utterly unable to understand at what you are driving."

The eminent counsel paused, carefully "frisked" his roseate whiskers, adjusted his vest and replied:

"Unfortunate, your Honor."

Mr. Lewis was not again interrupted by the Chief Justice.
—*George M. Morris.*

IMPERSONATING AN OFFICER

A Greek fruit vender complained vehemently to the police captain Heidelmeier, of Chicago, that each night a stranger passing his outside fruit stand helped himself to the fruit. Captain Heidelmeier said, "All right, I'll send a fly-cop over to-night." This detective caught the culprit in the act and walked him over to the police station where the captain was seated ponderously at his desk. The detective, on presenting his man, said, "Well, Captain, we got this bird who has been stealing the fruit over at Kostakos Bros. What will I book him for?" The old veteran was silent for a moment with his finger poised on the side of his nose, then he shouted, with a twinkle in his eye, "Book him for impersonating an officer."—*Oscar G. Mayer.*

CONSTRUING THE LAW LITERALLY

In a small town an old fellow owned a goat, intrinsic value possibly \$1.50. The goat was extremely belligerent and his favorite battle ground was Main Street. When tax bills appeared the owner found his goat assessed at \$20. Highly indignant he went to the town assessor and laid the case before him. The assessor (who was also Justice of the Peace) took

down a well-worn copy of the city ordinances and read to him a section as follows: "Property abutting on Main Street shall be assessed at \$10 per front foot."—*T. D. Evans, Mayor, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE

The applicant for clemency before the State Board of Pardons in Nebraska had been party to the theft of an automobile. He came from one of the smaller communities of the state and his parents were respectable, though poor. The gentleman who represented him as counsel before the Board was not known to have a very large practice at the Bar, and his efforts were directed, principally, toward impressing the Board with the humanitarian aspects of the case. It may be imagined, therefore, that full vent was given to his feelings, and flights of eloquence were liberally employed. Finally, after reciting that the applicant had been incarcerated in the pententiary for an unusual length of time, that his parents were poor and needed his support, and that he had previously appeared before the Board, he dramatically closed his arguments with this statement: "And, gentlemen of your honorable Board, you must bear in mind that there comes a time in every man's life when he should not be in the penitentiary."—*Gov. Samuel R. McElvie.*

CONTEMPT OF COURT

The defendant was being tried for assault in the first degree, having badly beaten up the complaining witness. The defense's attorney in his zeal to protect the interest of his client, made many exceptions and offered to introduce certain evidence all of which was held to be irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial, by the presiding Court. The attorney for the defense became quite indignant, in fact, very angry at the ruling of the presiding Judge, but being at a disadvantage was not able to satisfactorily express his feelings of contempt for the Court until he began to argue the case before the jury.

Upon rising to present his argument to the jury, he faced the Court, and instead of addressing him in the commonly expected

terms, as, "May it please your Honor," or as, "May it please the Court," he said:

"You damn scoundrel."

Whereupon the Court arose from his seat, with a look of surprise and anger upon his face. Counsel then addressing the Court and jury said this:

"This is what the complaining witness called my client, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury," and from there on argued that the man was justified in making the assault.

Whether or not he won his case is not a matter of record, but he at least, had the satisfaction of expressing his feelings toward the presiding Judge.—*Thos. P. Revelle, Seattle, Wash.*

SAVED

Some lawyers seem to have no sense of honor in the means by which they try to discredit the testimony of those opposed to them; in illustration of which we need only adduce the following specimen of cross-questioning. Counsel: "Mr. Jenkins, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly and categorically, a few plain questions?" Witness: "Certainly, sir." "Well, Mr. Jenkins, is there a female living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Jenkins?" "There is." "Is she under your protection?" "Yes." "Do you support her?" "I do." "Have you ever been married to her?" "I have not." (Here several jurors scowled gloomily on Mr. Jenkins.) "That is all, Mr. Jenkins." Opposing Counsel: "Stop, one moment, Mr. Jenkins; is the female in question your mother?" "She is."

REMISSION

Once in a Kentucky court Tom Marshall was using quite abusive language, and the judge, after one or two reprimands, fined him ten dollars for contempt. Mr. Marshall looked at the judge with a smile and asked where he was to get the money, as he had not a cent. "Borrow it of a friend," said the court. "Well, sir," answered Mr. Marshall, "you are the best friend I have; will you lend me the money?" "Mr. Clerk," said the

judge, "you may remit the fine. The State is as able to lose it as I am."

NEPOTISM

A Persian merchant, complaining heavily of some unjust sentence was told by the judge to go to the cadi. "But the cadi is your uncle," urged the plaintiff. "Then you can go to the grand vizier." "But his secretary is your cousin." "Then you may go to the sultan." "But his favorite sultana is your niece." "Well, then, go to the devil!" "Ah! that is still a closer family connection," said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

BOTH CORRECT

The suit was for slander, and had assumed the form of a cross-suit for the improper use of the unruly member. Counsel on each side was of the highest standing. All Virginians will assent to this when told that Samuel Taylor was for the plaintiff and Benjamin Watkins Leigh for the defendant. The Court being opened and the case being called, the judge replied: "Mr. Taylor, are you ready in this case?" Mr. Taylor replied, "If Jerry Moody is here, I am ready." "Mr. Leigh, are you ready?" "May it please your Honor, I am ready if Jerry Moody is here." "Sheriff, call Jerry Moody." The sheriff went to the door and lustily called thrice for Jerry Moody to come into Court. Soon Jerry, a tall, thin, straight man, came forward. The jury were sworn. Then Jerry was sworn. In his solemn and forcible manner Mr. Taylor said to the witness, "Be so good as to tell the Court and jury all you know about this case." Witness said: "Well, I have often heard the defendant say that the plaintiff was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and I have often heard the plaintiff say that the defendant was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and they were the only times I ever heard either of them tell the truth."

OBLIGING THE JUDGES

A barrister was met by a friend the other day in the street, laden with a lot of law books. Pointing at the books, his friend said, "Why I thought you carried all that stuff in your head!"

"I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."

WOULD NOT JOIN THE GANG

There is a story of how Judge Grier set aside the unjust verdict of a jury against an unpopular man, with the remark, "Enter the verdict, Mr. Clerk. Enter, also, set aside by the Court. I want it understood that it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm in this Court."

WOULD NOT DISTURB HIM

A friend having pointed out to Sheridan that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of the great wit's play, "Pizarro," and that, too, in the midst of Rollo's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but, instantly recovering his usual humor, he said: "Ah, poor man! let him sleep; he thinks he is on the bench."

CONTEMPT OF COURT

There was a very irascible old gentleman who formerly held the position of justice of the peace in one of our cities. Going down the main street one day, a boy spoke to him without coming up to his honor's idea of deference. "Young man, I fine you five dollars for contempt of Court." "Why, Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This Court," responded the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt!"

BUYING A VERDICT

"It's a hundred dollars in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree." Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money. "Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after a while. All the rest went in for acquittal."

HIS CLIENT WON OVER

Governor S—— was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse stealing. He made a long, eloquent, and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments and, with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner, and said: "Jem, the danger is past; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied: "Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did!"

A GREAT LAWYER ON WORK

Rufus Choate believed in hard work and struggle. When some one said to him that a certain fine achievement was the result of accident, he exclaimed: "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad."

DISQUALIFIED

The plaintiff in a suit brought against the City of New York had been injured by a fall, caused by "a corporation hole," and during the trial, Dr. Willard Parker being upon the stand in behalf of the plaintiff, the associate counsel of the city cross-examined him, and elicited the remark that the plaintiff was so injured that he could lie only on one side. The answer was no sooner given than the counsel said: "I suppose, doctor, you mean he would make a very poor lawyer?"

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

A pert young lawyer once boasted to a member of the Bar that he had received two hundred dollars for speaking in a certain lawsuit; the other replied, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that very case."

CIRCUMLOCUTION

An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering the practice of his father's profession. "My son," said the counselor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son," replied the lawyer, "talk round it!"

"THOU ART THE MAN"

After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and with an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed: "Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I have told, sir?" "That is what I mean." "Yes, sir, several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are." "Waal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

A SMALL INHERITANCE

At the trial of Horne Tooke, Lord Eldon, speaking of his own reputation, said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Attorney-General, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied. "He is crying to think what small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

A DRY PUMP

A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making a disturbance in the street. Said the bailie to him: "Come, my wee mon, speak

the truth, and let us hear all ye ken about this affair." "Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness Street?" "I do, laddie," replied his worship. "Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square and across the square—" "Yes, yes," said the bailie, encouragingly. "An' when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right, and up into High Street, and keep on up High Street till ye come to a pump." "Quite right my lad; proceed," said his worship; "I know the old pump well." "Well," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me!"

AN UNREASONABLE DISTURBER

While Judge Gary of Chicago was once trying a case he was disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the room, lifting chairs and looking under things. "Young man," Judge Gary called out, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?" "Your Honor," replied the young man, "I have lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it." "Well," said the venerable jurist, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

THE LOST BANK NOTE

A lawyer at a circuit town in Ireland dropped a ten-pound note under the table while playing cards at an inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said: "I know what you want, sir; you have lost something." "Yes, I have lost a ten-pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is." "Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign for you." "No, sir, I want no reward for being honest; but," looking at him with a knowing grin, "wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it?"

HOW THE JURY WENT

The New Englander has come into the majority—this has nothing to do with the speech, but I happen to think about it—

a little differently from what a colored brother did the other day in Macon, Georgia. They make majorities differently down there. There was an indictment of a white man for an election fraud, and the evidence of his guilt was so plain that it was necessary, in order to get along well, to have the jury a little looked to. In point of fact, everybody who was too much colored was challenged off except one old darky, who remained. The eleven white jurors, when they retired, considered how they should present the appearance of the ordinary jury and still set free the acknowledged guilty prisoner. So, when they came into the jury room, they moved, in the first place, that they elect a foreman, and that the foreman should not have a vote except in case of a tie. That struck the colored brother as a fair arrangement and he voted for it. Then they elected Uncle Remus foreman, and then they balloted—and there were eleven for acquittal, and, of course, there was no tie! When the foreman, in the suitable pride of his office, came into court, and was asked for his verdict, he said: "If de court please, de jury am gone Democratic."—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

FULLY CONSIDERED IT

In Illinois and some other states there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose: "Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?" "Certainly," was the response; "but I told you not to judge of the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did." "Well, Jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid a little, "we considered that p'int."

VERY GOOD ADVICE

A gentleman ordered a suit of clothes from a tailor, and especially enjoined him that they must be made by the next Tuesday. Tuesday came, and no clothes. The outraged gentleman was not able to smother his disappointment, and berated the tailor pretty soundly for failing in his positive promise. The tailor plainly told his customer to go to pandemonium. The customer, red with rage, rushed across the street to a lawyer. "I want your advice," said the gentleman, "that infamous fellow has not only kept me here in the city on expense, to the great detriment of my business, and disappointed me in a suit of clothes, but when I went to remonstrate with him about it, what do you suppose the impudent rascal told me? He told me to go to a hot place down below." With these words the gentleman laid a ten-dollar bill on the desk, and said: "Now, what would you do?" "Do you mean this for a retainer?" asked the lawyer. "I do," was the reply. "Then," said the lawyer, quietly folding up the ten and putting it in his pocket, "he told you to go below? Well, my advice to you is, don't do it."

A POOR LIKENESS

A lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and clients who went to see it all exclaimed: "Oh, how like the original!" "Tain't like him," said an old farmer; "don't you see he's got his hands in his own pockets?"

O'CONNELL'S READINESS

The following is an instance of the ready tact and infinite resource of O'Connell in the defense of a client. In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat found near the place of the murder belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?" "Yes." "Did you examine it carefully before you swore, in your information, that it was the prisoner's?"

"I did." "Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began to examine it carefully on the inside. He then spelled aloud the name James slowly, and repeated the question as to whether the hat contained the name, when the respondent replied, "It did." "Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case—there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.

COVERING THE CASE

The contradictory character of the pleas sometimes put forward in courts of law is well illustrated in the following case, either real or supposed. The suit was for the value of a tea-kettle which had been borrowed, and, it was alleged, injured by the borrower. The contentions of the defendant were three: First, that he never borrowed the kettle at all; second, that the kettle was damaged when it was borrowed; and third, that it was perfectly sound when it was returned.

WITHDREW HIS PLEA

An Irishman was put upon trial, and was asked if he was guilty. He said, "Not guilty, your Honor, not guilty." He was then asked, "Are you prepared for trial?" "Oh, no," said he, "I don't care to bother you to try me. I don't want to put you to that trouble. I would just as soon go without it." "But you must be tried," said the judge. "Well," he said, "I am ready. So they called Tim Rafferty. The Irishman looked at him and watched him as he was going to the witness stand. "Your Honor," said he, "is that man going to be a witness against me?" "Yes, I believe so. Is that so, Mr. District Attorney?" "Yes, your Honor." "Then I withdraw my plea of not guilty, and I plead guilty; not that I am guilty, but I want to save Tim Rafferty's soul."—*John R. Brady.*

MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP

An Iowa judge was telling stories in a hotel lobby, and he related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court

when a colored man was brought up for some petty offense. The charge was read, and as the statement, "The State of Iowa against John Jones," was read in a loud voice, the colored man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets, and he seemed perfectly overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say, or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out: "Well, yo' Honah, ef de whole State ob Iowa am agin dis one pore niggah, I's gwine ter gib up right now."

CAUTION AND CANDOR

A certain lawyer who had succeeded in obtaining the acquittal of a man charged with stealing a gun, called upon his late client to ask his vote and interest on the occasion of a parliamentary election. The man happening to be away from home, the candidate made himself and his business known to the voter's wife, who said no doubt her husband would vote for him for his kindness in saving him from being sent to prison for stealing the gun. "The alleged stealing of the gun," mildly suggested the lawyer; but it was no use, the lady's pride was touched: "Alleged be bothered!" she said, "why, we've got the gun up-stairs now."

WOULDN'T GO BACK ON HIS PALS

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Marlborough were returning home from a dinner one evening and decided to have some fun with the traffic Bobby. The prince stopped his car and asked a small boy if he would like to earn a five-pound note, whereupon the boy answered in the affirmative.

The Prince gave him the note and told him to go over and give the Bobby a kick and run as fast as he could. The youngster did so, and the Bobby, after much effort, overtook him in a block or two. The Prince and the Duke felt that they might have got the youngster into difficulties and endeavored to explain that it was merely a youthful prank and that they had put the boy up to it. The Bobby, however, took all three to the Magistrate's Court, where they were arraigned.

The Magistrate asked the Prince, "Who are you?" and the Prince replied, "I am the Prince of Wales."

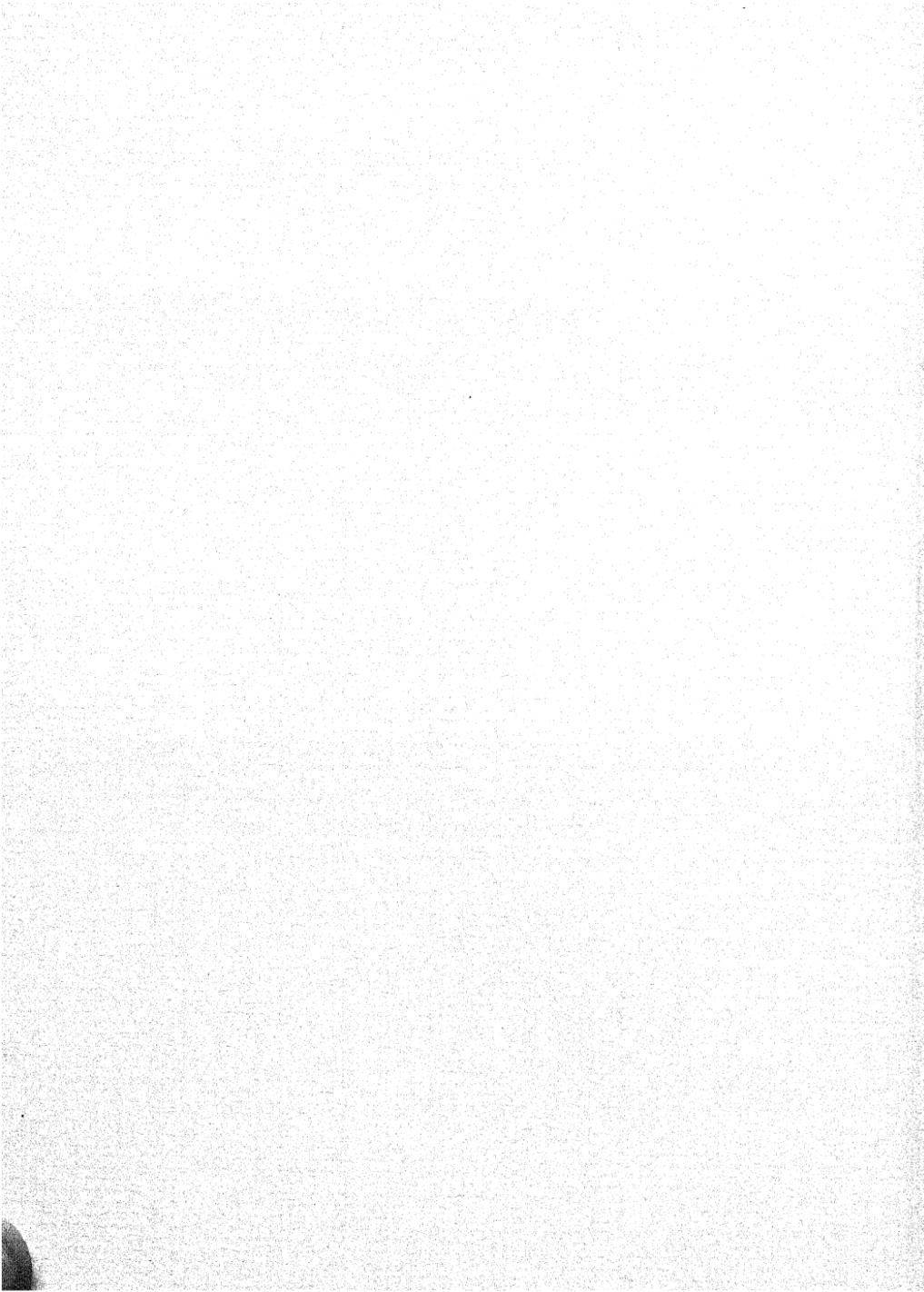
Whereupon the Magistrate turned to the Duke and asked, "And who are you?" The Duke replied, "I am the Duke of Marlborough."

Turning to the youngster, the Magistrate said, "And who may you be?" The youngster looked at the other two, turned to the Magistrate and finally said, "Aw, I won't go back on my pals. I'm the Archbishop of Canterbury."—*A. C. Mower.*

OVERSPOKE HIMSELF

When I was District Attorney in Mississippi, I went to one of the counties in my district with the Court, and a young negro called me off to one side and said, "Mr. 'Turney, you've got a case in this here Court agin me and I would like to git you to 'all pros' it." I asked him the nature of his case and he explained that he had had a fight and knocked another negro in the head with a singletree and that the justice of the peace had "found" him \$5, whereupon he had appealed to the circuit court. After he had finished his story, I told him that he needed a lawyer, "Because," I said, "if you tell Judge Larkin the same story you have told me the chances are he will put you in on the farm." He was very much surprised, but went away and acted on my advice.

After the felony docket had been disposed of, we reached the appealed cases from the justice of the peace courts and went to trial on this case. The witnesses for the state told very much the same story the defendant had related to me when he requested me to "all pros" his case. He then took the stand as a witness in his own behalf and the story he told bore no resemblance whatever to the facts as he had originally related them to me. Upon the conclusion of his testimony, his lawyer said, "You can take the witness." But before I had an opportunity to ask any question at all, the defendant turned to me and said, "Now, hold on, Mr. 'Turney, before you asks me any questions at all, I just want to say dis to you. When I held dat conversation wid you de other day, I overspoke myself."—*B. G. Humphreys.*"



DOCTOR AND PATIENT

ST. PETER AND THE NURSE

An interne tells a nurse he dreamed the night before that he had died and was in Hades. He saw a pile of men burning brightly and he was told they were the directors of the hospital. Then he saw a thick pile of smoke coming from one corner. Asking what that was he was told those were the nurses of the hospital. They were too green to burn. Quick as a flash the nurse said it was a strange coincidence, as she, too, dreamed she had died and appeared at the gates of Heaven seeking entrance—

“No,” said St. Peter, “you can’t come in, it’s too crowded here—there isn’t any place for you.”

“But I must come in—I insist.”

“But I tell you, you can’t. Who are you anyway?”

“When I was on earth I was Mary Manning, a nurse at the _____ Hospital.”

“Oh,” said St. Peter, opening the gate, “come right in. I’ll make room for you; you’ve had hell enough on earth!”—*Annie Nathan Meyer.*

“KNOW’D WHAT HE GIV’ HIM”

During the War, one of those lovely ladies, who devoted themselves to relieving the sufferings of the soldiers, was going through a ward of a crowded hospital. There she found two convalescent soldiers sawing and hammering, making such a noise that she felt it necessary to interfere in her gentle way. “Why,” she said, “what is this?—what are you doing?” “What we doin’? Makin’ a coffin—that’s what.” “A coffin? indeed, and whom is it for?” “Who for? that feller over there”—pointing behind him. The lady looked, and saw a man lying on his white bed, yet alive, who seemed to be watching what was being done. “Why,” she said, in a low voice, “that man isn’t dead. He is alive, and perhaps he won’t die. You had

better not go on." "Go on! Yes, yes, we shall. The doctor he told us. He said, make the coffin; and I guess he know'd what he giv' him."

NOT MINCING MATTERS

Dr. Jephson of Leamington was noted for being brusque and unceremonious. A great London lady, a high and mighty leader of society, who was taken suddenly ill, sent for him. Jephson was so off-hand with her Grace that she turned on him angrily and asked: "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" "Oh, yes," replied Dr. Jephson, quietly; "to an old woman with the stomach-ache."

MISSING THE DOCTOR

"You look so happy that I suppose you have been to the dentist and had that aching tooth pulled," said a Galveston man to a friend with a swollen jaw. "It ain't that that makes me look happy. The tooth aches worse than ever; but I don't feel it." "How is that?" "Well, I feel so jolly because I have just been to the dentist and he was out."

A COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE

Dumas one day dined at the house of Dr. Gistal, a celebrity of Marseilles. After dinner the good doctor brought his distinguished guest an autograph album, and asked him to add his name to it. "Certainly," said Dumas, and he wrote: "Since the famous Dr. Gistal began to practice here they have demolished the hospital—" "Flattery!" cried the delighted doctor. "And on its site made a cemetery," added the author.

TWO KINDS OF DOCTORS

The Rev. Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman in search of the divine knocked at the physician's door. "Does Dr. Channing live here?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Can I see him?" "I am he." "Who? you?" "Yes, sir." "You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach." "Heard me preach?"

"Certainly. You are the Doctor Channing that preaches, ain't you?" "Oh, I see you are mistaken now. It is my brother who preaches. I am the doctor who practices."

NO DOUBT OF IT

Professor (to class in surgery): "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student: "Limp, too."

WHY ONE STILL LIVED

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one refused to take it."

WRITING TOO MUCH

"Doctor," said Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, to Dr. Baillie, the celebrated physician, "don't you think that I write too much for my nervous system?" "No, I don't," said Dr. Baillie; "but I think you write too much for your reputation."

DIDN'T KNOW THE PLACE

A young man who had left his native city to study medicine in Paris, and had been applying his time and the paternal remittances to very different purposes, received a visit from his father, who intended making a short stay in the capital to inspect its wonders. During an afternoon stroll together, the day after the elder's arrival, the father and son happened to pass in front of a large colonnaded building. "What is that?" said the senior, carelessly. "I don't know, but we'll inquire," answered the student. On the query being put to an official, he shortly replied: "That? It is the School of Medicine."

PRESCRIPTION AND PUN

A physician was called upon to see a seamstress who felt indisposed. He inquired as to her health, and she responded very

appropriately, "Well, it's about sew, sew, doctor, but seams worse to-day, and I have frequently stitches in the side." The doctor hemmed as he felt her pulse, and said she would mend soon.

SLEEPING-POTION FOR THE KING

Zimmermann, who was very eminent as a physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last sickness. One day the king said to him: "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery. "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

EVIDENCE OF THE SERVICE

A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor; "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

THE WRONG ADVICE

A *bon-vivant* who has felt a little jaded of late goes to see his doctor. "Eat lightly," says the doctor, "of simple food; no truffles, no wine, no coffee, no liquors; don't gamble, go to bed early, and I guarantee you the best of health." "Pshaw! I know all that as well as you," replied the patient. "What I demand of you is the means to do precisely the opposite of what you tell me to do."

THE PATIENT REPROVED

Dr. Abernethy, on one occasion, was visiting a lady who after describing her complaints, added, "O doctor, whenever I lift my arm it pains beyond endurance." "Then, madam," said the doctor, "you are a great fool for lifting it."

SHORT TETHER

Wife: "Oh, doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind!" Doctor (who knows Benjamin): "Don't trouble about that—he can't go far."

MORTALITY REDUCTION

"Keep 'em alive, boy! keep 'em alive!" said an old physician to his young brother practitioner. "Dead men pay no bills."

NEW BOOKS NOT NEEDED

A medical student at Bowdoin College once asked Professor Cleveland of that institution if there were not some works on anatomy more recent than those in the college library. "Young man," said the professor, measuring the entire youthful scholar at a glance, "there have been very few new bones added to the human body during the last ten years."

LINCOLN STORIES

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS

About the year 1857 when Lincoln and Douglas were rival candidates for the United States Senate, they journeyed over the State of Illinois making joint debates from the same platform.

At Bloomington a great throng gathered in the public square. A farm wagon was used as the platform. Mr. Douglas opened and spoke with great force and conviction. During the address Mr. Lincoln sat huddled up on an old kitchen chair, the picture of despair, and his friends thought it would be impossible for him to meet the strong argument of his opponent and consequently they had great pity for him.

When Douglas had finished, Lincoln arose gradually, stretching himself out on the installment plan, but the following words instantly cleared the deck and changed the whole situation. Lincoln said, "When I was a boy I lived in Sangamon County on the Sangamon River. There plied at that time on that river an old steamboat, the boiler of which was so small that when they blew the whistle the paddle wheel wouldn't go 'round. When the paddle wheel went around, they couldn't blow the whistle. My friend Douglas reminds me of that old steamboat for it is evident from what he has told us this afternoon that when he talks he can't think, and when he thinks he can't talk."

—*W. H. Foster.*

NOT DEAD, ANYHOW

At the time when General Burnside's force was besieged in Knoxville, Tenn., with an apparent danger of being starved into surrender, a telegram came one day to the President from Cumberland Gap announcing that firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville. "Glad of it!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Why should you be glad of it?" asked a friend who was present, in some surprise. "Why, you see," he explained, "it reminds me

of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine. She had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place and she would exclaim, 'There's one of my children that isn't dead yet!'"

HIGHLY ACCREDITED

The clerical spokesman of a delegation that once called to give him advice, urged their views upon Lincoln with many quotations from the Scriptures. At last, the President put an end to this kind of argument by saying, "Well, gentlemen, it is not often that one is favored with a delegation direct from the Almighty!"

THE PRESIDENTIAL CHIN-FLY

Shortly before his second nomination, Lincoln, hearing a member of his cabinet mentioned as a probable competitor for the Presidency, told the following story: "My brother and I were once plowing on an Illinois farm. I was driving the horse and he was holding the plow. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion he rushed across the field so that I with my long legs could scarcely keep up with him. On reaching the end of the furrow, I found an enormous chin-fly fastened on him and knocked it off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten in that way. 'Why,' said my brother, 'that's all that made him go!' Now, if Mr. —— has a Presidential chin-fly biting him, I'm not going to knock it off, if it will only make his department go!"

GOT A GOOD RATING

Several years before Mr. Lincoln received his nomination for the Presidency he received a letter of inquiry from the East concerning the financial standing of a gentleman in his own town, and his reply was: "Dear Sir: I know Mr. X—— and his standing. He has a wife and baby that I think a fair valuation of might be fifty thousand dollars. There is a table in his office that I believe to be worth a dollar and a half, and there are three chairs worth about a dollar, and there is a rat-hole in the corner that will bear looking into."—*John H. Boyd.*

GRANT'S BRAND

When the removal of General Grant from his command was requested by a delegation who waited upon the President, he asked why Grant should be removed. "Because he drinks so much whisky," was the reply. Lincoln's face was as expressive as his speech when he responded: "Ah! that's it. By the way, gentlemen, can you tell me where Grant gets his whisky? I think I'd better send a barrel of that whisky to every general in the field."

NOBILITY NO OBSTACLE

A young European receiving his lieutenant's commission, assured Mr. Lincoln that he belonged to the oldest nobility of his own country. "Never mind that," said the President; "it will not be an obstacle to your advancement."

TALKING TO A JURY

Once during the argument in a lawsuit in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said: "My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertions and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault, or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not the time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel-boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about the Sanga-

mon River. It had a five-foot boiler and seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

HE TOLD THE SECRET

When the Sherman Expedition—which captured Port Royal—went out, there was great curiosity to know where it had gone. One of a committee visiting President Lincoln at his official residence, importuned him to disclose the destination. "Will you keep it entirely secret?" asked the President. "Oh! yes, upon my honor." "Well," said the President, "I'll tell you." Assuming an air of great mystery, and drawing the man close to him, he kept him a moment awaiting the revelation with an open mouth, and in great anxiety, and then said, in a loud whisper which was heard all over the room, "The expedition has gone to—sea!"

EULOGY

Nearly all historical characters are impossible monsters distorted by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. To these great oaks there clings but little of the soil of humanity. Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who loved, and lived, and hated, and schemed, and fought, we know but little; the glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features have grown exceedingly indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mold—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but as they think he should have been. Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone. He had no ancestors, he had no fellows, and he has no successors.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

DWARFS

Once during the Civil War, Barnum was at Washington, exhibiting General Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt. Mr. Lincoln said: "You have some pretty small generals, but I think I can beat you."

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ENEMY

After Mr. Lincoln had sent the name of the Rev. Mr. Shrigley to the Senate for confirmation as hospital chaplain in the army, a self-constituted committee of the Young Men's Christian Association called on him to protest against the appointment. After Mr. Shrigley's name had been mentioned the President said: "Oh, yes, I have sent it to the Senate. His testimonials are highly satisfactory, and the appointment will no doubt be confirmed at an early day." The young men replied: "But, sir, we have come not to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination on the ground that Mr. Shrigley is not evangelical in his sentiments." "Ah!" said the President, "that alters the case. On what point of doctrine is the gentleman unsound?" "He does not believe in endless punishment," was the reply. "Yes," added another of the committee, "he believes that even the rebels themselves will finally be saved; and it will never do to have a man with such views hospital chaplain." The President hesitated to reply for a moment, and then responded with an emphasis they doubtless long remembered: "If that be so, gentlemen, and there be any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then let the man be appointed!"

LINCOLN'S PRACTICAL SHREWDNESS

After the death of Chief Justice Taney, and before the appointment of Mr. Chase in his stead, a committee of citizens from the Philadelphia Union League, with a distinguished journalist at their head as chairman, proceeded to Washington for the purpose of laying before the President the reason why, in their opinion, Mr. Chase should be appointed to the vacancy on the bench. They took with them a memorial addressed to the President, which was read to him by one of the committee. After listening to the memorial the President said to them, in a very deliberate manner: "Will you do me the favor to leave that paper with me? I want it in order that, if I appoint Mr. Chase, I may show the friends of the other persons for whom the office is solicited by how powerful an influence and by what strong personal recommendations the claims of Mr. Chase were

supported." The committee listened with great satisfaction, and were about to depart, thinking that Mr. Chase was sure of the appointment, when they perceived that Mr. Lincoln had not finished what he intended to say. "And I want the paper, also," continued he, after a pause, "in order that, if I should appoint any other person, I may show his friends how powerful an influence and what strong recommendations I was obliged to disregard in appointing him." The committee departed as wise as they came.

PASSES TO RICHMOND

A gentleman called on the President, and solicited a pass for Richmond. "Well," said the President, "I would be very happy to oblige you, if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the last two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet."

HAD NO "PULL"

A California gentleman, an earnest supporter of the Union, had vainly sought by the regular channels to obtain a pass through the lines to see a brother in Virginia, who was also a good Union man. Finally he obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln and stated his case. "Have you applied to General Halleck?" inquired the President. "Yes, and met with a flat refusal." "Then you must see Stanton." "I have, and with the same result." "Well, then," said the President, "I can do nothing, for you must know that I have very little influence with this administration."

PARDON REFUSED

President Lincoln, having been applied to to pardon a repentant slave-trader who had been sentenced to prison, answered the applicant: "My friend, if this man had been guilty of the worst murder that can be conceived of, I might, perhaps, have pardoned him. You know the weakness of my nature—always open to the appeals of repentance or of grief; and with such a touching letter and such recommendations, I could not

resist. But any man who would go to Africa and snatch from a mother her children, to sell them into interminable bondage, merely for the sake of pecuniary gain, shall never receive pardon from me."

DURATION OF THE WAR

A personal friend said to him: "Mr. President, do you really expect to end this war during your administration?" "Can't say, can't say, sir." "But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?" "Peg away, sir, peg away; keep pegging away!"

LINCOLN'S FIRST SPEECH

Abraham Lincoln is said to have made his maiden speech at Richland, Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1832. He was then a Whig, and a candidate for the legislature. The speech was short and sensible. Lincoln was only twenty-three years of age, and timid. Secondly, his friends and opponents in the joint discussion had rolled the sun nearly down. Mr. Lincoln saw that it was not a proper time to discuss the questions fully, and that was why his remarks were so brief. The speech was as follows: "Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

THE PRESIDENT'S CHOICE

During a conversation in 1864 on the Presidential election, which was near at hand, a gentleman remarked to Mr. Lincoln that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

BRIDGE-BUILDING

"I once knew," said Mr. Lincoln, "a good, sound churchman, whom we'll call Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Architect after architect failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones, who had built several bridges, and could build this. 'Let's have him,' said the committee. In came Jones. 'Can you build this bridge, sir?' 'Yes,' replied Jones; 'I could build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary.' The sober committee were horrified; but when Jones retired, Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'and he is so honest a man and so good an architect, that, if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades —why, I believe it. But I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side.' So," Mr. Lincoln added, "when politicians said they could harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy, why I believed them. But I had my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side."

CROSSING THE POLITICAL NIAGARA

Some gentlemen from the West were excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the administration. President Lincoln heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope; would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him—'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south'? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in our hands. We are doing the very best we can. Don't badger us. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

HIS REELECTION

The stories of President Lincoln grew better and better as he grew older. One of the best was told to a visitor who con-

gratulated him on the almost certain purpose of the people to reëlect him. Mr. Lincoln replied that he had been told this frequently before, and that when it was first mentioned to him he was reminded of a farmer in Illinois who determined to try his own hand at blasting. After successfully boring and filling in with powder, he failed in his effort to make the powder go off; and after discussing with a looker-on the cause for this, and failing to detect anything wrong in the powder, the farmer suddenly came to the conclusion that it would not go off because it had been shot before.

FOR CHESTNUT VENDERS

"I remember a good story," said Lincoln, "when I hear it, but I never invented anything original: I am only a retail dealer."

PLAIN WORDS FOR "THE PLAIN PEOPLE"

An extra session of Congress was called in the July following Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration. In the message then sent in, speaking of secession, and the measure taken by the Southern leaders to bring it about, there occurs the following remark: "With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government," etc. It is said that when the message was being printed the Government printer was a great deal disturbed by the use of the term "sugar-coated," and finally went to the President about it. Their relations being of the most intimate character, he told Mr. Lincoln frankly that he ought to remember that a message to Congress was a different affair from a speech at a mass-meeting in Illinois; that the message became a part of history, and should be written accordingly. "What is the matter now?" inquired the President. "Why," said the printer, "you have used an undignified expression in the message"—and then, reading the paragraph aloud, he added, "I would alter the structure of that, if I were you. "That word," replied Mr. Lincoln, "expresses precisely my idea, and I am not going to change it. The time will never

come in this country when the people won't know exactly what sugar-coated means."

A QUESTION OF SIDES

A clergyman remarked to President Lincoln: "I hope the Lord is on our side." The President replied: "I am not at all concerned about that, for I know the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

ADVISING AN ADVISER

A Western farmer sought President Lincoln day after day until he procured the much desired audience. He had a plan for the successful prosecution of the war, to which Mr. Lincoln listened as patiently as he could. When he was through, he asked the opinion of the President upon his plan. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I'll answer by telling you a story. You have heard of Mr. Blank, of Chicago? He was an immense loafer in his way—in fact, never did anything in his life. One day he got crazy over a great rise in the price of wheat, upon which many wheat speculators gained large fortunes. Blank started off one morning to one of the most successful of the wheat speculators, and with much enthusiasm laid before him a plan by which he (the said Blank) was certain of becoming independently rich. When he had finished, he asked the opinion of his hearer upon his plan of operations. The reply came as follows: 'My advice is that you stick to your business.' 'But,' asked Blank, 'what is my business?' 'I don't know, I am sure, what it is,' says the merchant; 'but whatever it is, I advise you to stick to it.' And now," said Mr. Lincoln, "I mean nothing offensive, for I know you mean well, but I think you had better stick to your business, and leave the war to those who have the responsibility of managing it."

UNDISTRIBUTED PATRONAGE

One of the best morsels of wit ever uttered by President Lincoln was when he had the smallpox in the mild form of vario-

loid. It was the smallpox all the same, and no one dared to come near the White House. The weary man enjoyed the respite wonderfully, although he said: "Is it not too bad that now, while I have something to give to everybody, no one comes near me!"

A GREAT RELIEF

An officer under the Government called at the Executive Mansion, accompanied by a clerical friend. "Mr. President," said he, "allow me to present to you my friend, the Rev. Mr. F—, of —. Mr. F— has expressed a desire to see you, and have some conversation with you, and I am happy to be the means of introducing him." The President shook hands with Mr. F—, and desiring him to be seated, took a seat himself. Then—his countenance having assumed an expression of patient waiting—he said, "I am now ready to hear what you have to say." "Oh, bless you, sir," said Mr. F—, "I have nothing special to say. I merely called to pay my respects to you and, as one of the million, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support." "My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly, his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor, "I am very glad to see you; I am very glad to see you, indeed. I thought you had come to preach to me!"

HIS LUDICROUS SIMILE

In his eulogy of Chief Justice Chase Senator Evarts told a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Lincoln. It was in reference to the distribution of Government patronage that he said, at the outset of his administration, "I am like a man letting rooms at one end of his house while the other is on fire." And this ludicrous simile is certainly an incomparable description of the system as he found it.

LINCOLN COMPASSION

When a friend of Lincoln's asked him to pardon a technical deserter, condemned to death, the President replied: "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under

ground." . . . In response to a plea for the pardon of another condemned soldier, the President said, "Well, I don't believe it will do that boy any good to shoot him—give me the pen!" . . . He once pardoned twenty-four sentenced deserters at the same time. To a general who declared that such mercy to the few was cruelty to the many, Lincoln answered: "There are already too many weeping widows in this country. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it." . . . In similar circumstances he observed that some generals complained that he injured the discipline of the army by granting so many pardons, and he added: "It rests me after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life."

AN UNFORTUNATE PRECEDENT

At the famous peace conference on a steamer in Hampton Roads, between President Lincoln and three Confederate commissioners, one of the latter insisted upon the recognition of the power of Jefferson Davis to make a treaty as an indispensable condition of peace. As a precedent, he cited the correspondence between Charles I and his Parliament. Mr. Lincoln, with an expression of grim humor, replied: "Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't pretend to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head."

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Abraham Lincoln's only autobiography was written in 1848 at the request of Charles Lanman, who was then making up his "Dictionary of Congress," and had asked Mr. Lincoln for a sketch of his life. The following is Abraham Lincoln's written reply: "Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. Education, defective. Profession, lawyer. Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois legislature. And was a member of the lower House of Congress. Yours, etc., A. Lincoln."

FIXED THE BLAME

After Lee had taken Harper's Ferry, the President, realizing how great a calamity it was to the Northern arms, determined, if possible, to fix the responsibility. Halleck was summoned, but did not know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask General Schenck." The latter could throw no light upon the question further than to say he was not to blame. Milroy was the next to be called to the presence of the commander-in-chief, and to enter a plea of "not guilty." Hooker was next given a hearing, and "Fighting Joe" made an emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility. Then the President assembled the four in his room, and said: "Gentlemen, Harper's Ferry was surrendered, and none of you, it seems, is responsible. I am very anxious to discover who is." After striding across the room several times, the President suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed, "I have it! I know who is responsible." "Who, Mr. President; who is it?" anxiously inquired the distinguished quartet. "Gentlemen," said the President, "General Lee is the man."

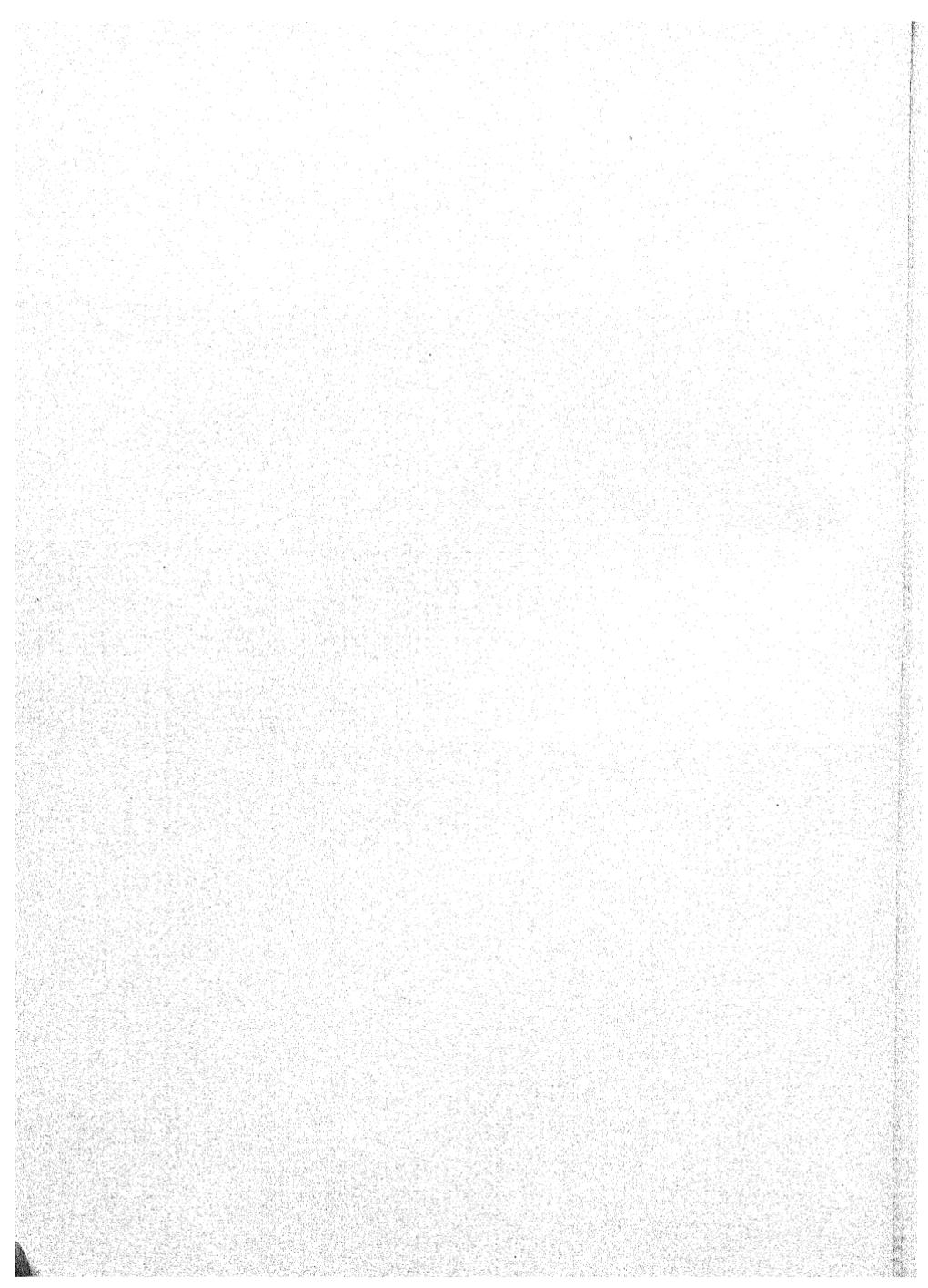
CROSSING A RIVER

Dr. Bellows of New York gave an account of an interview with President Lincoln in which he unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain his views. The doctor asked what should be done with the slaves which were captured as the army advanced. The President hesitated a little, and then, according to his custom, related a story. He said that a company of clergymen, being once at a conference, suddenly learned that a bridge by which most of them had expected to return home had been carried away by a freshet. They stopped talking on religious topics, and began to debate how they could cross the swollen river. One old-fashioned minister, however, kept silence throughout the discussion, and after wasting hours in useless dispute, the others asked him why he did not give his opinion. "My brethren," said he, "I have lived a great many years, and I never yet have been able to tell how I should cross a river until I came to it."

WHOSE, THEN?

An Englishman, in conversation with Mr. Lincoln, said, "Why, no gentleman in England blacks his own boots, you know." "Pshaw!" replied Lincoln, "whose boots do they black?"

WAR AND SOLDIERS



BAR-TENDER VS. PREACHER

A preacher who went over seas with the A.E.F. as a Y.M.C.A. worker was stationed in one of the huts near the front. It was in one of the little French villages where the infantry rested for a few days before and after serving in the trenches. It was one of the preacher's duties to make hot cocoa which he sold in the canteen at fifty centimes a cup. In his uniform no one would have guessed his calling in civilian life.

On one occasion he noticed one of the soldiers standing around for some little time. The minister guessed from his interest in the cocoa drinking and from his lack of participation, that perhaps here was a soldier who didn't have any ready cash but would enjoy a drink of the beverage nevertheless.

So he said: "Good evening, soldier, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," said the man in khaki, hesitatingly, "you can set me up to a drink until we are paid off, if you want to."

"Sure thing," replied the "Y" man as he handed out the drink. The soldier drank it with satisfaction and a minute later disappeared.

Another soldier had been standing near, taking in the incident. After it was over, he came up to the preacher in a friendly sort of way to say:

"I know just how you feel, old man, I used to be a bar-tender myself back in the states."—*E. A. Hungerford.*

JOYS OF A SOLDIER

Here is a story (from the Manchester *Guardian*) which if it is not true ought to be. The soldier in the train was dilating on his changed life. "They took me from my home," he said, "and put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me 'No. 575'; they took me to church where I'd never been before, and they

made me listen to a sermon for forty minutes. Then the parson said, 'No. 575, Art thou weary, art thou languid?' and I got seven days' C.B. for giving him a civil answer."

KNIGHTHOOD

It is rather difficult for some of our foreign neighbors to understand and appreciate the American's temperament, and the breezy type of American who is the respecter of no one.

An incident which is alleged to have happened during the War serves to illustrate this point:

A typical hard-boiled dough-boy from the East side of New York walked into a canteen at London, seated himself on a stool behind the counter and in a very ungracious and commanding voice said to the girl behind the counter, "Gimme a piece of pie."

The girl replied, "Sir?"

He said, "Gimme a piece of pie. Say—can the high-brow stuff!"

The girl replied, "Sir, do you realize who I am?"

The dough-boy said, "Naw—who are yer?"

She replied, "Why, my father is a knight."

"G'wan you don't say," replied the dough-boy, "and what in Sam Hill's a knight?"

"Why," replied the girl, "the King of England tapped my father on the shoulder with a sword, and made him a knight."

"Sure, kid," said the dough-boy, "that's nothing! Some guy tapped my old man on the bean with a shovel, and made him an angel."—*J. H. Tregoe.*

HAD BEEN THERE

A group of colored soldiers in one of the A.E.F. areas in France were busily engaged in African golf. The ivories were clicking merrily and the air was filled with cries of "baby needs new shoes" and "little snowflakes gently fall."

A white soldier drifting along watched the game for a moment and then turned to a tall, ungainly negro who leaned disconsolately against a near-by tree, his face expressing gloom as inky black as his epidermis.

"Boy," said the white soldier, "how come you ain't in that game?"

The tall negro, straightening up, opened his mouth and closed it with despairing finality on the two words, "Ah've ben."—*Berton Braley.*

DIDN'T KNOW THE WAR WAS OVER

It is said that in the town of — (you can make it any town you choose) a leading citizen was discovered one morning lying prone upon his roof, blazing away with an ancient musket at a luckless mail-carrier hiding trembling behind a tree. When arrested and questioned he was much surprised. "Well, thar," he said, quaintly enough, "I thought he wuz a Rebel soldier."

—*R. K. Leavitt.*

HE GOT WHAT HE WENT AFTER

There were two rollicking, hard-boiled Irish boys, Pat and Mike. Pat was one of those easy-going, quick witted individuals who always seem to win without half trying. Mike was different. He was slow; he was stupid; he was always behind the rest of the fellows; he was big—wore number fourteen shoes—but he had one redeeming quality—he always got what he went after.

By and by the Great War started, and these boys, along with thousands of others, found themselves in the front-line trenches looking across No Man's Land with the prospect of several days of watchful waiting before them. Suddenly Pat had a bright idea and disappeared. An hour later he returned, face wreathed in smiles, proudly brandishing on each foot a new shoe.

"Where did you get them?" the boys cried.

"Oh," says Pat, "I just went over across the way and met up with a Boche, and, begorra, here I am back with a new pair of shoes."

That set Mike to thinking. He looked down at his poor old worn trench shoes and then across No Man's Land. Then Mike disappeared.

But he didn't come back right away. Indeed, they had

almost given up hopes of ever seeing Mike again, when along about dusk he showed up, wearily dragging his body through the trenches, clothing torn, face bloody and dirty.

"Why, Mike!" the boys cried, "where have you been?"

Mike drew himself up painfully, and said, "Oh, I just went over across the way and met up with some Boches." And then a big, broad smile broke through the dirt and grime on his face as he said, lifting one foot after the other, "See them? Do you see them? Begorra, I had to kill twenty-five before I found a pair that would fit!"—*G. S. Wilson.*

THOROUGH PREPARATION

It is related that during the Russo-Japanese War, when the Russian and Japanese armies were at the most decisive moment of the Manchurian campaign, a newspaper correspondent came upon General Kuroki fishing in a stream near Japanese army headquarters.

"General!" exclaimed the correspondent, "you don't seem to be worrying much about the battle!"

"No," replied the fisherman upon whose shoulders rested the principal responsibility for the Manchurian campaign, "this battle was fought two years ago in Tokio."—*Robert R. Updegraff.*

HE BIT 'EM TO DEATH

A comrade of mine in France was engaged to marry a beautiful New York girl and during the two years of his service was naturally very homesick for her.

The fortunes of war gave him a rather severe wound and as he lay in the hospital he had ample time and opportunity to muse on the many happy times they had spent together. He said to himself, "How I wish I might see her, or even any American woman," for the European variety did not seem to come up to the requirements.

Suddenly one day the door opened and in walked a beautiful, wholesome American woman, who walked from cot to cot speaking words of good cheer to the boys. By and by she came to the cot next to that of my friend and said, "My boy, did you kill any Germans?" He replied, "Yes." She then

asked him which hand he killed them with and he answered, his right hand. Whereupon she took his right hand and kissed it very tenderly.

She then came over to my friend's cot and asked him if he had killed any Germans. He answered, "Hundreds of them." "Well," she said, "which hand did you kill them with?" He replied, "Madam, I bit them to death."—*John W. Gorby.*

WHEN HE WAS IN MUFTI

The commander of one of the negro regiments of the United States Army in days past was a Southern-born gentleman of rather insignificant personal appearance, but very dapper, dignified and imbued with an idea of the great importance of the position which he held.

Being somewhat of an athlete himself, and very much interested in athletics on general principles, he organized a number of company baseball teams, for the purpose of playing a series of games for the regimental championship.

One afternoon two of the teams were locking horns, and the colonel looking on from the side lines could restrain himself no longer. Pulling off his coat and grabbing up a bat, he declared himself into the game. And as he came up to the plate, he said:

"Now, boys, listen! For just so long as I've got no shoulder straps on I want you fellows to treat me just as if I were one of yourselves. While I'm playing ball, I'm not entitled to any more consideration than any of the rest of you. I'm not your commander now, I'm a player. Play ball!"

The pitcher wound himself up; the ball streaked across the plate; and the colonel cracked out a three-bagger which he tried to extend into a home run. And as he passed third base on the dead run, the coacher for his side began pelting him with verbal hot-shots.

"Run! run! run, yuh pore lil' sawed-off, bow-legged, knock-kneed, cock-eyed homely white runt! Now *slide*, old Jim-boy, hot dam 'you, S-L-I-D-E!"

The colonel slid, and was declared safe at home. Then he got up, brushed off the dust from arms and legs, walked over and put on his coat.—*G. W. Hafner.*

WHY LAUGH?

This story is told by "Arlette," the tough little daughter of the wine housekeeper, to "Père Chevillon" in "Seventh Heaven," Austin Strong's great play, when the good father laments he needs brisk stories with which to cheer up the war wounded in the Paris hospitals.

"Well, father," says Arlette, "the poilu had a goat."

"A goat, my child?"

"Yes, a mascot."

"Oh, a mascot. What did he do with it?"

"He cut off its nose."

"The poilu cut off the goat's nose?" says the good father, horrified. "How did it smell?"

"Terrible," says Arlette.

And the good father doesn't laugh at all. But presently, as he departs, he mutters: "I wonder why he cut off its nose?"—*John Golden.*

NEEDLESS TORTURE

During one of the battles in Mexico, a French officer was wounded severely in the thigh, and for four or five days several surgeons were engaged in attempting to discover the ball. Their sounding gave him excruciating pain. On the fifth day he could bear it no longer, and cried to the surgeons, "Gentlemen, in heaven's name, what are you about?" "We are looking for the ball." "Mon Dieu! why didn't you say so at first? It is in my waistcoat pocket!"

COOLNESS IN THE TROPICS

I think I may tell you of one little incident that occurred down at San Juan, speaking of the courage of the men and the coolness and nonchalance with which men will view things in time of trial and danger and distress. There was a large, long, colored cavalryman there, as they were going up—I didn't see this, but I was told of it afterwards—and a Spaniard had been shot through the head immediately in front of the cavalryman and had fallen like a log. The Spaniard had been

smoking a cigarette, and it was still alight, and this soldier looked at him and reached down his hand and said: "I don't reckon yo' want dat no mo', honey," and he took the cigarette and smoked it. That is the kind of men they had down there, and that shows how badly they were scared.—*Wallace F. Randolph.*

ENTERING A BRITISH SQUARE

This graceful anecdote is related of General Canrobert. On their way to the Crimea several French generals with a detachment of troops landed at Malta, and during the maneuvers of some British regiments undertaken at French request, a desire was expressed to see the British formation for resisting cavalry. Squares were at once formed, and General Canrobert rode into one, the men making way for him to pass. As he did so he took of his cocked hat, saying with a bow, "It is only by permission that a French officer ever enters a British square."

FOR THE OFFICERS

A soldier, telling his mother of the terrible fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree. "Tree!" said he, "there wasn't trees enough for the officers!"

TOO GREAT A MAN

During the Revolution an officer, not habited in the military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small redoubt. The officer stopped his horse, and seeing the timber scarcely moved, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the authority of an emperor, said: "Sir, I am a corporal." "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, he said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not

men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." It was Washington.

LAST DROP

"General," said an American major, "I always observe that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' partic'lar about the first drop."

MUST HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT

At a council of generals early in the Civil War, one remarked that Major —— was wounded, and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign him. "Wounded!" said Jackson. "If it really is so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty."

A MATTER OF TIME

It is always dangerous to call in the services of a novice on occasions of emergency. This fact was impressed on me most forcibly during one of the prominent engagements in the Civil War. When the commanding general had decided to make a decisive movement to determine the fate of the day, and had made all necessary dispositions of the troops, he called to a young staff officer who had just joined the army, and told him that when he gave the order for the final advance, he wanted him to take out his watch and tell the exact time. The young officer stepped forward, with that look of vanity and self-consciousness upon his face which is only begotten of youth and inexperience. He thought the supreme moment of his life had arrived, and when the final order was given, he pulled out his watch in the presence of a group of anxious staff officers and promptly informed the general that—it had run down! And, sir, it sometimes happens that a speech maker does not fully recognize the fact until he has opened his mouth, that he has "run down." When Gibbon was writing his Roman history, it is said that it took him more than twenty years to finish his "Rise and Fall." There are times when an extem-



HORACE PORTER

poraneous speaker may accomplish this in less than that many minutes.—*Horace Porter.*

THE GALLANT SIXTY-NINTH

Two gallant sons of Erin, being just discharged from the service, were rejoicing over the event with a wee taste of the cratur, when one, who felt all the glory of his own noble race, suddenly raised his glass and said, "Arrah, Moike, here's to the gallant ould Sixty-ninth. The lasht in the field and the first to lave!" "Away wid yees, man," said Mike, "yees don't mane that." "Don't mane it, is it? Thin phat do I mane?" "Yees mane," said Mike—and he raised his glass high, and looked lovingly at it—"Here's to the gallant ould Sixty-ninth —aqual to none!" And so they drank.

FIRE IN HIS REAR

George Washington was once at a dinner party, where his host had set him with his back to a fiery red-hot stove. Finding it quite too hot for comfort, after some squirming, he beat a retreat for a more comfortable position, at the same time explaining the reason. "Why," said the hostess, jocularly, "I thought that an old general like you could stand fire better than that." "I never could stand a fire in my rear," replied the general.

BEATEN BUT NOT SCATTERED

A soldier of Bate's division of the Confederate army, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accouterments, and alone in the woods sat down and commenced thinking—the first chance he had had for such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves, and looking at his legs and general physique, he thus gave vent to his feelings: "I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized, but no man can say I am scattered."

HAD HAD GOOD INSTRUCTION

General Bragg's retreating proclivities are well illustrated by the following satire which appeared in a Southern paper: After

the battle of Chickamauga, a soldier who had been within the enemy's lines and escaped was carried before General Bragg and questioned in relation to what he saw. He said the rout was complete, and the enemy in full retreat when he left. The general asked him if he knew what a retreat was? He looked at the general with surprise and said: "Why, General, haven't I been with you in your whole campaign?"

STRIKING A HOG

The First Texas cavalry formed part of the Union force under General Davidson in his raid to Pascagoula from Baton Rouge. Severe orders had been issued against straggling and foraging. One night, after a hard day's march, Colonel Haynes and Major Holt of the First Texas had just got comfortably to bed when a big hog set up a most unearthly squealing in the neighborhood of the camp. The colonel immediately began to rouse an orderly to send for the officer of the day, when the major, opening his eyes, yawned out: "Lie down, Colonel, that is none of our men." "How do you know it is none of our men?" "Well, Colonel, I have campaigned a heap more with this regiment than you, and I have found out that when the First Texas strikes a hog it never squeals but once."

"MOST THAR!"

During McClellan's march up the Peninsula a tall Vermonter got separated from his regiment and was tramping along through the mud trying to overtake it. He came to a crossing and was puzzled which road to take, but a native came along and the soldier inquired: "Where does this road lead to?" "To hell," answered the surly Southron. "Waal," drawled the Green Mountain boy, "judgin' by the lay o' the land and the looks o' the people, I cal'late I'm most thar."

PITT'S INTENTIONAL FORGETFULNESS

Mr. Pitt, speaking in the House of Commons of the glorious war preceding that in which England lost the colonies, called it "the last war." Several members cried out: "The last but

one!" He took no notice and, soon after, repeating the mistake, was interrupted by a general cry of "The last war but one! The last war but one!" "I mean, sir," said Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember."

AT THE FRONT

On the day of President Lincoln's funeral, a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing, "Excuse me, sir, but you are right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied, "That is nothing remarkable for me, sir; I have been in front of you for three years."

COULD LOVE BUT ONE

During Sherman's famous march to the sea, General Longstreet's instructions were to keep up a continual attack on his flank and turn it if possible. This was difficult work and very exhausting. In order to get a little sleep it was General Longstreet's habit, while his army was on the march, to ride ahead of it for six or seven miles, and wait until it had passed beyond him for two or three, when he would arise and ride ahead as before. On awakening at one of these times, he found himself in the midst of a number of stragglers and camp-followers, and just before him on the road, screened by a bush, sat a poor abject-looking mortal, engaged in a soliloquy, which General Longstreet, on listening, heard as follows: "Here I am, a poor miserable beggar. My shoes are gone; my clothes are almost gone. I'm weary, I'm sick, I'm hungry. My family have been killed or scattered, and may be now wandering helpless and unprotected in a strange country. And I have suffered all this for my country. I love my country. Yes, I would—I would die—yes, I would die willingly if it were necessary, because I love my country. But if this war is ever over, I'll be damned if I ever love another country."—A. A. McCormick.

HIS OTHER EYE

An officer, who had lost an eye, supplied its place with a glass one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being in an inn, he took out his eye, and gave it to the maid who attended, desiring her to lay it on the table. The maid still waiting and staring, he asked her, "What do you wait for?" "Only for the other eye, sir," said she.

HOW HE LIKED IT

General Hawley, with the soul of wit, to show the horrors of war, briefly related for a purpose how he once asked one of his subordinates in his first battle, "Colonel, how did you like it?" "Well," said he, "I am satisfied; but when I saw my men going down all around me, I thought, 'Can't this confounded thing be compromised?'"—*Samuel S. Cox.*

HIS TURN TO ASK

At a gathering like this, one is like the man in the Civil War when he got between the lines. The first time he was caught the party who captured him said, "What side are you on?" "Well," said he, looking at their blue coats and gray trousers, "I am a Union man." Whereupon they said, "You are, are you? We want everything you have; we are Confederates." Soon afterwards he met a party who wore gray coats and blue trousers, and they asked him what side he was on. He thought he would strike it right this time, and replied that he was a Confederate, whereupon they, being Union scouts, looted him. The third time he encountered a party, "What side are you on?" said they. Looking at them for a long time, he at last exclaimed: "Come now, boys, stop your foolishness; what side are you on?"—*John S. Wise.*

HOW DID HE DO IT?

They thought more of the Legion of Honor in the time of the first Napoleon than now. The emperor, it is said, one day met an old one-armed soldier, and asked him where he lost his arm? "Sire, at Austerlitz." "And were you not decorated?" "No,

sire." "Then here is my own cross for you; I make you a chevalier." "Your Majesty names me chevalier because I have lost one arm! What would Your Majesty have done if I had lost both?" "Oh, in that case I should have made you officer of the Legion." Whereupon the soldier immediately drew his sword, and cut off his other arm.

WAS GOING SOMEWHERE

A Kansas City negro was drafted into the army and sent to Camp Funston for training. The negro was an orphan and could not read or write, had few friends and only one person whom he loved. That one person was a negro girl, to whom he had been devoted since his youth and with whom he was very deeply in love—she lived in Kansas City.

The negro was assigned to the company of rather a hard-boiled captain, who refused to give him a pass to go to town. He couldn't read or write and was unable to get his girl over the telephone. So about the third week his loneliness developed into desperation and he got one of his friends to bring him in some civilian clothes. After retreat Saturday evening, he put on his patent leather shoes and red socks, black and white checked suit, green shirt, purple tie, straw hat with rainbow band, and started off down the middle of the road. All went well for a while and then out of the dusk came a voice calling—

"Halt! who's there?"

"Sambo Johnson."

Sentry: Where are you going?

Sambo: I'm going to town, I am.

Sentry: Ain't you in the army?

Sambo: Sure I'm in the army. What's that got to do with it?

Sentry: Where's your pass?

Sambo: Ain't got no pass, don't need no pass, just going into Kansas City to see my yellow girl—be back before reveillé in the morning.

Sentry: Back before reveillé in the morning nothing—you ain't going to leave this camp without a pass.

Sambo: Didn't I tell you I don't need no pass—just going to Kansas City to see my yellow girl, she's the best-looking yellow girl you ever did see—she sure did love me before I was drafted into this army, three weeks ago—don't know who she's loving now, but she's a "lollapalusa."

Sentry: Don't care nothing 'bout your yellow girl. Get back there and get back there quick before I put you in the guard-house.

Sambo: Mr. Sentry, I just got—

Sentry: I don't care what you got to—get back there and get back quick.

Sambo stepped back and then in a few minutes in the fast fading light, the sentry saw a crouching figure stealthily approaching and a flash of steel as Sambo passed something lovingly over the palm of his left hand. The sentry brought his rifle to a "charge bayonet" and said:

Sambo, what are you doing with that there razor?

Sambo: Mr. Sentry, you are in the uniform of the United States and I repec's you highly, but, Mr. Sentry, I got a dear old mother in Heaven and a poor old daddy in hell and a yellow girl in Kansas City, and, Mr. Sentry, before God, I am going to see one of them before morning.—*Frank W. Wozen-craft.*

PERHAPS HE HAD GONE TOO FAR

During a heavy bombardment in France, an American officer who was rather given to standing on his dignity observed a colored soldier rapidly moving to the rear.

"Hey, there, nigger, where are you going?"

"Well, sah," said Rastus, "I was up there at the front and the shells was bustin' all aroun', and the sargent, he say, 'Rastus, you all is too valuable a niggah to be foolin' roun' here—you get to the rear jus' as fast as yo' can.' So I'm goin' to the rear, sah, goin' to the rear."

Whereupon the officer looked Rastus square in the eye, and shouted:

"Rastus, do you know who I am, sir?"

And Rastus looked the officer over carefully and declared that he did not.

"Well, sir," said he, with great dignity, "I am the Lieutenant Colonel."

"Colonel," says Rastus, "I begs yo' pardon, sah. I didn't know I was that far back."—*Burt D. Cady*.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

In the War's early days the fusing of the old-time, high-ranking, tomahawk-dodging elements with the newly inducted officer types proved, on occasion, somewhat amusing.

One old timer in command of a Western army post experienced difficulty in habituating some of the new officers to his special whim which was a rigid and detailed observance of the uniform regulations. Incidentally the old man was of a choleric and explosive disposition and the daily routine of the new officer of subordinate grade was, in consequence, anything but pleasant.

Glancing from his office window one morning the commanding officer—Colonel Blank we shall call him—observed Captain White sauntering down the post street. Captain White was a new officer and, according to the morning memorandum on the colonel's desk, officer of the day. Imagine the colonel's horror, then, in observing that White was without his saber and was not wearing gloves.

In a voice quivering with emotion the colonel called the adjutant from the outer office and demanded that White be summoned at once. In response White entered the outer office—that of the adjutant—whom he knew well.

"The old man wants to see me, Tom," said he. "Lend me your gloves and saber, will you?" The adjutant readily acquiesced as he had doffed those articles while at his desk.

Faultlessly uniformed and accoutered White entered the colonel's office, clicked his heels, saluted punctiliously and said: "Sir, Captain White reports in response to the colonel's summons."

The colonel's reply was a blast of invective, the burden of which was to the effect that White's oversight in being sans saber and gloves was inexcusable, sir, revealed abysmal ignorance, sir, the blunder of a half-witted recruit, sir, in fact, sir

—the colonel halted suddenly and donned his glasses. His inflamed visage became more livid as he scrutinized White who, meanwhile, had remained at attention. Then in a perplexed tone the colonel hurriedly informed White that he was excused.

White doffed the saber and gloves in the outer office, remarking to the adjutant that the colonel's mentality was worse even than was generally supposed by the junior commissioned personnel. As White passed down the steps into the street the colonel was at his window again and this time he shouted so loudly for White that it proved unnecessary to dispatch an orderly for him. White heard and hastened back. In the outer office, as before, he hastily donned the adjutant's saber and gloves and entered the office of the colonel who stood waiting and fuming in ominous silence.

White stood rigidly at attention while the colonel came up to him, gasped, put on another pair of spectacles, pawed the saber and touched the gloved hands of his subordinate. Then he came as near to apologizing to the captain as a colonel of the old school ever came and hoarsely dismissed him.

Ere White had left the outer office the colonel summoned the adjutant to his sanctum. Pulling the surprised junior to the window the elder pointed to White who, having doffed the articles in the adjutant's office, was without gloves or saber.

"That is Captain White, is it not?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir."

"He is officer of the day, is he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he have his gloves and his saber on?"

The adjutant, who liked White, tried to stall but, in the circumstances, felt he couldn't do so successfully.

"No, sir, I am afraid he hasn't," he said.

The colonel smote him on the back as he chuckled hoarsely and exclaimed:

"Dammit, man, that's just where you are wrong. He has!"

—J. S. Stewart Richardson.

CHILDHOOD

PROSPERITY ALL AT ONCE

Robert G. Cousins while campaigning years ago said: "Every once in a while you hear some fellow say: 'Where's that there prosperity?' After we've got the wreckage cleared away, and the track mended and the cars back on it, and everything starting on nicely again in just a month or two, they expect full measure of good times before the inauguration is over. You remember they used to bring city boys out to the country and place them in good homes—poor boys from the crowded cities. Well, there was one placed in a farmer's home where he was set down to a good country dinner—stewed chicken and mashed potatoes with plenty of butter on, and breaded tomatoes, and corn bread with jelly, and everything that makes you feel fine. And then they brought on some fresh apple pie. The waif who hadn't had a square meal for months, looked at the pie and then up at the good mother of the household, and said, 'Where's your cheese?' 'I'm sorry,' said the good woman, 'but we haven't any cheese to-day.' Looking scornfully at her and then again at the pie, the little vagrant said: 'O h-l!—apple pie and no cheese!' —Yes, some people expect the full cream cheese of prosperity just as soon as the polls are closed."—*R. G. Cousins.*

HE KNEW HIS AUDIENCE

I was sitting in the manager's office in Memphis, where I was playing. A youngster of ten or twelve came in to thank the manager for giving him a ticket to the show the night before.

"How did you like the show?" asked the manager.

"Fine."

"What act did you like best?"

"Mr. Cressy."

"Didn't you like Lew Dockstader?"

"Yes, he was good, too."

"And didn't you like those two clowns?"

"Yes, they were all good; but Mr. Cressy was the best."

"I am glad to hear you say that, because this is Mr. Cressy sitting right here."

"Yes, I know it is."—*Will M. Cressy.*

THE MOST BRILLIANT FATHER

Three small boys were earnestly discussing the ability of their respective fathers. The son of a song writer said, "My father can come home in the evening and sit down and write a song, and take it downtown next morning and sell it for twenty-five dollars."

"But my dad," eagerly spoke up the son of a short story writer, "can write a story in an evening and take it down the next morning and sell it for fifty dollars."

The preacher's son was puzzled for a moment, then he had an inspiration. "My father," he said, "gets up into the pulpit and talks half an hour. And it takes twelve men to carry the money up to him."—*Rev. John Barlow.*

BLESSED WORDS

After one of my lectures—it was in Billings, Montana—a lady came up to me and said:

"Mr. Butler, I enjoyed your story about your twins, and I have a story you might be able to use. Yesterday, Friday, my little girl came home from school and said:

"Oh, mother! I've learned a new Memory Gem!"

"What is it, Mary?" I asked her. You know what a Memory Gem is—it is a short verse or bit of wisdom the children learn in school, and when they grow up it makes them better men and women. 'What is it, Mary?' I asked.

"'It's Susan Adams forgets Susan Adams,'" Mary said.

"What?"

"'Susan Adams forgets Susan Adams,' she repeated.

"'But, Mary,' I said, 'that don't mean anything. That can't be what your teacher taught you.'

"'Yes, it is, mother,' Mary insisted, but I knew that could not be it, so I telephoned to the teacher and asked her.

“‘Miss Murphy,’ I said, ‘Mary has come home and she insists that her new Memory Gem is “Susan Adams forgets Susan Adams.” I know it can’t be that. That doesn’t mean anything.’

“‘Mercy no!’ exclaimed Miss Murphy; ‘It was “Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm”!’”—*Ellis Parker Butler*.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE

Tony’s plate was piled so high with sandwiches, chicken drumsticks, cakes, candies and other good things that when a platter of jelly tarts came down the line he allowed it to pass with little notice and a brief, “not now.” Later, however, when diligence had rewarded him with an empty plate, Tony looked about him for other good things to devour. Jimmie, in the next chair was at that moment biting into a delicious jelly tart.

“O,” said Tony, “I want a tart, too.” Waiters searched the entire length of the table, but the tarts were gone, and Tony’s only consolation was this bit of wisdom from the observant Jimmie. “Gee,” said that puny philosopher, “the time for tarts is when they’re passin’.”—*Gordon W. Kingsbury*.

PERFECTION

A teacher in the primary grade of a public school was conducting a youngsters’ class in arithmetic, and turning to one little fellow, said:

“Johnny, how much is 5 plus 4?”

“Nine,” promptly responded the boy.

“Very good, Johnny,” answered the teacher.

Whereupon Johnny replied: “Very good, teacher? hell, it’s perfect.”—*James Sheldon Riley, Los Angeles, Cal.*

HEADS OR TAILS

Grandfather took one of his grandsons, this one a boy of six, to church, and gave him a nickel as a contribution to the cause. When the contribution box came around, Jack dropped his nickel all right, but exercised apparently unnecessary care in dropping it—indeed, looked into the contribution box un-

mistakably, and somewhat to the scandalizing of his grandparent. On the way home, Jack was taken to task for his scandalous conduct as seriously as anyone can take Jack to task.

His grandfather said, "Why did you embarrass me by looking into the contribution box when you dropped your nickel?" "Why," said Jack, "to see whether the nickel fell heads or tails."—*G. A. O'Reilly.*

NOT IN POLITE SOCIETY

Last year, while my family was domiciled for the summer at Spring Lake, New Jersey, my father-in-law, Mr. Egan, former Minister to Denmark, took my nine-year-old son up to Asbury Park one day, and as the youngster described it, "blew him to a feed." Pumpkin pie was included, and for the first time in the youngster's experience. We are not New England bred, and in our scheme of things, pie and tender years do not go together.

Of course, the youngster being in doubt as to procedure, did the natural thing, that is, took up the pie in both hands and "went to it." Grandfather, being rather formal, said: "Oh, son, you can't eat pie that way." The youngster inquired, "Why not?" "Why," said grandfather, "if you eat pie that way, you cannot move in polite society when you grow up." "But," said the youngster, "I ain't going to have to move in polite society. I am going to be a banker like dad."—*G. A. O'Reilly.*

TWINS

A young uncle known to be on the eve of matrimony, objected very strongly to the noise the baby was making. He carried his criticisms to the point at which brother and sister (aged seven and eight) lost patience. Looking straight into the eyes of the irascible uncle, the young lady said solemnly, "I hope you will have twins!" to which the young man added hotly, "Yes, Siamese twins; and when they go to school, I hope one will pass and the other won't!"—*Rev. Floyd Appleton, Danville, Pa.*

EXAGGERATION

Little Mary was given to exaggeration and often reprimanded for the fault. One day she came rushing into the house and cried, "I have just seen a big black bear out in our yard."

Her mother remonstrated but Mary asserted that she was not telling a lie and that she knew it was a bear because God had told her so. Thereupon she was sent upstairs to the dark closet for meditation, prayer and repentance. On her release, her mother inquired, "Does God still say it was a bear?"

"No," replied Mary, "it was a dog, but God said that when he first saw it, it looked so big that he thought it was a bear himself."—*Dr. C. E. North.*

WE ARE SEVEN

A bishop was visiting in an English country house. The small daughter of the family, unaccustomed to episcopal gaiters and apron, showed a too marked interest in the prelate's quaint attire. Wishing to divert the conversation to a higher level, the bishop said to the child, "Do you know the Lord's Prayer?" "Yes," she said. Then he asked, "Do you know the Ten Commandments?" "Yes," she said. Then he inquired, "Do you know the Creed?" "Yes," she said. Then he asked her whether she knew her catechism. "Damn it all," said the little girl, "I'm only 7!"—*Lord Riddell.*

BOY FATHER OF THE MAN

I once asked a New England clergyman, a classmate of mine—who was stationed at Peekskill—what were his intentions for the future of a vigorous youngster who was playing on the lawn. "Well," said he, "my wife and I believe in natural selection, and letting a boy follow the bent of his mind. To find out what that was, we left him in the sitting-room one day with a Bible, a silver dollar, and an apple. I said: 'If, when we come back, he is reading the Bible, I shall train him to follow me as a preacher; if he has pocketed the dollar, I shall make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple, I will put him on a farm.' When we returned, he was sitting on

the Bible, eating the apple from one hand, and clutching the dollar in the other, and I remarked: 'Wife, this boy is a hog; we must make a politician out of him.' "*Chauncey M. Depew.*

CAME ABOUT WITH THE WIND

I recollect two boys in Nantucket who had stolen a pie, and the mother of one chased them out of the house and down the beach. She was broad of beam, well equipped with sail, and, with a fair wind, was rapidly gaining on them, when one of them clambered upon a sand dune and watched the old lady chase her own boy, whom she was rapidly overhauling. The boy on the dune, making a speaking-trumpet with his hands, cried out, "Try her on the wind, Jimmy!" and Jimmy came up into the wind and won the race.—*Charles C. Beaman.*

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

A case came up in Court in which a big colored woman was a witness. She testified that she had whipped her little boy very severely, and as she went on with the story of the exceedingly stiff beating she had administered, the judge's brow grew dark, and he interrupted her to ask if it had been necessary to chastise the boy so severely. The colored lady looked astonished at the question. Gazing intently at the Court, she inquired: "Jedge, was you eber de father of a wuthless mulatter boy?" "No, no," said the judge, hastily. "Then, jedge, you don't know nuffin' about de case."

NOT TO BE PRESIDENT

A bright little boy was asked by a lady if he studied hard at school, to which he replied that he did not hurt himself at it. "But," said the lady, "you must study hard, or you will never become President of the United States." "Yes, ma'am," he replied; "but I don't expect to—I'm a Democrat."

ALL MIXED UP

So wonderful is the mixture that we can easily understand the state of mind of the little girl who asked her father, "Pa,

where were you born?" "In Boston, my dear." "And where was mamma born?" "In San Francisco, my dear." "And where was I born?" "In Philadelphia, my dear." "Well," said the little dear, "isn't it funny how we three people got together?"—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

DIDN'T RECKON FOREIGNERS

It was a little boy in an American Sunday School, who, in reply to his teacher's question, "Who was the first man?" answered, "George Washington," and upon being informed that it was Adam, exclaimed, "Ah, well! If you are speaking of foreigners, perhaps he was."

YOUR NOSE KNOWS

Doctor (noticing squalling picaninny on floor): "Missus Brown, that baby is spoiled, isn't he?"

Mrs. Brown. "No, sah, Doctah, all nigger babies smells dat way."—*J. H. Kempner.*

NEEDN'T BOTHER NOW

Little Harold, having climbed to the pinnacle of the roof of a very steep shed, lost his footing, and began to slide with terrifying swiftness toward the point where the roof swept gracefully off into space.

"O Lord, save me!" he prayed. "O Lord, save me! O Lord—never mind, I've caught on a nail."—*Don O. Shelton.*

PERSISTENCE

One night after a particular trying day we got our young hopeful safely into bed and then proceeded to retire ourselves. Just about the time his mother was comfortably curled up in bed he asked for his Teddy Bear; she had hardly gotten back into bed when he wanted his engine. This performance was repeated five or six times, until his mother thoroughly exasperated said, "Young man, if you make me get up again I'll give you a good spanking."

After a silence of three or four minutes a voice broke the stillness of the night, "Mamma, when you get up to spank me will you get me a drink of water?" He got the drink of water.
—C. A. Bonniwell.

STILL INTERESTING TO SOMEBODY

One of our troubles is that we have all had too much in the way of worldly blessings. Even the clothes that we cast off can be passed on to some less fortunate than ourselves and they will be able to get as much good out of them as we did. We never know how long a thing has value until we try to pass it on. For instance I received a letter from my wife a few weeks ago and she said: "I have raised two girls and they never gave me very much trouble but this boy of ours (he is four years old) pulls a new stunt every week. His latest one was this. He went up into my room and dug up some old love letters written in days when you had more sentiment than sense, and he figured it out that they were doing no good there, so he took them out on the street and played postman, and delivered them round to all the neighbors." We found out later that the neighbors got as much pleasure out of these old letters as we did when they were originally written.—*Fred High.*

TRIED TO BE WICKED

There is a tendency in human nature to do a thing because it is forbidden. A father became worried lest his little boys should learn bad language and calling them into the room lectured them at great length on the evils of swearing and made them both solemnly promise that they would never swear, which they did. A little later having occasion to walk out near the wood-shed the father overheard them playing inside and stepping up to the door was somewhat astonished to hear the older one say, "I say, Johnnie, let's swear." The other replied, "All right, let's." So the older one stood up and gravely announced "I swear." Little Johnnie promptly responded, "So do I."—*Waldo Newcomer.*

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

A LUCID INTERVAL

A distinguished professor was invited to address the inmates of a certain insane asylum, and cheerfully responded to the request. When he arrived at the superintendent's office, that gentleman told him that, of course, some member of such an audience was always liable to interrupt the speaker, but he hoped the professor would not mind a little thing like that, but would go right along, as though nothing had happened.

The professor thanked him for the warning, and the speech began.

Everything was peaceful until he was more than half through. Then a woman sprang up in the middle of the hall and shrieked out, "My God! I can't stand this another minute!"

The attendants led her out quietly and everything went on well for the rest of the evening.

The superintendent apologized for the interruption.

"I hope it didn't throw you off."

"Ah, no," replied the professor. "You had prepared me, so I didn't mind it at all."

"Well, I was sorry for your sake," said the superintendent, "but, after all, we were pleased, for it was the first lucid interval that woman has had for three years."—*Kate Upson Clark.*

CONDENSED SPEECH

An American journalist, addressing an audience of Chinese students in Peking, found his address being interpreted to the audience by writing in Chinese upon a blackboard. The novelty of the interpretation attracted his interest. He watched the writing upon the blackboard as he continued his address. The writing grew gradually slow and finally was discontinued altogether, although the speaker continued his address for some minutes thereafter. Leaving the stage, he asked the presiding officer what the interpreter put upon the blackboard in the

Chinese language. "He was reporting your speech," was the reply.

"And then why did he stop before the speech was finished?"

"Oh," smiling said the Chinese who presided, "he only wrote the ideas upon the blackboard."—*Dean Walter Williams.*

A SUITABLE TEACHER

A certain professor in a German university, who was very punctilious in observing the formalities of academic life, was accustomed to lecture before the students attired in the cap and gown which he kept in a locker in the corner of his lecture room. One day, before the hour appointed for the lecture, a group of students invaded the university zoölogical museum and brought out a large stuffed baboon of almost human dimensions, dressed the animal in the professor's cap and gown, drew the professor's spectacles from the drawer of his desk and hung them upon the creature's nose, and seated the animal at the professor's lecturing desk with the textbook open before it. The students then retired to their seats, awaiting the expected confusion of their worthy instructor.

Upon entering the room, however, the professor taking in the situation at a glance, remarked with a smile, "Gentlemen, I am delighted to see that you have at last found a teacher so well suited to your intellectual ability."—*Edward D. Adams.*

KNEW MORE THAN THE PROFESSOR

In the pre-Volstead days a gentleman in overalls was navigating up College Hill, an approach to Brown University. He saw a college professor coming down. He insisted on stopping the gentleman and shaking hands with him. He said to the professor, "You are a great college professor while I am a poor laboring man, yet I know something which you don't know." The college professor, who was anxious to terminate the interview, said, "Well, what is it that you know and I don't know?" The man replied, "I know and you don't know that my wife washes for your wife and that at the present moment I have on one of your shirts."—*Mayor Joseph H. Gainer, Providence, R. I.*

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR

One of the most brilliant professors of philosophy had a wonderful rose garden of which he was passionately fond. Every hour each day what time could be spared from Kant and Spencer and the new school of philosophy were given to patient cultivation of his wonderful roses.

A rough countryman who had made a fortune in the lumber business lived not far from him, and coming from his office each day, he passed the rose garden and usually found the professor at work. Like the professor, the lumber dealer was a great lover of roses. He would stop to watch their growth and note their budding beauty and the glory of the full bloom, but he was exceedingly coarse and rough in his speech—hardly a sentence was spoken that was not interlarded with an oath. When the oaths came most frequently the professor seemed to be most silent and aloof. At last it seemed to dawn on the lumberman's mind that possibly this cultivated scholar did not relish his coarse and irreverent speech, and he hastened to apologize. He said: "I don't know as you like my way of speaking, but I am just a plain, old-fashioned countryman. I call a spade a spade."

"You do," said the professor, "I am astonished."

"I don't know why you should be astonished. What did you think I would call it?"

"I thought you would call it a damned old shovel."

He never swore again!—*Rev. Charles L. Goodell.*

THE VERY IDEA!

A New York woman of great and unexpected wealth and only slight mental qualifications for using it, was invited to spend part of her social season in Washington, D. C. Confiding in one of her New York friends, who had no money but an abundance of brains, she explained that it was her expectation of being invited to meet many distinguished and learned people in the Nation's capital, but confessed a sense of embarrassment because she could not meet them on their level, which led her to ask the advice of her friend.

"Could you tell me," she asked, "of something I might read that would stimulate my mind and give me mental quickening and make it possible for me to talk on at least one subject with a fair amount of confidence?"

Her friend, whose mentality was matched by a sense of humor, recommended her to go to a bookstore and purchase a copy of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and if she was able to read that successfully her friend guaranteed that she could meet anybody in Washington without embarrassment.

Acting immediately on the suggestion, she bought the book and was soon able to read twenty-five pages of it, when the time came for her to leave New York. After her arrival in Washington she was invited out and met at an evening party a tall and solemn individual who was introduced to her by his title and name. The name she did not catch but the title she seized on and said, "Did I understand correctly that you are a professor?" He replied affirmatively. "May I ask," she inquired, "what you are a professor of?" He explained that he was connected with the Smithsonian Institution and was doing an important kind of research work for the enrichment of human knowledge. With a tone of high delight, and manners assumed for the occasion, she said, "Oh, Professor, it is just lovely to have the privilege of meeting you. I've wanted to meet just such a man for a long time. You see I have been reading a very extraordinary book and it has completely fascinated me. I wonder if you have ever read it? It is marvelous in every way, and I have wanted to talk with some one about it for ever so long." Politely and quietly he asked her what the book was. With manufactured impetuosity she told him it was Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and wondered if he had ever read it. "Read it," he replied, "I know it from cover to cover. I used it as a textbook when I taught Philosophy in a New England College." "Oh how lucky I am," she said, "you are just the man I want to talk to because there is one thing about the book I do not understand and you can explain it. What is it that the author means all through the book by the I-D-E-A (pronounced ID-E-AY)?" With a look of mingled pity and scorn, he replied to her, "Why, madam, that is the feminine gender of idiot."—*Eugene A. Noble.*

FIFTY-FIFTY

As illustrating the weakness of arguments based on a discussion of percentage values, the story is told of a husky football player at Hobart College who knew all about football, but nothing about anything else. As the day approached for the principal football game of the year, it developed that this player would be disqualified from playing unless he attained an average of 50 per cent in a forthcoming chemistry examination.

The man's inefficiency in his studies was so well known that the professor was unwilling even to let him take an examination, but he was so besieged by those interested in winning the game that he finally agreed to let the football man take the chemistry examination, and the candidate attained an average of 50 per cent to qualify him for playing.

The game was played and Hobart won and the chemistry professor immediately sought out his assistant and asked how the football man had managed to pass the examination.

"I asked him only two questions," said the assistant. "The first question asked was, 'What is the color of anthracite?' And the reply was red, which was wrong. The second question asked was, 'What is the color of chlorine gas?' And the answer was, 'I don't know,' which was right. I, therefore, gave him 50 per cent."—*George C. Lehmann*.

WHAT'S IN A LETTER?

Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, being indisposed one day, caused to be posted on the door of his lecture room the following notice:

"Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day."

A student who was a bit of a wag erased the "c" in "classes." The professor hearing of it, sent a messenger with instructions to erase the "l."—*Rev. G. A. Carstensen*.

EUCLID

Pupil: "Is it known, sir, whether Euclid personally bore the character of a trustworthy man, careful in his statements?"
Tutor: "Well, I cannot say that his private life is a matter

of history; but—" Pupil: "But from his writing, sir, would you say he was to be depended upon?" Tutor: "Ah—yes; certainly I should. But why do you ask?" Pupil: "Well, in that case, sir, don't you think we might accept this proposition without further discussion?"

THE LICK THAT SAVED A LICKING

Daniel Webster was frequently punished when a boy for appearing at school with dirty hands. On one occasion it occurred to him as he was nearing the school that his hands were hardly likely to pass muster, and having no other means of cleaning them proceeded to lick one of them as clean as he could. On reaching school he was interrogated as to the condition of his hands, both of which were carefully concealed behind him; whereupon he produced the cleaner of the two for the inspection of the master. "Daniel," said the master, sternly, "if you can find a dirtier hand than that in all this school, I'll let you off." "Here it is, sir!" said Daniel, and with the exclamation he produced the dirtier hand from behind his back!

ENTOMOLOGY

Some students in the class of a great entomologist thought to quiz the professor; so, with much care and labor they succeeded in manufacturing a nondescript insect by taking the body of a beetle and gluing to it the legs of a grasshopper, the wings of a butterfly, and the horns of a dragon-fly. With the new style of bug they proceeded to the study of the professor, and told him that one of their number had found a strange animal which they were unable to classify, and requested him to aid them in defining its position. The professor put on his spectacles, and after examining the specimen very carefully, said: "Well, young gentlemen, this is a curious bug; I am inclined to think it is what naturalists call a humbug."

CARELESS OBSERVERS

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed

forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor; "and exercise your perceptive faculties." One by one the students dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation; for, if you had looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put into my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."

A TOUGH CUSTOMER

There is a good story told of a schoolmaster who hit upon a clever expedient for securing the best of a good bargain. Addressing a poult erer who had six fowls exposed for sale in his shop, he said, "I always like to give my boys plenty to do at mealtimes; just pick me out the three toughest of the fowls, will you?" The poult erer, delighted at the prospect of disposing of the least valuable portion of his stock, did as he was asked, whereupon, the schoolmaster quietly remarked, "Ah, thank you! I will take the other three, please!"

SUSPECTED

The scene is laid in one of those little red school houses in which one teacher hears all the classes and maintains all the discipline—one of those school houses which have contributed so much to our civilization and yet are outgrown to-day and are rapidly disappearing, thanks to more efficient methods of education. The teacher in this particular school was known far and wide as a crank. The scholars called her a crab.

One afternoon after she had had a particularly hectic day in which everything seemed to have gone wrong, in filed the school board. At first she scarcely knew what to do, but she took the wise course of continuing the class which was reciting in English history. She turned, as most teachers have, under the circumstances, to her brightest boy, forgetting that he was of a very nervous temperament and was what the other boys

called a "sis." She said to him very severely, with a terrible frown, "Arthur, who signed the Magna Charta?" For once Arthur failed to know his lesson. He stammered and stammered, and finally whimpered, "I don't know; I didn't." This made her furious. She said, "Take your seat."

One of the old school visitors, sitting back in the corner near the coal scuttle, shifting his cud of tobacco to the other side of his face, said to her: "Ma'am, I don't like the looks of that 'ar boy. Call him back here. I believe he did sign it."

—*W. Russell Green.*

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

In one of the lower East side schools, children complained of not wanting to sit next to a certain boy because he smelled very badly. The teacher also became aware of the fact and had told him repeatedly to take a bath but with no effect. Finally, she wrote his mother the following letter:

"My dear Mrs. Cohen:

"I wish you would please give Abie a bath as he smells very badly.

"Very truly yours."

Next morning school opened and teacher asked Abie if his mother had given him a bath; he said: "No, but my mother wrote you an answer on the back of your note," and this was her answer:

"My dear Teacher,

"Learn him, don't smell him. Abie is no scented rose."

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

SPOT CASH PREFERRED

"Well," said the happy bridegroom to the minister, "how much do I owe you?"

"Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the reply. "You can better estimate the value of the service rendered."

"Suppose we postpone settlement then—say for a year. By that time I shall know whether I ought to give you one hundred dollars or nothing."

"No, no," said the clergyman, who had known the experiences of others, "make it five dollars now."

GOING IT BLIND

A stingy farmer was taking his hired man to task for carrying a lighted lantern when he went to call on his best girl. "Why," he exclaimed, "when I went courtin' I never carried no lantern; I went in the dark." "Yes," said the hired man sadly, "and look what ye got."

NO HELP FROM HIM

Two hunters had been trailing a wildcat for some time and finally saw it run into a clearing and jump through the window of a cabin where they could hear a woman's voice. Coming out into the open, they saw a rangy North Carolina mountaineer sitting on the "stoop" of his cabin, lazily smoking his pipe. The hunters ran up to him excitedly and said:—"Wake up man, we just saw a wildcat jump through the window into the cabin where your wife is. Something is liable to happen." The mountaineer lazily drew his pipe from his mouth and remarked, "Waal, I never did have no use for wildcats nohow. If he don't know no more than to get into the house where my wife is, he will have to take the consequences. I am not going to help him out."

EVERYBODY SYMPATHIZED

Mr. Thomas S. McPheeters, one of the leading business men of St. Louis and a leader in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, frequently illustrated in his addresses that there was a common avenue of approach to the hearts of men by the following story.

My wife's mother—of whom I am very fond—had spent the winter with us at St. Louis and, when she felt that she must leave, the duty of arranging for her transportation and the checking of her baggage fell upon me.

For some reason I failed to secure the check for her trunk from St. Louis to her destination and only secured a transfer check from the house to the station. On reaching the station, I found there was but five minutes before the train left, and in great haste I ran to the baggage room to exchange my transfer check for a through baggage check.

To my consternation I found the baggage room crowded by a multitude of importunate travelers, each determined that his baggage be attended to. My task seemed hopeless of accomplishment.

On the inspiration of the moment I stood up on a chair and shouted out so that everyone could hear, "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, this check is the check for my mother-in-law's baggage. If I fail to have it attended to in the next five minutes, she stays with me all spring!"

Instantly the crowd divided and a pathway was made for me to the desk and six baggage-masters hurried to me with the cry, "Let me help you!"—*Senator Selden P. Spencer.*

REACHING AN AGREEMENT

Two Swedes who had been boyhood chums but had not met for a number of years chanced to be passengers on the same train and the following dialogue took place between them.

"Hello, Ole. How you ban?"

"Oh, purty good, I ban got married."

"Dot was good."

"Oh! not so good. My wife has nine children."

"Dot was bad."

"Oh, not so bad. She has a million dollars also."

"Dot was good."

"Oh, not so good. She won't spend any of it."

"Dot was bad."

"Oh, not so bad. She had a nice house. I have paid no rent."

"Dot was good."

"Oh, not so good. It burned down last night."

"Dot was bad."

"Oh, not so bad. My wife burned up with the house."

"Dot was good."

"Yas, dot was good."—*Parkman B. Flanders, Mayor of Haverhill, Mass.*

INTOXICATION THE ONLY EXPLANATION

A man who had trouble with his wife said to a friend—"I do not know what's the matter with her. We seem to have reached a stage where we have lost all interest in our wedded life." His friend suggested to him that he should make a pronounced demonstration of affection toward his wife. The man who was in trouble said he would try it, that he would do anything to have his home happy once more. He arranged that at four o'clock a box of candy should arrive for his wife, at five o'clock there should arrive a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and when he got home at six o'clock he said—"Get your clothes on, darling, and we will go to the Ritz-Carlton for dinner. After dinner we will go to the theater, and then have a dance or two, and come back in a taxicab, just like old times." She said, "Listen to me—the baby is cutting a new tooth, the servant girl has the grippe, the chauffeur has been arrested for speeding, and now you come home drunk."—*Robert H. Davis.*

WOMAN THE BOSS

John had been married but a few months before he had occasion to wonder what his wife had really meant when she promised to obey. He went to his father with his puzzle. His father naturally had been married longer than John, and being older was wiser. "My boy," he said, "harness the best pair of horses to a wagon, and take one hundred chickens aboard. Drive

around the country; stop at every house, and ascertain the relation between the man and his wife. Wherever you find the man is boss, give him a horse; but wherever the woman rules, present a chicken."

John wondered how he could get the wagon back with only a bunch of chickens as motive power, but he had never objected to obeying his father, so he hooked up the team, loaded on the chickens, and started on his strange journey.

As the evening shadows began to grow long he drove up to a small house, just back from the roadside. There was a single chicken left of the hundred, but he was still driving two horses. He found the man and wife and opened his line of investigation. Every test that he could devise showed unmistakably that at last he had found what he had expected everywhere: this man surely was boss of the family. Fully satisfied, he said to the man: "You get a horse; which one will you take?" The supposed ruler of the household went out to the team, looked over their points, and said, "I'll take the black." At the moment there was a voice from the porch: "Thomas, come here a moment right away." Thomas meekly retired to confer with his "obedient" wife, and after a brief and one-sided conversation, said to the generous benefactor: "I've changed my mind. I'll take the bay." "No, you won't," said John, "you'll take the chicken."

HAD SAID TOO MUCH

Pat hired a horse and buggy, and invited his best girl out for a drive. After driving for half an hour in complete silence, Pat turns to his companion, and says, "Maggie, will ye marry me?" Maggie replies, "Sure, Pat." Pat drives another half hour without speaking. Maggie says, "Pat, say something." Pat replies, "I won't. I've said too much already."—*Jules S. Bache*.

FRIENDS IN NEED

John and Mary had just been married and moved to the suburbs. One Saturday night John did not return at the usual time and Mary grew worried at his absence. Looking up in his

address book the names and addresses of twelve of his old cronies she sent each a telegram asking if they knew where John was.

Some time later John showed up and about the same time a telegraph boy arrived with replies to Mary's telegrams. She said, "Oh, John, I was so worried about you that I sent out twelve telegrams to friends of yours to find out if they knew what had happened. Let's go into the parlor and read what they have to say."

They opened the telegrams and each one read as follows: "Don't worry, John is staying with me to-night."—*Ernest C. Hastings.*

LIBERALITY

A clergyman in one of the Hudson River towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said: "Domine, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von leetle pig." It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years afterwards he met the German in another town, for the first time after the marriage ceremony was performed. "Domine," said the German, "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von leetle pig?" "Yes." "Vell, if you'll unmarry me I'll give you two leetle pigs."

A PRUDENT WOOER

Very careful was the farmer who entered a telegraph office in central New York, and sent this message to a woman in Canada: "Will you be my wife? Please answer at once by telegraph." Then he sat down and waited. No answer came. He waited till late in the evening; still no answer. Early the next morning he came in again, and was handed a dispatch—an affirmative reply. The operator expressed his sympathy. "'Twas a little rough to keep you so long in suspense." "Look here, young feller," said the farmer, "I'll stand all the suspense. A woman that'll hold back her answer to a proposal of marriage all day so as to send it by night rates is jest the economical woman that I've been a-waitin' for."

LIKE BEGETS LIKE

I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins (relates a countryman). I made up my mind to get married. Well, while we were going to the deacon's I stepped into a puddle and spattered the mud all over Deb's new gown. When we got to the squire's he asked Deb if she would take me for her wedded husband. "No," says she. "Reason?" says I. "Why," says she, "I've taken a mislikin' to you." Well, I gave her a string of beads and some other notions, and made it all right with her; so we went to the squire's again. I was bound to come up with her this time, so when the squire asked me if I would take her for my wedded wife, says I, "No, I shan't do no such thing." "Why," says Deb, "what on earth is the matter now?" "Why," says I, "I have taken a mislikin' to you." Well, it was all over again; but I gave her some more trinkets, and we went up again to get married. We expected that we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us; but when we asked the squire if he would marry us, he said: "No, I shan't do no such thing." "Why, what on earth is the reason?" says we. "Why," says he, "I've taken a mislikin' to both of you."

EXTRA HAZARDOUS

"The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have the house burned over his head." If you think so," quietly remarked Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE LIONS

I did not want to be in the position of a man I once heard of who was a lion-tamer. He was a very brave man. There was no lion, no matter how big, or strong, or vicious, that had not succumbed to this man's fearlessness. This man had a wife, and she did not like him to stay out late at night, and big as he was, and as brave, he had never dared to disrespect his wife's wishes, until one evening, meeting some old friends, he fell to talking over old times with them, their early adventures and experiences. Finally, looking at his watch, to his amazement he

discovered it was midnight. What to do he knew not. He didn't dare to go home. If he went to a hotel his wife might discover him before he discovered her. Finally, in desperation, he sped to the menagerie, hurriedly passed through and went to the cage of lions. Entering this he closed and locked the door, and gave a sigh of relief. He quieted the dangerous brutes, and lay down with his head resting on the mane of the largest and most dangerous of them all. His wife waited. Her anger increased as the night wore on. At the first sign of dawn she went in search of her recreant lord and master. Not finding him in any of the haunts that he generally frequented, she went to the menagerie. She also passed through and went to the cage of the lions. Peering in she saw her husband, the fearless lion-tamer, crouching at the back of the cage. A look of chagrin came over her face, closely followed by one of scorn and fine contempt, as she shook her finger and hissed, "You coward!"—

A. A. McCormick.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHED

Plutarch, relating the story of a Roman divorced from his wife, observes: "This person, being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded: 'Was she not chaste? was she not fair?' holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made. 'Yet,' added he, 'none of you can tell where it pinches me.'"

A FAVORED ONE

Ah, yes, as compared with us, they were a queer, quaint, hard-featured, hard-headed, unreasonable, unattractive lot—those old Pilgrim Fathers. What an uncouth way they had of "popping the question." Jeremiah mounted his horse, rode a few miles, knocked at the cottage door; and when the girl answered the knock, he said, "Susannah, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee." "The Lord's will be done," said the damsel, and there was the end of it. How vastly more delicate the Philadelphia Quaker style: Jonathan said, "Eliza, dost thou love me?" "Why, of course; are we not commanded to love everybody?" "No, but dost thou regard me with that peculiar

affection the world calls love?" "Well, my heart is an erring one; I have tried to do my duty by everybody, but I have long thought thee was getting more than thy share."—*William P. Breed.*

SHORT CEREMONY

Kankakee has a justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and dispatch. This is his formula: "Have 'er?" "Yes." "Have 'im?" "Yes." "Married—two dollars."

NEVER TO PART

A distinguished churchman in tracing his ancestry back to the Quaker and Puritan lines whose blood mingled in his veins, relates the story of two young persons who had determined to unite their lives in the holy bonds of wedlock. There were serious objections, however, to the match. The Quakers disapproved of his marrying out of the society, and the Congregationalists of his marrying into theirs. So he said to the young woman, in the presence of her family, "Ruth, let us break away from this unreasonable bondage. I will give up my religion and thou shalt give up thine, and we will go to the Church of England, and go to the d——l together."—*William A. Snively.*

IMPARTIAL

New curate (who wishes to know all about his parishioners): "Then do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side, or your mother's?" Country lad: "Zometimes one an' zometimes th' other, 'ceptin' when feyther wacks 'em both, sir!"

PLEASURE DENIED

A young man in Brooklyn was recently called upon to mourn the loss of his wife. It seems that at the last moment he was informed that the arrangements were such that he would have to ride to the grave in a carriage with his mother-in-law. He inquired if there was no other alternative. The undertaker informed him that it could not possibly be avoided. "Well,"

said the young man, "I will have to submit, but it will rob this occasion of all pleasure for me."—*Judge Calvin E. Pratt.*

WHY WOMEN ARE ANGELS

A man once remarked to his wife, "My dear, you are an angel."

Somewhat surprised at this unaccustomed compliment she said: "Well, I am glad that you at last seem to appreciate my good qualities, but I am a little curious to know how you arrived at the particular conclusion that I am an angel."

"It is just this way," he replied. "You are always up in the air, you are always harping on something, and you never have a damn thing to wear."—*Nelson Antrim Crawford.*

"BILL" NYE'S PARAGRAPH

"Bill" Nye once inserted in the Laramie *Boomerang* the following paragraph:

"When Mr. Perkins was passing through Laramie, he said he was traveling for his wife's pleasure.

"Then your wife is with you?" suggested our reporter.

"Oh, no!" said Eli, 'she is in New York.'"



PERSONALS

OPTIMISM

"I am an optimist. My mother and grandfather died in their old age worrying about things that never happened. I decided I would not worry—that I would turn to fun and jokes. The result is that many of my fellow countrymen don't take me seriously, but I'm still alive."—*Chauncey M. Depew* (at 87).

KNEW GOD

Bishop Thoburn was a man so widely traveled, so humanly approachable, so crisp and keen of speech, and so penetrative of other people's individuality, that his long life made a lasting impression in India, America, and among those who went down to the sea in ships in his company. The press prints many anecdotes of his sayings and doings, none more characteristic than this, which Bishop F. J. McConnel contributes to the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate*: "He was once crossing the Indian Ocean on a boat on which were two Englishwomen who avowed themselves atheists and who argued atheism for weeks in his presence. As the journey came near its end one of the women said: 'Bishop Thoburn, we do not wish to be impertinent, but we wonder that you could listen respectfully to our arguments for two weeks without being convinced.' The bishop replied: 'Madam, I have greatly enjoyed your conversation. I have never heard the case for atheism more brilliantly put. I am sorry the journey is so nearly over. But I have enjoyed the conversation merely as an intellectual exercise. There was no more likelihood of convincing me of the non-existence of God than of the non-existence of myself. *For I have known God for forty years.*'"

HOPELESS DEVOTION TO AN IDEAL

James Russell Lowell said that late one evening as he was taking his usual constitutional on Brattle Street, Cambridge, a tramp came up to him and said:

"It's a wet night, isn't it? Yes, it's been bad weather. I don't live here. I live in Providence. It's just an hour from Boston by train, and the fare's one dollar; unfortunately, I have had reverses, in the past two or three days, and so I can't go home to my family—just a matter of a dollar, for the car fare."

Lowell gave the man a dollar. The man thanked him, and said good night.

The next night, at about the same place and time, the same tramp appeared, and said to Lowell:

"It's cleared off, hasn't it? Yes, it was a rainy spell though, we had. All along the coast, it's just liable to rain anytime, almost. I live in Providence, R. I. It's a nice city. My home's there, and my wife and family. But, just as it happens, I've lost some money in a little business deal I thought was going to come out right; and I'm ashamed to say that I haven't the car fare—one dollar. Thank you! Now I can get back to Providence."

On the third night, the same tramp appeared, recited the same ambition, received one dollar and thanked Lowell, and said good night.

Telling his friends about it, Lowell said that, to his way of thinking, it was the most perfect illustration he had ever known of hopeless devotion to an ideal.—*W. A. Frost.*

WILL NEVER BE EITHER

In the House of Representatives a well-known member from Illinois was declaring in fervid tones, "I would rather be right than President." "You will never be either," interrupted a voice, which from its leisurely and drawling tone, everyone knew to be that of Tom Reed. In the cyclone of laughter which followed, the remainder of the oration and the orator were completely engulfed.—*W. Bourke Cockran.*

ANYTHING TO STOP HIM

Woodrow Wilson many years ago told me the story of Dr. Andrew D. White's address on Founder's Day at the Johns Hopkins University. Aware of Dr. White's tendency to be quite unconscious of the passage of time, President Gilman wrote him

that it was usual to limit the addresses to forty minutes. Those who remember the distinguished President of Cornell University will recall that, although he was immaculately garbed and courtly in manner, there was something about him, perhaps his flowing white whiskers, which suggested a prosperous agriculturist.

On this occasion Dr. White had no time to prepare a special address. He had, however, been delivering a course of four lectures at Yale, and felt confident that he could cull something from his manuscript to suit the occasion. He appeared on the platform with all the material of his Yale lectures, a package several inches in depth, and proceeded to reach such parts as seemed to him appropriate. His voice was not strong enough to carry beyond the first few rows of seats in the densely packed auditorium. Three-fourths of his audience could hear nothing. But it was a good-natured and patient audience, and any signs of restlessness were carefully repressed out of consideration for the distinguished guest. It sat quietly while the speaker went on and on, past his forty-minute limit, across the hour and well into the next. Finally some wag in the back of the room wrote a message and sent it up. It read, "Farmer White: If you can't turn off the gas, blow it out!" The letter was captured before it reached the speaker. Probably no one would have laughed more heartily over it than Dr. White himself.—*Rev. Henry E. Cobb.*

A PROPHET NOT WITHOUT HONOR

Miller was Attorney-General in Harrison's cabinet and after serving a number of years he went back to his old home in Indiana, filled with a sense of his prominence and importance. As he walked up the street the first person he met and recognized was the old postman. After greeting him, he said, "Well, Bill, do you know where I live now?" "Yes, sir, you live in Washington."

"Do you know the position I hold there?"

"Yes, you are Attorney-General of the United States."

"Do the people here know that I am Attorney-General of the United States and a member of President Harrison's cabinet?"

"Yes, sir, they know it."

"Well, Bill, what do they say about me?"

"O, they just laugh."—*Senator G. M. Hitchcock.*

ONE ON BEECHER

It was Brooklyn, N. Y., in the 50's. James L. Hodge, a tall square-built man, had just become the pastor of the First Baptist church. Dr. Cutler, a man of small stature, an Episcopalian, was the dean of the Brooklyn ministry. Dr. Cutler happened to be standing at the corner of Myrtle and Washington extending the freedom of the city to Mr. Hodge. Beecher came up behind them, put one hand on each, and thrust his head forward, saying: "The Old Testament and the New Testament." Quick as a flash Hodge turned to face him saying:—"And the Apocrypha in the middle." Mr. Beecher told me he accounted it one of the best jokes ever put off on him.—*Albert G. Lawson.*

NO KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY

Simeon Ford, the witty proprietor of the old Grand Union Hotel in New York, used to put it somewhat like this:

"You don't need to know anything about a hotel to run a hotel. You just open up and the boarders tell you how to run it."

NOTHING PERSONAL IN IT

Sir Frederick Hamilton tells the story of an English viceroy in Ireland who one day received the following note:

"To-morrow afternoon at two o'clock on the corner of Kil-dare Street we are going to assassinate you. We hope you will understand that there is nothing personal in this."

HADN'T MET YET

Horace Bushnell, for many years leading pastor of Hartford, theologian and publicist, for whom Bushnell Park is named, was, as were all clergymen of the towns which Mr. Barnum's circus visited, the recipient of free tickets to the "great moral

show." Mr. Barnum was an ardent Universalist, benefactor of Tufts College, where his famous elephant Jumbo, stuffed, adorns the natural history museum. Dr. Bushnell was an orthodox Congregationalist. After both Dr. Bushnell and Mr. Barnum were dead the "great moral show" continued to send tickets, and they came to Dr. Twitchell, as Bushnell's successor. When Dr. Twitchell opened the letter from the circus manager still addressed to "Dr. Bushnell," and still signed, "P. T. Barnum," he remarked, "O, I see! A message from Mr. Barnum to Dr. Bushnell; Mr. Barnum is dead, Dr. Bushnell is dead. Evidently they haven't met!"—*Dr. Adolf A. Berle.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S DOLLAR

Senator William M. Evarts of New York once visited Mt. Vernon in the company of a distinguished Englishman. Standing on the high bank overlooking the Potomac, the Englishman recalled the statement that Washington was able to throw a silver dollar across the Potomac at that point, and he questioned the accuracy of the story. Evarts replied: "Why I don't know about that; you must remember that in Washington's day a dollar would go farther than it does now; and what is more, that would not be such a feat to perform by a man who threw a crown across the Atlantic ocean."—*W. L. Felter.*

SUCH IS FAME

One of our celebrated iron masters tells this story on himself, when superintendent of a mill in western Pennsylvania. In those days the superintendent of a mill was quite the biggest person in the neighborhood and it was impossible for him to be wholly unaware of his own importance. One night as a colored driver was taking him home in a buggy they met a woman and her little daughter. "Look, my dear," said the woman, "that is Mr. Schwab in the buggy." The little girl looked intently at the two in the buggy, and said, "Which one, Mamma?"—*George T. Smith.*

COULDN'T WRITE SO FAST

In 1895 a Herald correspondent—at that time the elder Bennett, was alive—received a message from New York to see Ernest Reynaud in Paris and get a 3,000-word article on the philosopher's outlook on life. The reporter called at lunch time and saw Reynaud, and told him what he desired. The philosopher said, "If you will return at 3:30 this afternoon, I will talk to you for a moment." The reporter returned at the time indicated and saw Reynaud who invited him to the library.

"Open that drawer at the lower left-hand side of my desk," said the philosopher, "and tell me what you find." The reporter said, "I find there is a sheet of paper." "Is there anything on it?" "Some writing." "How many words are there on each page?" "Three hundred words." Reynaud then said—"On those three sheets of paper there are nine hundred words. I have been five years writing those nine hundred words."—*Robert Davis.*

SPEAKER REED'S BALDNESS

When the Reeds and "Bob" Cousins of Iowa lived at the Shoreham in Washington, Speaker Reed would sometimes stroke Cousins' black hair and say, "Bob, do you know some of our best citizens are not wearing their hair that way now?" "Yes," replied Cousins, "and do you realize when you take off your hat to these Daughters of the Revolution, that you are half naked?"

One day during the hot weather, when Mrs. Reed was buying stamps at the news stand she remarked to Mr. Cousins, "I have plenty of stamps upstairs, but they are so badly stuck together I have to get new ones for every letter." Mr. Cousins replied, "They say if stamps are rubbed on the hair they won't stick together so badly." With a twinkle in her eye Mrs. Reed said, "I'm going to tell Tom that." Just then the great Speaker of the House, who was very bald, came from the elevator to the news stand. "Tom," said Mrs. Reed, "Mr. Cousins says that if you rub stamps on your hair they won't stick so badly." Turning toward Cousins, and with that characteristic, good-natured badinage, but with feigned seriousness, Reed said:

"Look a here, Bob Cousins, you've said a lot of low down things to me *pusonel*, and now here you are, trying to alienate the affections of my wife!"—*R. G. Cousins*.

ANOTHER MAN BY THE SAME NAME

The story I tell over the footlights that gets the biggest response is about a letter I had from a young lady when I was playing "Alexander Hamilton." She was very complimentary, said she loved all the characters, but particularly that of Jefferson, because her father had once seen him play "Rip Van Winkle." I suppose it must be the footlights that makes this funny.—*George Arliss*.

IMPROVING YOUR TASTE

An author once said to Mr. Howell, the dean of American Literature:

"I don't seem to write as well to-day as I used to when I was young. I haven't the virility and vigor in my lines." "Nonsense," said Howells, "you write just as well as you ever did; your taste has improved, that's all!"—*Patrick Francis Murphy (Modern Eloquence, II)*.

GREAT THOUGHTS WANTED

Former President Eliot of Harvard is said to have received this letter from a woman's club:—"Dear Sir: Our club committee, having heard that you are the country's greatest thinker, would be greatly obliged if you would send us your seven greatest thoughts."—*Meyer Bloomfield*.

BEAUTY *vs.* BRAINS

Madam De Stael, one of the most brilliant women of her time, was physically very unattractive. At one of her salons she observed all her male guests, save one, desert her upon the entrance of a celebrated beauty. With a somewhat cynical smile she turned to the one man who hovered near her and said, "Prince T., I want you to answer me honestly, were you, the

beauty and I, in a small boat and it overturned in a storm, which would you save, the beauty or me?" He paused, then bowing low, replied, "Madame, you swim so well."—*H. H. Pennock.*

WHAT ELBERT HUBBARD CARRIED WITH HIM

I was for some time advertising manager for the late Elbert Hubbard. Mr. Hubbard was anxious to have the main street of East Aurora paved from the village line to the Roycroft Inn, at least. He asked me to communicate his idea to the village fathers, who were then in session on the subject of paving. As I left the room he said to me, "You may tell them that I could walk out of East Aurora on that same road with nothing but a portfolio and take away more than I would leave behind."—*James Wallen.*

A STORY OF THOMAS B. REED

Thomas B. Reed, the founder of "Modern Eloquence," I knew quite well, when we both had summer homes at Grand Beach on the coast of Maine, and he was always full of the "best brief anecdotes."

I remember one occasion when we were both learning to ride a bicycle, with very small success and with many tumbles, an art in which we never became proficient. He was also greatly interested in amateur photography and practiced more or less on all his summer neighbors. On this occasion I was riding on the beach in a very wobbly manner, striving to make my way to Old Orchard, two miles away, followed by my faithful dog, of which he was very fond. He snapped me on my uncertain vehicle, and the picture was very much light-struck directly over my head. In sending me a copy, afterwards, from Washington, he wrote, that if he were not afraid of offending the clergy by making light of sacred things, he would label his picture, "St. Paul on the way to Damascus."—*Rev. Francis E. Clark.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

My father, James B. Thorsen, was born a Dane. When I was advertising manager of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and

Roosevelt was contributing editor, I took my father in to meet the Colonel. As soon as the formalities of introduction were over, Roosevelt said to my father, "You are a Dane, I take it. You know, Mr. Thorsen, two of my very best friends are Danes —Jacob Riis and 'Battling' Nelson."

My father remarked, "Isn't that a rather unusual juxtaposition of names?"

The Colonel said, "On the contrary, no. I think a lot of 'Bat.' He visited me once at the White House, and said, 'Colonel, how much do you make?' I said, '\$50,000 a year.' 'Why,' Nelson said, 'I make more than that in a single fight—but do you save any of it, Colonel? You ought to do that, sure.'"

My father asked the Colonel if that wasn't rather impertinent advice for a prize fighter to give to the President of the United States. Roosevelt said, "No, I don't think so. I liked his frankness and felt that what he so sincerely said was not out of place."—*J. Mitchel Thorsen.*

A SECOND CALLING

When Bishop Bashford was a graduate student in Boston, he sought out a well-known teacher of music for a course of instruction. In his first lesson the new pupil was asked to sing a simple selection. When he had performed, the master said, "Mr. Bashford, have you any other calling besides music to which you are looking forward?" To which he replied rather resentfully, "Yes sir, I have." The musician's prompt rejoinder was, "I advise you, then, to follow the other calling." As a matter of fact, Bishop Bashford was rather notable for not being able to sing.—*Rev. F. Mason North.*

A DINNER PARTY

In my personal intercourse with Mr. Samuel L. Clemens an incident occurred which Albert Bigelow Paine has thought worthy of insertion in his "Life of Mark Twain." I was telling Mr. Clemens of a dinner to which I had been invited by Professor Richard Gottheil—a Jew. Among the others invited were his colleague, Prof. W. H. Carpenter, Father Driscoll, the

head of a Roman Catholic theological seminary and an Indian "Swami." "Well," said Mr. Clemens, in that inimitable drawl of his, "all you need to make that company complete is either the devil or me."—*Rev. G. A. Carstensen.*

THE LAST WORD

Gladstone was engaged in one of his most eloquent, scathing, and prolonged denunciations of the Conservative party and of its leader Disraeli who sat through the tirade with his usual air of nonchalance.

"When we contemplate the extraordinary duplicity, the amazing perfidy, the unabashed hypocrisy—" and Gladstone, pausing that his words might have full effect, seemed to hesitate for a continuation.

Disraeli leaned forward and said, as if with kindly helpfulness, "The last word was hypocrisy."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

The following story is told of two noted Germans, Bismarck and Virchow. The latter had severely criticized the former in his capacity of chancellor, and was challenged to fight a duel. The man of science was found by Bismarck's seconds in his laboratory, hard at work at experiments which had for their object the discovery of a means of destroying trichinæ, which were making great ravages in Germany. "Ah," said the doctor, "a challenge from Prince Bismarck, eh! Well, well! as I am the challenged party, I suppose I have the choice of weapons. Here they are!" He held up two large sausages, which seemed to be exactly alike. "One of these sausages," he said, "is filled with trichinæ; it is deadly. The other is perfectly wholesome. Externally they can't be told apart. Let his excellency do me the honor to choose whichever of these he wishes, and eat it, and I will eat the other!" No duel was fought, and no one accused Virchow of cowardice.

SOLICITUDE OF SCIENCE

The wife of Professor Louis Agassiz arose one morning and proceeded to put on her stockings and shoes. At a certain

stage of this process a little scream attracted Mr. Agassiz's attention, and, not having yet risen, he leaned forward anxiously upon his elbow, inquiring what was the matter. "Why, a little snake just crawled out of my boot!" cried she. "Only one!" exclaimed the professor, hastily jumping to her side; "where are the other three?" He had put them in her shoe to keep them warm.

NOT TO BE DONE

He hired out to a farmer to plow. When the horses started, he said: "Here, how can I hold this plow when there's two horses pulling it away from me?"

PATIENCE OF ANGLERS

"About six o'clock, on a fine morning in the summer," said Franklin, "I set out from Philadelphia, on a visit to a friend, at the distance of fifteen miles; and, passing a brook where a gentleman was angling, I inquired if he had caught anything. 'No, sir,' said he, 'I have not been here long; only two hours.' On my return in the evening, I found him fixed to the identical spot where I had left him, and again inquired if he had any sport. 'Very good, sir,' says he. 'Caught a great many fish?' 'None at all.' 'Had a great many bites though, I suppose?' 'Not one, but I had a most glorious nibble.'"

GOOD CAUSE FOR THANKS

An old deacon, having occasion to spend a night at a hotel, was assigned a room containing three single beds, two of which already had occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished one of those began to snore so loudly as to prevent the deacon from getting to sleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Some two or three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, gave a hideous groan, and became silent. The deacon had supposed the third gentleman asleep, but at this juncture he heard him exclaim, "He's dead! thank God. He's dead!"

WELSH GENEALOGIES

Sir Watkins William Wynne, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Aye," said he, "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled above five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin: 'About this time the world was created.' "

A BISHOP'S HAT

The late Lord Aylesbury was standing bareheaded in a well-known hatter's shop in Piccadilly while his hat was being ironed. Bishop — entered the shop in full attire and, seeing Lord Aylesbury bareheaded, mistook him for a shopman. Taking off his own head-covering, the bishop said: "I want to know if you have a hat like this." Lord Aylesbury surveyed the hat and its owner, and turned on his heel with the curt remark: "No, I haven't, and if I had I'd be hanged before I'd wear it."

THE TERRIBLE TRUCKMAN

It's wonderful how careless people are in our days. If a person walks in the street some one is bound to step on his toes and say, "Excuse me"; jab an umbrella in his eye and say, "Excuse me," after the harm is done. The other day a truckman knocked a man down and ran right over him with a big team, and after he ran over him the truckman hollered, "Look out!" The man looked up and said, "Why, are you coming back?"

A GOOD TESTIMONIAL

Having occasion to discharge a servant for dishonesty and wishing to avoid a scene, Horace Greeley wrote the man a letter telling him if he came into his presence again he would be given into custody. The man, who understood the letter without being able to decipher it, took the hint, but, applying for another situation, produced the letter as a testimonial from Horace Greeley, his late employer, and secured the appointment.

POSTPRANDIAL

A tramp once went into the house of a very pious and hospitable old lady in Oswego County, and asked for a supper. A square meal was kindly set before him, which he proceeded to attack without ceremony. "Don't you say something before you begin to eat?" expostulated the old lady, who believed in grace before meat. "Me and Chauncey Depew," replied the tramp, "always talks best after we've eat."—*George A. Marden.*

NO MORE A LORD

"I was at first amused, but finally oppressed, by the frequency with which I was addressed as 'my lord' while I was in England," said Bishop Potter, shortly after his return from a trip abroad. "When one has lived for years in America without any special title in ordinary conversation, it is not easy to become accustomed to being hailed as 'my lord' whenever any service is rendered. But from the recurrence of the title, which was still offered to me at frequent intervals during the voyage home, I was cheerfully delivered by the first American I met on my way ashore. He was an old vestryman of mine, and I met him on the gangway as he was rushing up to welcome his wife and his daughters. He grabbed my hand an instant and exclaimed: 'Hello, Bish! How are you?'"

IMPUDENCE TAXED

When Boston was Fanny Kemble's home, and her summers were spent here and there in rural Massachusetts, she engaged a worthy neighbor to be her charioteer during the season of one of her country sojournings. With kind-hearted loquacity he was beginning to expatiate on the country, the crops, and the history of the people around about, when Fanny remarked, in her impervious dogmatic fashion, "Sir, I have engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me." The farmer ceased, pursed up his lips, and ever after kept his peace. When the vacation weeks were over, and Miss Kemble was about to return to town, she sent for her Jehu and his bill. Running her eyes down its awkward columns, she paused. "What is this item, sir?" said

she. "I can't understand it." And with equal gravity he rejoined: "Sass, \$5. I don't often take it, but when I do I charge."

FRANKLIN'S TOAST AT THE COURT OF FRANCE

They lifted their glasses and one said: "I give you the King of France, and I will call him the Sun; and I give you the King of England, and call him the Moon"; and then turning to Franklin, he said: "What will you do for a toast, with the sun and moon already engaged?" Franklin raised his glass, and said: "I cannot give you the sun, or the moon, or the stars, nor call my country such, but I give you the United States, and call them Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the sun and the moon and the stars to stand still as long as he pleased."—*Rev. H. M. Gallaher.*

GONE FOREVER

Speaking of a belle of former days, Dumas the younger said to a friend, "Poor Madame de V——! Chatting with me the other day, she brought all my youth back to me; but alas!" the wicked man added, "she did not bring back hers!"

RESEMBLED HIM MORE WAYS THAN ONE

A noted British writer bears some resemblance to the portrait of Shakespeare. A friend, wishing to compliment him, said: "Has the resemblance between yourself and Shakespeare ever been brought to your attention?" "Oh yes!" he replied, "many times, and some say there is a physical resemblance as well!"

AGREED WITH HIM

Emerson lent a copy of Plato to one of his Concord neighbors. When he returned the book Emerson asked him how he liked it. "First rate," said he; "that fellow Plato has got a lot of my 'idees.'"

ADDING TO HER SUPPLY OF BRAINS

Alexander H. Stephens, after the Civil War, took a firm stand in favor of reconstruction. He delivered an address at Atlanta

while I was there. Several of our friends had told me that the South was not ready for such a speech as Stephens was certainly going to deliver, and there was going to be some fun. I had intended to go to the meeting anyway, and this decided me. His speech was eloquent and persuasive, but there were some cat-calls, and when he made an eloquent defense of the fathers of the Government and the founders of our country, a man yelled out:

"You are nothing but a damned Yankee; I could eat such a little fellow as you are."

Stephens smiled and quietly remarked in his inimitable and penetrating voice:

"If you did, you would have more brains in your belly than you ever had in your head."

This created an uproarious laugh and he was not interrupted again in his speech.—*A. B. Farquhar.*

NOT A FLATTERING RESEMBLANCE

A story that illustrates the uselessness of vanity over the resemblance to certain noted individuals, has been told for years at the expense of various personages, but principally on Senator "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman. As a young Senator he came to Washington and patronized a barber shop run by an old darky reputed to have shaved Daniel Webster. One morning he asked the darky with regard to this, and after a few minutes of silent shaving the darky said:

"Do yo' know, suh, yo' suah does remind me of Mistuh Web-stuh."

"Is that so," responded Senator Tillman, stroking his forehead. "Is it—er—the shape of my forehead?"

"Oh, nussuh, nussuh, it's de bref, suh."—*Edward N. Wentworth.*

THE BEST ANECDOTE

Tennyson once confided to him [Edmund Gosse] that he intended to make his life-work the collection of 100 of the very best, brightest, wittiest sayings, retorts, conundrums, etc., etc., but that so far he had got only three! and two of them, Gosse

added, were improper to tell to ladies! Of them we clamored for what Agnes styled the expurgated edition of one joke and Gosse gave it as Tennyson gave it to him—viz: “When William IV was once riding to Brighton he met—(I cannot recall the name Gosse gave)—and hailed him with, ‘I say—they tell me you’re the greatest blackguard in Brighton!’ ‘I beg your Majesty,’ was the reply, ‘not to go there and take away my character.’” Which I do really think is one of the neatest things ever said.—*Letters of H. H. Furness, I, 227.* (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

CONVIVIALITY AND PROHIBITION

TOOK HIS BATH HOT

While Webster was in Washington, Samuel Bowles, the elder, sent a man to see him with a letter of introduction and slyly urged him to take a bottle of Scotch whisky, which in the form of "hot scotch" was said to be a favorite drink of Webster's. The gentleman went to Webster's house, but left the bottle on the hall table. After his business was settled he said, "Mr. Webster, I have brought a friend with me. I have left him in the hall." "Ah," said Webster, "we must see your friend." On going into the hall, he opened the package, surveyed the bottle, and then remarked, "Ah, I think I have met your friend before. This is the gentleman who always takes his bath in hot water!"—*Dr. Adolf A. Berle.*

HIS LAST REQUEST

"Pat," said the priest, "you're drunk, and I'm going to make you stop this right here. If you ever get drunk again I'll turn you into a rat—do you mind that? If I don't see you I'll know about it just the same, and into a rat you go. Now you mind that."

Pat was very docile that night, but the next evening he came home even worse drunk than ever, kicked in the door and sent Biddy dodging behind the table to defend herself.

"Don't be afraid, darlint," said Pat, as he steadied himself before dropping into a chair, "I'm not going to bate ye. I won't lay the weight of me finger on ye. I want ye to be kind to me to-night, darlint, and to remember the days when we were sweethearts and when ye loved me. You know his riverince said last night if I got dhrunk again he'd turn me into a rat. He didn't see me, but he knows I'm dhrunk, and this night into a rat I go. But I want ye to be kind to me, darlint, and watch me, and when ye see me gettin' little, and the hair growin' out on me, and me whiskers gettin' long, if ye ever loved me, darlint, for God's sake keep yer eye on the cat."—*Horace A. Wade.*

SHE WOULD BE RECOGNIZED

Sir Gilbert Parker says that one day an immaculately turned out old lad, distinctly correct and fastidious, got into a London 'bus, and, for a bit, rode on as its only occupant.

Soon a middle-aged woman, distinctly third class, got into the 'bus. She had been drinking heavily, and, on general principles, resented the exquisite elderly man opposite whom she had seated herself. He ignored her, holding a newspaper in front of him.

It got to the point very shortly where she couldn't stand it any longer. So she leaned across and crushed down the screening newspaper, and said to the indignant man:

"Do you know *me*?"

"No," he said icily.

"Did you see *me* get in?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Had you ever seen *me* before?"

"No."

"Then," she demanded triumphantly, "how did you know it was *me*?"—*William Archer Frost*.

TWO WHISKY STRAIGHTS

A Colonel from Missouri forgot the name of the suburb near Boston he wanted to go to. He said to the hotel clerk: "It runs in my head—its name is something like Whisky Straight, though that is not it exactly." "Oh," said the clerk, "I know; you mean Jamaica Plain." "Yes," said the Missouri Colonel, and immediately ordered two whisky straights.—*Henry C. Caldwell (Modern Eloquence, I)*.

EXPLAINED HIS DIZZINESS

Scene: A New York taxicab.

Time: 2:30 A.M.

Characters: The driver looking into the cab and the fare lying on the floor.

Driver: For the Lord's sake, sir, I wish you'd tell me where you want to go.

Fare: Oh, drive around the block.

Driver: But I have been doing that, sir, for the last two hours.

Fare: You have, eh? That must be what makes me so dizzy. Turn around and drive the other way.—*G. Prather Knapp.*

JUST RIGHT

Shortly after Prohibition had gone into effect and it was difficult for convivial club members to keep their lockers supplied, one night one of them appeared with a bottle of so-called whisky which he had bought at a fancy price.

Probably it was the most terrible liquid that any of the members had ever tried to drink. It was so awful they decided to give it to one of the colored porters. He took the bottle and went away and various bets were made on how soon the stuff would kill him.

He returned in about an hour, having finished the bottle. One of the surprised members asked him how it was.

“Boss, sir,” he said, “it was just exactly right.”

“What do you mean by calling that stuff just exactly right?”

“Well,” said the porter, scratching his head and smiling feebly, “what I means is this. If it had been any better, you-all would not have given it to me and if it had been any wuss, I couldn’t have swallowed it.”—*Roy K. Moulton.*

STATUTORY PIETY

Among the unexpected attendants at a recent gathering of World War veterans was Louis, who when last seen by his fellow soldiers had been a plain person and rather down on his luck. This time he appeared in the splendor of a limousine and uniformed chauffeur, and clothing equally elegant. A chorus of voices demanded an explanation, to which Louis responded calmly, “Just bootlegging, plain bootlegging.”

Under modern conditions this explanation was more than reasonable, but after a pleasant evening Louis insisted that two or three of his especial chums should go to his apartment and see the wife and kid.

They went, and the apartment corresponded to the limousine. As they prepared to leave, Louis insisted that the picture of domestic happiness should be completed by sending the kid to bed, after properly saying his prayers.

The prayer was offered in common form, but wound up with the startling phrase, "Pray God bless Papa and Mama and Mr. Volstead!"—*Judge C. M. Hough.*

WATCH YOUR STEP

Two gentlemen carrying cargoes of boot limb licker enter a public ball room and inquire for "smoking room," and are informed by the Floor Damager, "Through that door and down three steps."

Both inebriated gents see two or three doors, Bill opens one and steps down an elevator shaft, two stories. His partner opens same door, looks down into blackened space and says: "What cha doon Bill?" And Bill hollers up: "Looking for a match, Chollie—watch out for that first step."—*Ralph Bingham.*

BOUNDARIES

Several months ago a few American gentlemen were having a fourth of July banquet. One of them proposed this toast: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the great lakes, on the east by the Atlantic, on the south by the Gulf, and on the west by the Pacific!" This was thought almost too conservative by the next speaker, and he put it this way: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the setting sun!" As the champagne went down, the patriotism went up, and it finally culminated in this sentiment, which was proposed by a speaker: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the precession of the equinoxes, on the east by primordial chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment!"

A STUBBORN SHERIFF

Judge Hawkins, a distinguished lawyer in one of the South-

ern cities, was planning an evening party for a dozen of his professional friends living in the adjacent towns. Desiring to dispense true hospitality, he had engaged Jim Green, the colored janitor, to secure four quarts of corn liquor for the occasion. On the morning of the day when the party was to be held Jim appeared at the officce of the party-giver. His face was sad.

"Cain't git that'ar corn for you, Marse Hawkins," reported Jim Green.

"But," said Hawkins, "I sure got to have that corn. My friends have been invited, and they will all be here, and I just got to have that corn."

"'Tain't no use tryin' to git it, Marse Hawkins, cause that'ar sheriff is so durn stubborn I cain't budge him nary inch."

"What's the sheriff got to do about you getting that corn for me?" roared Hawkins.

"Well, it's this-a-way," replied Jim: "Sid Harris, the best corn-maker in the county, promised to git that corn for me, but the sheriff done put Sid on the jury to try a bootlegger. I told the sheriff he jest had to let Sid off that'ar jury long enough to git me that'ar corn, but he's so durn stubborn he won't let Sid offen that jury fer a minute, and that's why I cain't get the corn fer you, Marse Hawkins."—*Edgar Howard*.

CAPABLE OF ANYTHING

The village band after a very successful concert in a neighboring town was so well wined and dined that its members were somewhat befuddled when they took the train home. The conductor came to one particularly murky fellow who struggled feebly but unsuccessfully to extract his railroad ticket from his vest pocket.

"Well, conductor, I give up, I musht have losht it."

"Nonsense, a man can't lose a thing like a ticket."

"The devil I couldn't, I jusht losht the bashe drum."—*Edward N. Wentworth*.

IRISH

PROVERBS

In nearly every community, there is a local Irishman of prominence who has the welfare of his nationality at heart. In a small town in Michigan Patrick O'Brien officiated in this capacity. Widow Clancy, whose husband had been killed in a wreck on the Grand Trunk Railway, had a promising son Johnny who was given a position by the Grand Trunk in their round house. A circus came to town one day later in the season, and when it left, Johnny Clancy was missing.

At the close of the season about three months later, when Patrick O'Brien was down at the depot watching the trains come in, Johnny in a very dilapidated condition dropped off the blind baggage, and was immediately confronted by O'Brien who indignantly said:

"Well, well, well, here ye are back in town again looking loike a tramp; runned away with the circus, didn't ye, and lift yere pore old mither fer the neighbors to look after. Johnny, remimber one thing: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' "

Next year bright and early Johnny with a recollection of his former experience hiked out for the circus, and this season having learned the ropes prospered. When he returned on the Limited train late in the fall, and swung off the rear end of the Pullman all dressed up, the first man to greet him was Patrick O'Brien who greeted him with:

"Well, well, well, if it isn't me old friend Johnny Clancy; it's a foine lad ye be, all dressed up, gold watch and chain, diamond pin, and it's a good boy ye've bin Johnny sinding yere poor mither money all the time. Well, Johnny, there's no use talkin', it's the rambling bee that gits the honey."—*Geo. A. Blair.*

MARRIED A NATIVE

Pat and Mike were at the zoo together gazing at the kangaroo. Pat, who could not read, said to Mike, who could:

"What's that?"

Mike laboriously spelled out, syllable by syllable:

"Kan-gar-oo, a native of Australia."

There followed a deathly silence and then Pat exclaimed:

"My God, Mike, me sister married wan av thim."—*Nathan Straus, Jr.*

WHERE IT WAS

An Irishman came home for supper and was looking around the house in an aimless way. Bridget said to him, "What are you looking for, Mike?" He said, "Oh, nothing." She said, "It's in the jug where the whisky was."—*Henry Whiting*.

TAKING NO CHANCE WITH THE MELTING POT

"Aren't you going to have any more children, Pat? You began well, one a year for four years, now you haven't had any more for the last five years." "Begorra, I'm through," said Pat. "I saw in the papers that every fifth child born in New York is a Jew."—*John Adams Thayer*.

GETTING RID OF THE OTHER FELLOW

In a certain city populated by the Irish was organized a Chamber of Commerce, controlled by the Irish. A number of Jews moved into the city, and being business men, wanted to join the Chamber. The Irish held a caucus and decided to admit them.

In a little while the Irish felt they had made a mistake and concluded to get rid of the Jews. They held another caucus, and Pat said: "Leave it to me."

So at the close of the next meeting of the Chamber of Commerce Pat arose and moved that at the next meeting they have a feast and they serve nothing but pork at the feast. A Jew immediately arose and seconded the motion, and moved to amend it by adding that they serve the feast on Friday.—*J. W. Prugh*.

DIDN'T START SOON ENOUGH

Some years ago, on a warm summer's morning, I was standing at the dock in Seattle, watching the departure for Tacoma of a small steamer called the *Flyer*.

Just as the boat pulled out I noticed a little man, hat and coat under his arm, running down the hill toward the dock. When he saw that he couldn't make the boat he pulled up suddenly, took a small pipe from his mouth, spat defiantly, scraped the perspiration with a hooked forefinger from his brow, and began to swear under his breath.

"Old man," said an amused bystander, "you didn't run fast enough."

"The hell I didn't," retorted the little man, "I ran fasht enough, but be th' saints, I didn't sthart soon enough!"—*Maurice Switzer*.

DUE TO DEPART

Mrs. Murphy's husband had passed to the Great Beyond. Mrs. Clancy, a next door neighbor, came to view the remains. "Poor Mike," she said and then laid her hand on "poor Mike's" forehead. She stepped back in amazement. Hurrying out of the room she found Mrs. Murphy. "Poor Mike," said Mrs. Clancy, "do you know Mrs. Murphy, I just put me hand on Mike's forehead and it is warm." "Hot or cold," said Mrs. Murphy, "he leaves here in the morning."

DESERVED A REWARD

Racial hostilities are not confined to Europe. Some years ago, according to the story told by Adam Bede, late congressman from Minnesota, there was a great deal of contest between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul in the matter of population. There has always been more or less rivalry between the twin cities, but back ten or fifteen years ago the feeling was particularly violent. They used to say that St. Paul was peopled exclusively by Irish, but I am of the opinion that there were not any more Irish there than enough to hold down all the political jobs. They also used to say that Minneapolis con-

tained nothing but Swedes. This is probably not true either. At any event, shortly before the preparation of the 1910 census, the rivalry was very, very keen and one day an Irishman from St. Paul went over to Minneapolis and before he succeeded in leaving the city he had engaged in an altercation and killed a Swede. He returned safely to St. Paul, but his conscience smote him, and he went to the office of the City Marshal for the purpose of giving himself up to the police. As he entered the City Marshal's office, that official met him and our Irish friend said, "Marshal, I have come to give myself up. I have just killed a Swede over in Minneapolis." "Hell," said the Marshal, "you don't belong here. Go over to the City Treasurer's office and collect your bounty."—*J. T. Madden.*

GLAD TO DO IT FOR NOTHING

A young Irishman, a good Catholic, came to this country and got a job at carpenter work at \$5.00 per day. After being here a short time, he felt he ought to write to his mother in Ireland, and tell her about the wonders of the great country to which he had come, so he sat down and wrote something like this:

"Dear Mother—I want to write you a short letter about America. It is a wonderful country—a land of opportunity—the greatest place I ever saw. I like everything about it but the people and they are all such blame fools. Would you believe it! I had not been here two days until I got a job doing carpenter work at \$5.00 per day, and what do you think they had me doing? They had me tearing down a Methodist church! If the blame fools knew it, I would do it for nothing."—*John G. Emery, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

NO ROOM FOR TWO

An Irishman was riding a mule, when the mule began to kick, finally succeeding in getting his foot into the stirrup. Whereupon Mike said, "Begorra, if you are going to get on I am going to get off!"—*Rev. Daniel Russell.*

MUST BE THE WRONG MAN

In the course of earthly events, an Irishman who had lived a particularly tempestuous existence, died. He was a rare specimen, a mean Irishman, who got drunk as often as opportunity offered, never had a cent for charity, never went to church and would beat up his wife and family as often as he was "under the influence." At his death, his wife wished to make a good showing, so made fine arrangements, obtained the use of a large church and secured the services of an eloquent preacher. At the funeral, the widow, accompanied by her small son Mickey took a front seat, and in due time the preacher, who had not known the deceased, arose and proceeded to hold forth about his many virtues. He explained how the late deceased had been a model citizen, and a pattern of sobriety.

The widow fidgeted slightly, but gave no other sign of anxiety. The preacher continued to explain the wonderful generosity of the late departed, and painted a touching picture of the open purse and the suffering it had alleviated. At this, there were signs of rather violent discomfiture on the part of the widow but the preacher unwittingly continued to describe the beautiful home life and with glowing colors painted the late lamented as a model husband and described how the home coming had been looked forward to by the loving wife and son.

This was entirely too much for the widow, who leaning over, nudged her son, and in a hoarse whisper said: "Mickey, take a look at the corpse. I think we've got in on the wrong funeral."

—*John L. Bacon, Mayor, San Diego, Cal.*

A CROSS CUT AND AN UPPER CUT

A big husky greenhorn Irishman, who had just landed in this country, while strolling around town, ran across two men, one a great big fellow, and the other a little dried-up, wizened chap, operating a crosscut saw on a log. He watched the performance for a short time without getting the idea. Suddenly it dawned upon him. He stepped up to them, spit on his hands, clenched his fists, and struck the big fellow as hard as he could. Then he stepped back and said, "Now, you big stiff, will you give that saw to the little fellow?"—*G. A. O'Reilly.*

HOW THEY SOLD OUT

Two Irishmen going to the Derby races took a keg of whisky to sell there. In going they agreed that neither should have a drink without paying for it. They went a good way and then had a rest. One of them, who had threepence (the other had nothing), got some whisky and paid the other for it. By and by the one who got the threepence became thirsty, too, so he had some whisky and paid the one who first had the threepence for it. They went on their way, first one paying and then the other, till all the whisky was drunk. They then started to count the receipts and were a little surprised to find they had only threepence.

HE TOOK THE COAT

“Dinnis, me b'y!” “Fwhat do yeas want?” said the man in the cart. “Are yeas goin' to the town?” “That oi am.” The man who had called him came out of the cabin, and approached the cart. “Oi have a coat to sind to the town,” said the man who had come out of the house. “Wad yeas moind takin' it fer me?” “Not at all,” said the man in the cart, “if yeas till me the addhriss oi'm to lave it at.” “Niver moind the addhriss,” said the other, with his hand on the wheel. “Sure it's mesilf that's goin' insoide the coat!” He leaped into the cart, and the driver, without a change of expression upon his face, went submissively on with him toward Wexford.

IRISH HIGHWAYMAN

Driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, an Irishman procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him with: “Your money, or your life!” Seeing Pat was green, the traveler said: “I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you all my money for that pistol.” “Agreed.” Pat received the money, and handed over the pistol. “Now,” said the traveler, “hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out!” “Blaze away, me hearty!” said Pat. “Never a dhrop of powther there's in it.”

PRONUNCIATION

Two men, disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, the other, i-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be from Ireland. He confounded both by declaring: "It's nay-ther, for it's aye-ther."

CLIMACTERIC

Climax of an honorable member's speech in the House of Commons. "I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air, and by heaven! I'll nip it in the bud."

TIME OF NIGHT

An Irishman accosted a gentleman on the street, late at night, with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose, with the remark, "It has just struck one." "Be jabers," retorted Pat, "oi'm glad oi didn't ax yees an hour ago!"

AMERICAN WEATHER

A German looked up at the sky, and remarked, "I guess a leedle it vill rain somedime pooty queek." "Yees do, eh?" replied an Irishman; "what business have yees to purtend to know about American weather, ye furrin' galoot?"

MORE THAN SUFFICIENT

An Irishman and a negro had agreed to settle the question of who was the better man. They also agreed that as soon as one was satisfied he should indicate the fact to the other by simply saying "sufficient." After pounding each other for some time, the Irishman sang out "sufficient," when much to his disgust the negro exclaimed, "Sho' I's been tryin' to tink ob dat word fo' twenty minutes."

PLEASED WITH IT

"What is a republic?" asked an official of a candidate for naturalization. "Shur'n I don't know." "What is a mon-

archy?" "I don't know." And so on through a series of questions. At last the wearied official handed a copy of the Constitution to the applicant's sponsor and said: "Take this man out and instruct him a little." In the course of fifteen minutes the "gay, guiltless pair" hurried back into the presence of the representative of the United States Government. "It's all right," cried the sponsor, "Oi've rid the Constitootion to Pat, and he's virry much plazed with it."

A SUSPENDED JUDGMENT

An Irishman one Sunday heard a clergyman preach on the Judgment Day. The priest told of the hour when the trumpet shall blow and all peoples of all climes and all ages shall be gathered before the Seat of God to be judged according to their deeds done in the flesh. After the sermon he sought out the pastor and said, "Father, I want to ask you a few questions touching on what you preached about to-day. Do you really think that on the Judgment Day everybody will be there?"

The priest said: "That is my understanding."

"Will Cain and Abel be there?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And David and Goliath—will they both be there? And Brian Boru and Oliver Cromwell?"

"Assuredly they will be present."

"And the A.O.H.'s and A.P.A.'s?"

"I am positive they will all be there together."

"Father," said the parishioner, "there'll be damn little judging done the first day."—*Irvin S. Cobb (Modern Eloquence, I).*

AT A FORTUNATE TIME

A gentleman on returning from Europe said to his coachman, "I made a flying trip through Ireland when I was abroad, Patrick, and it seemed to me the people looked contented enough." "It's seldom they look that way, sir; you must have been there while the fighting was going on."—*Henry Elias Howland.*

MULE-DRIVING

I am like the Irishman who applied for an opportunity to

work his passage on the Erie Canal. They gave it to him, and put him to driving a mule on the tow-path, from Albany to Buffalo. He said he liked it, but that "only for the name of the thing he would as soon walk."—*Horace Russell*.

NO TROUBLE TO HOLD HIM

Two Irishmen were walking together through a marsh when one of them, looking up, saw a wildcat in a tree. He said to the other, "Pat, there's a cat up that tree, if we could get it into the city it would be worth fifty dollars." "Well," said Pat, "you climb up the tree and shake him down." So Mike climbed the tree, shook it, and pretty soon the wildcat dropped. Then there was a circus below, in which a quantity of hair and clothing, flesh and nails was all mixed up. Finally Mike peered down from the tree and yelled, "Do you want me to come down and help you hold him?" "No," said Pat, "I want you to come down and help me let him go."—*Rev. Henry van Dyke*.

IN A STATE OF GRACE

A priest once chanced to hear, unperceived, a fierce verbal onslaught by one market woman on another, in the course of which every effort of rhetoric was made to provoke retaliation, but without effect. "Go on, go on," at last said the matron attacked; "ye know I'll not answer ye, because I've been to confession this morning, and I'm in a state of grace. But wait till I get out of it!"

TRUE PATRIOTISM

I once heard an Irishman say, "Every man loves his native land, whether he was born there or not."—*Thomas Fitch*.

STEERING BY A STAR

They tell a story of an Irishman, who was a hand on board a sailing vessel on Lake Erie. The skipper said to him one night, "Jimmy, I want some sleep, and I want you to take hold of the tiller! Do you know anything about navigation?" "Not

much," said Jimmy. "Well," said the skipper, "do you see that star? Keep her head in that direction"; and the skipper went below. Jimmy did very well for a time, but by and by it grew a little cloudy and stormy, and when the storm had cleared away somewhat, and Jimmy looked again for his star, lo, it was behind him! He turned around, much alarmed, and said: "Wake up, captain! Wake up! and give me something else to steer by, for I'm past that."

CHANGED PLACES

O'Brien was given a position as track walker for the Salt Lake R.R. and was instructed, in case he found anything out of order along the line, such as a wash-out, to wire Superintendent Walsh, but to be sure to make his message brief. He found a wash-out and wired as follows:

WALSH, Superintendent:

The river is where the railroad was.

O'BRIEN.—*Frank Fogarty.*

DEEP-ROOTED

An Irishman went to the dentist to have an offending tooth extracted. When he saw the forceps he lost his courage and refused to open his mouth. In desperation the dentist gave the office boy a pin and whispered in his ear that he should push the pin into the man's hip on receiving the sign to do so. The sign was given the boy. In went the pin, and Pat opened his mouth in great pain. That was the opportunity of the dentist to "get in" his work. The tooth was extracted quickly. "It didn't hurt so much after all," suggested the dentist. "No, begorra," answered the Irishman, "but I had no idea the roots went down so far."—*William T. Dorward.*

HAD TO ACT QUICK

Two Irishmen, with one gun between them, went hunting. They saw a meadow lark and the man with the gun aimed. The other immediately grabbed him and exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, Pat, don't shoot! The gun ain't loaded." The other looked at his companion deprecatingly and said, "I got to shoot. The bird won't wait."

TRAVEL

COULDN'T BE WORSE

A traveling Hebrew, burdened with the care of a large family of children, was fussing and fuming in the day coach of a small New England branch line. His numerous offspring were everywhere at once, and the worse they behaved the more excited he grew. At last he ran amuck, pulled his umbrella from the baggage rack and assaulted his eldest son so vigorously as to arouse a lady reformer who occupied the seat in front of his.

"Look here, my man," she warned him, "I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and if you aren't a little careful I'll make trouble for you."

"Make trouble for *me*, lady?" moaned the distracted father, dropping his umbrella to gesticulate. "For *me*? Look, lady. My mother-in-law is boxed up in the baggage car, dead; my wife she got another pair of twins last week in a hospital; little Rosie has just put chewing gum in my new watch; little Ikey has swallowed the tickets. And we are on the wrong train. Now tell me, lady—how would you make trouble for *me*?"—*Wallace Irwin.*

HOW HE KNEW

An American traveling in England was in a first-class railway compartment with two strange Englishmen. He lighted a cigar, and one of his companions said to him, "I beg your pardon, but perhaps you have not noticed that there is a no-smoking slip pasted on the window." "Oh, is there?" said the American, and kept on smoking. Presently the Englishman said, "Apparently you are not aware that in this country a fine is laid on persons who smoke in cars marked non-smoking." "Oh, is there?" said the American, and kept on smoking. After a pause the Englishman, now angry, said, "See here! We are coming to a station and I'm going to call the guard and have

you put out." "Oh, are you?" said the American, and kept on smoking. The train did stop presently and before the Englishman could do anything the American went to the door, let down the window and beckoned to the guard, "Guard, there's a man in here," pointing to the English spokesman, "who is traveling first-class on a third-class ticket." "Will you please let me see your ticket," said the guard to the Englishman, and, sure enough, his was a third-class ticket and he had to get out, "hoist with his own petard." The train went on. Presently the remaining Englishman said to the American, "Pardon me, but I have a great curiosity to know how you knew that our neighbor was traveling on a third-class ticket?" "That's easy," said the American, "his ticket was the same color as mine."—*Rev. Joseph Dunn Burrell.*

DISCOVERING AMERICA

An Englishman who came for the first time to the United States and made a trip to San Francisco, got on the train with all his golf clubs and all his other paraphernalia, his umbrellas and walking sticks, sat down and asked the guard—I mean the conductor—when they would reach San Francisco. The conductor told him to sit down and he would be told when they reached San Francisco. A day and a night passed, and the train reached Chicago. The Englishman gathered up his golf clubs, his umbrellas and walking sticks and was getting out. "No," said the guard—the conductor—"Sit right down, and I will tell you when we get to San Francisco." A day and a night passed, they arrived at Denver. The Englishman gathered up his sticks and his umbrellas and his overshoes, and started for the platform. "Sit down," said the guard; "didn't I tell you I'd let you know when we got to San Francisco?" A day and a night passed, and the train arrived at Salt Lake City. He again gathered his impediments and was climbing out when the conductor said, "Sit down; sit down. I told you when we got to San Francisco I would tell you." A day and a night passed and finally the train reached San Francisco. He once more gathered his stuff together and said, "Thank goodness, we are here at last. Where is the man that found this country?"

The conductor said, "Christopher Columbus discovered this country." "Discovered it!" said the Englishman; "how the dickens could he have missed it?"—*Sir Ernest Shackleton (Modern Eloquence, III)*.

GOT THE WRONG MAN

A commercial traveler asked the porter to put him off at Buffalo, where the train stopped in the small hours of the morning. "And I'm apt to be cross," said he, "when I'm waked up in the night. I might even fight. But don't pay any attention to my objections. Put me off."

Late in the morning the traveler awoke at Schenectady. He sought the porter in a rage.

"Why the ding ding didn't you put me off at Buffalo, as I told you?"

The porter's eyes rolled and his jaw dropped. "Gee, boss, who you s'pose it was I put off at Buffalo?"

HAD BEEN EVERYWHERE

A company of American tourists traveling in Italy in charge of a local guide, were visiting Mt. Vesuvius. Upon looking into the crater, one of the Americans exclaimed: "Gee whiz! It looks just like hell!" The Italian guide with a merry twinkle in his eye, replied: "My, you Americans have been everywhere."—*Senator J. W. Harrel*.

ON THE PULLMAN

Pat and Mike had come over from the ould countrhy and were on their way "Out Where the West Begins." They decided to travel comfortably and took the Pullman. 'Twas time to roll in. Pat took the upper berth, Mike the lower. Both seemed to have trouble of some kind, and were swearing softly to themselves. At last Mike called up to Pat: "How are ye getting along, Pat?" To which Pat made reply: "Not at all. How's a fellow going to get his pants off when he is sitting on them? How are ye getting along?" Says Mike: "Oh! I'm all right. I'm all undressed, but I can't figure out how I'm going to get meself into this little hammock."—*Rev. Albert T. Daeger*.

APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE

On one occasion Daniel Webster was on his way to Washington, and was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Webster, "and had partly succeeded, when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington—a proper scene for murder or outrage—and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me and, with a gruff voice, inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'To Washington. I am a Senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed, 'How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman.'"

ASKED FOR A REAR GUARD

Artemus Ward was traveling on a slow-going Southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine, and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

WRONG DIRECTION

During a dense fog a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot; "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

STAGE-COACH PRIVILEGES

"When I was in Scotland last summer," said an American physician, "I ran across an illustration of the division of travel into first, second, and third class which struck me as being infinitely more sensible and logical than the separation of passengers into three classes on the English railways. I contracted for a 'first-class' passage in a stage-coach going up in the mountains. It cost me ten dollars. On the trip I noticed that a 'second-class' passenger who had paid five dollars' fare and a 'third-class' traveler at two dollars and a half were riding in the same coach and enjoying the same privileges as myself. I thought I had been 'flimflammed' until the coach reached the foot of a long and very steep hill. The horses stopped and the guard called out: 'First-class passengers keep your seats; second-class passengers get out and walk; third-class passengers get out and push!' You may bet your life that I rode in state to the top of that hill!"

NEGROES

ALSO BUT NOT LIKEWISE

A colored school-teacher was a witness in a case before a Southern Court. In giving his evidence he used the word "also" and "likewise" many times. In cross-examining the witness the attorney for the defense said, "I notice you use the words 'also' and 'likewise' quite frequently in your evidence. So you know what these words mean and the difference between them?" The colored school-teacher said, "Yes, sah, I think I do." The attorney asked that he explain to the Court and the witness answered, "Well, it's this a way; Judge Green am a lawyer, you is a lawyer 'also,' but not 'likewise.'"—*C. F. Curry, Member Congress, California.*

OUT-ROTHING ROTH

Before the Civil War a prominent lawyer in this State owned a negro by the name of Zeb, and it was said of Zeb that he had such a remarkable memory that, should the courthouse burn down, the titles to nearly all the property in the county could be established by his recollection. The lawyer used him in lieu of a stenographer, of which there were none in those days, relying upon Zeb's memory of the testimony of witnesses, etc., instead of stenographic notes or other writings.

One day the Devil appeared to the lawyer and told him that he had come to take Zeb to hell. Lawyer-like, our barrister offered to argue with the Devil and finally submitted to him the proposition that, if he, the Devil, would subject old Zeb to any memory test which he could not stand, he would be perfectly willing for the Devil to take him; otherwise, he was to leave him alone.

Of course, Zeb did not hear the conversation between the lawyer and the Devil. A few days afterward Zeb was plowing in his master's cotton field, when right out of the ground in front of him popped the Devil. Zeb turned loose the plow-

handles and with popping eyes looked at Mr. Devil, and the Devil said, "Do you like eggs?" and Zeb answered, "Yes." And the Devil disappeared.

Ten years later. The Civil War had been fought in the meantime; old Zeb had been made free, and his master had presented him with a forty-acre farm down in one corner of the plantation. One day Zeb was hoeing in his potato patch, when, from behind a plum thicket, out stepped the Devil. Zeb eyed the Devil and the Devil eyed Zeb, and the Devil said, "How?" and Zeb answered, "Fried." The devil disappeared and old Zeb lived to a ripe old age, retaining his memory to the last.—*James S. Parrish.*

NO DELAY

A darky was asked what he would do if he received a letter from the Ku Klux ordering him to leave town.

"Sho', boss, I'd finish readin' that thar letter on de train."—*Roy G. Streeter.*

ACTIVITY BUT NO PROGRESS

A lady in a Southern state inquired of her colored maid whether she had seen the merry-go-round which was reported to have been erected in an open square of the town.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the maid. "Dat lazy husband of mine wuz ridin' on dem wooden horses all yestidday afternoon. I wuz thar when he got off last night and I sez to him, 'Look heah, Jim, yer been ridin' all day and yer spent a dollah, now whar yer been?'"

After spending much time and money it is desirable that we "get somewhere."—*Rev. Ernest M. Stires.*

ORIGINAL SIN

I recall the story of a colored man in my native state who was haled before a court on a charge of mayhem. At the same time the victim of his atrocious assault was presented before the jury's eyes as Exhibit A for the case of the prosecution. Now, the unfortunate man's face was but little more than a



IRVIN COBB

recent site; his nose was entirely missing, he was shy one ear, and he had only gums where his teeth should be. The Judge, in pronouncing sentence, and pointing meanwhile at the chief complaining witness, said to the convicted man: "That is the most lamentable exhibition of brutality I have ever seen. Surely no human being, unless he was swayed by diabolical influences could deliberately have worked such wreckage on the countenance of a fellow creature. The Devil must have actuated you in what you did; demons from hell must have inspired your brutality." After a short pause the convicted man said: "Well, Judge, in a way of speakin', dat's right. When I was cuttin' his nose loose from his face with a razor it seemed to me like the Devil was right behin' me urgin' me on, an' 'spect it must have been dem demons you mentions dat suggested to me kickin' out his front teeth. But, Judge, bitin' off his ear was stric'ly my own idea!"—*Irvin S. Cobb.* (*Modern Eloquence I*).

NOT FOND OF LIONS

A circus was coming to a small town in the South some years ago, and all the colored people in the vicinity were much excited about it, as there are two things in life that bring supreme happiness to the heart of a real Southern negro, the circus and fried chicken. The negro farmers in the outlying districts planned to come to town and sleep all night in their wagons so as to be on hand early in the morning for the circus parade.

The wife of one of the business men happening to be in her husband's office when the colored "handy man," Rastus, was present, said to him, in a spirit of fun: "Rastus, I have got you a job at the circus."

"What? Miss Maggie? You done got me a job at the circus!"

"Yes," she said, "the advance man of the show was in here to see Mr. Tom (her husband) to-day, and he said he was looking for a nice old colored gentleman to lead the lions around in the circus parade, and I told him about you and he said he would give you the job."

"And what do I get paid, Miss Maggie?"

"Well, he said he would give you ten dollars and tickets for you and Mandy (his wife) for the circus."

The colored man's eyes grew larger with astonishment, and he scratched his old gray wooly head as he said: "That certain looks like a fine offer, Miss Maggie, and I will go home and ask Mandy about it and let you know in the mornin'."

The next day Rastus, who was honest and much respected by the white people in the little town, called on "Miss Maggie," and in an apologetic manner, said: "Miss Maggie, I certainly am powerful thankful you got me the job, and me and Mandy surely would like to go to the circus, and I certainly would like that there ten dollars, but you see, Miss Maggie, I think I had better not take it, be-be-because you see I never was very fond of lions."

But Mandy and Rastus got tickets to the circus.—*Frank LeRoy Blanchard.*

NOT WORTH THE PRICE

"Cunnel, kin you git me a ma'age license when you goes to town?" asked a black boy of the owner of a plantation down South.

"Yes, Jim, I guess so," said the Colonel. "It will cost you two dollars."

Slowly Jim got together the two dollars and passed it over.

"And who is the girl, Jim?" asked the Colonel.

"Why, I wants to ma'y dat gal, Eliza."

The marriage license was obtained and a week later the Colonel, seeing Jim asked him, "Jim, did you get married yet?"

"No, suh, Cunnel," answered Jim. "I kinda thinks I'd ruther ma'y Clarabelle. Could you, Cunnel—could you scratch dis here name Eliza off'n dis here license an' put in Clarabelle?"

"No," said the Colonel, "that would be against the law. But I can get you another license for two dollars."

Jim shook his head and walked slowly away.

A couple of weeks later the Colonel checked him up again.

"Well, Jim, I guess you're married now?"

"Yes, suh, Cunnel! Yes! suh! I ma'd dat gal Eliza."

"Why, I thought you preferred Clarabelle?" said the Colonel in surprise.

"Yes, suh, Cunnel," said Jim, "yes, suh! I shorely did, but somehow at the last I ma'd Eliza, cause I jest couldn't see no two dollars diff'rnce between them two niggers."—*B. A. Franklin*.

WHAT DOES SHE DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY?

We should not complain of the generosity of our States. They are doing beautifully, but sometimes they remind me of the story of an old colored man whose employer said, "Joe, how are you getting on?" He replied, "I am having a lot of trouble with my family. My wife pesters me a lot by asking me for money. I come home at night tired to death, nothing but work, work, work, all the time, and she says nothing but 'money, money, money. Give me a dollar, give me seventy-five cents, give me fifty cents.'" His employer said, "Joe, what on earth does she do with all that money?" And Joe replied, "I don't know, I ain't give her none yet."—*Edwin Anderson Alderman (Modern Eloquence, I)*.

STILL WATER RUNS DEEP

"Yist'day," says Uncle Zeke, "ah drapped foah cents on de floah, an' dey make a big racket. Ef dey had er been foah dollar bills nobody would 'a' heard 'em drap. People is jes' lak money; dem dat make de mos' noise ain't allus of de mos' account."—*C. K. Woodbridge*.

DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO STOP HIM

An old darky sat on his rickety rig holding the reins over his old skinny horse in front of a small town hotel down South. Both were asleep but were aroused by a hustling young drummer who called, "Get me to the station in five minutes and I'll give you a dollar."

"Why, boss," said the old chap, "this y'ere 'oss couldn't go there 'n twenty minutes. You see, sir, this is a old army 'oss what I give \$5.00 for."

"An old army horse, eh, uncle? Well you just move over

and I'll show you something." Saying this and jumping aboard at the same time the drummer took the reins and called, "Forward march!" The old horse came suddenly awake, gathered his legs together and started like a two-year-old. When they got to the station the drummer cried, "Halt!" and the horse pulled up so suddenly that the old darky nearly went out on the horse's neck. The drummer handed the old man his dollar and was gone.

The old chap drove very thoughtfully back to his stand and some time later was again approached by a man in a hurry to get to the station. The old chap brightened up and said, "Yes, boss, I sure can get you there right quick. You just get in and hold on." So picking up his reins he commanded, "Forward march," and the horse performed as expected. But as they approached the station the old chap wrinkled his face, scratched his head and slapped his leg and finally turned to his passenger and said, "Say, boss, you'll have to jump for the station, because I've clean forgot that other word to stop him."

—*Hugh Burke.*

ERADICATING SUPERSTITION

A certain planter in South Alabama was annoyed from year to year by the disappearance of his watermelons just as they began to ripen. He supposed the negroes on his place were responsible for the depredation and reprimanded them severely for it. In questioning the leading negro on the place, and the one whom he had the greatest reason to suspect, as to what he might do to put an end to the trouble, the old man replied, "Boss, I don't know nothin' to tell you. You knows the nigger's weakness for watermelons." After a moment's pause, the planter remarked, "Well! I've been thinking the matter over very carefully and I have decided it might be best to plant my watermelons over by the family burying ground. Don't you think that would solve the problem?" With characteristic honesty, the negro replied, "Fo' God! Boss, I don't believe that will have no effect whatsoever on your watermelons but 'spec it might 'radicate superstition among the negroes."—*Spright Dowell.*

IT SOMETIMES PAYS TO ASK QUESTIONS

At a bad railroad crossing there was an ancient negro who acted as flagman. One dark and stormy night an express train ground an automobile and its four occupants to bits. The principal witness was of course the negro flagman, and his testimony was so good that the jury brought in a verdict in favor of the railroad. Rastus was called into headquarters office and congratulated upon the steadfastness with which he stuck to his story, and "answered all questions." His story, briefly, was: "It was a dark and stormy night. He waved his lantern frantically. The autoists paid no heed. The express thundered on. There was a crash and the automobile and the occupants were gone."

Rastus accepted the compliment and then added: "But do you know, sah, all the time I was on that witness stand I was so darned scared that that lawyer man was gwine ask me if mah lantern was lit?"—*Robert E. Ramsay.*

AN ENFORCED VACATION

I might have likened my position to that of a colored brother in a little town in my state who was the only member who voted the Democratic ticket. It was felt that such loyalty should be rewarded, so the incoming administration created a Department of Street Cleaning—an institution hitherto unknown in that community—to consist of a boss or foreman, and a staff. Quite naturally the job of foreman went to a white man, but upon the worthy colored person was conferred the honor of being the staff. Now, he held to the theory, common even among those of the more enlightened races, that a political office meant much honor and much pay but mighty little work. Nevertheless, as a matter of form he carried a shovel with him on the morning when he reported for service. But the white man who was to serve over him had very different ideas regarding the obligation owing to the municipality. No sooner had the darky cleaned up one pile of débris than the foreman would find another and yet another for him to wrestle with. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the darky so much as straightened his back or wiped the sweat off

his brow or blew on the new-formed blisters in the palms of his hands. Finally he said: "Boss, ain't you got nuthin' to do but jes' to think up things fur me to do?"

"Yes," the white man said; "that's all my job—just to keep you busy."

The darky said: "Well, suh, in that case you will be pleased to know you ain't goin' to be workin' to-morrow."—*Irvin S. Cobb (Modern Eloquence, I).*

TACT

Colored George had hired out as a bell boy in the hotel. The captain in explaining his duties pointed out that he was expected to show courtesy and tact toward the guests. George listened attentively and started in. A week later he sought out the captain.

"Cap'n," said he, "this yer courtesy I understand, but I doan 'zactly comprehend this yer tact."

"Well," said the captain, "I splain that to you so you never doan fergit it. You know that there yaller boy Rastus. Well, I says to him one day, 'Rastus, you go right up to number thirteen and open de do' and walk in.' And he done so. And right thar in number thirteen was a lady takin' a bath. And he shut the do' right quick and say, 'Excuse me, sah.' Now 'excuse me' was courtesy, but 'sah' was tact."

THE TYRANNY OF THE ALPHABET

Zeno was a negro residing in one of the Southern cities. He had a small account in the local bank. The bank failed. Zeno didn't know just what it meant, but he apprehensively hung round the door. A receiver was appointed, who, after observing Zeno for a couple of days, asked the cashier who he was.

"Why, that's Zeno, one of our customers," said the cashier.

"Why does he hang around here continuously?" asked the receiver.

"Well," said the cashier, "I suppose he is worried about his money."

The receiver sent for Zeno, and when he appeared, in response to the receiver's questioning, he said: "Why, boss, it's disaway.

Ah got foteen dollars in dis yer bank and I just nachully wants mah money."

"But," said the receiver, "the bank has failed—busted. Didn't you ever hear of a bank busting?"

"I shore has heard tell of dese yer banks bustin', boss, but dis yer am de fust time that a bank ever up and busted rot squah in mah face."

The receiver continued his work and in the course of time notified the depositors that he was prepared to pay them a dividend, and he advised them that he would pay them alphabetically. In some unaccountable way, there was a miscalculation, however, and when he reached the end of the alphabet, the money gave out and Zeno got nothing. Naturally, he was disappointed, but with the optimism of his race, started in to save, and in the course of a few weeks presented himself at a neighboring bank and stated to the cashier that he wanted to open a savings account.

"Certainly, Zeno," said the cashier. "Just fill out this signature card."

"Zeno nothin'!" responded the darky with much enthusiasm. "Mah name ain't Zeno no mo'—from now on mah name is Ajax!"—*F. W. Ellsworth.*

ORGANIZED

Sam, the colored driver of an ox team, saw a lizard crawling up a tree. He flourished his long whip very deftly and snapped off the lizard's head. Further along the road, with skillful precision, he picked a horse fly off the fence with the same weapon. His skill as a marksman was next exhibited on a chipmunk that showed his head above the ground. A man, riding with him on the wagon, then asked: "Sam, take a crack at that," pointing to a hornets' nest. Sam grinned and replied: "No, suh, no, suh, boss, dem fellahs is awganized."—*Herbert C. Pell, Jr.*

A SNAG

Some men are like the two darkies I heard discussing the question of what a man should do if he were in a boat on a wide

river, with his mother and his wife, and the boat should sink, and he could save only one woman. "Johnson," said Billy Rice, "who would you save, yo' mudder or yo' wife?" Johnson thought and said: "Billy I would save my mudder. I could get anudder wife, but where under the blue canopy of hebben could I get anudder dear old mudder?" "But look here, Billy! 'Spose you was in de boat, in de middle of de river, wid you' wife and yo' mudder-in-law?" "Oh, what a cinch!"—said Billy. "And de boat," continued Johnson, "was to strike a snag and smash to pieces, and eberybody go into de water, who would you save?" "My wife, dar! my mudder-in-law dar! and de boat strike a snag?" "Yes." "I would save de snag," said Billy. "I could get anudder wife, I might den have anudder mudder-in-law, but where under de blue canopy of hebben could I find anudder dear thoughtful old snag?"—*William B. Melish (Modern Eloquence, II).*

WILLING TO DROP IT

In the Circuit Court of one of the counties in my district an old negro was indicted for the murder of one of his colored brethren. When the case was called the old negro appeared and stood before the Court, who asked him if he had an attorney. The accused replied that he had not.

"Well," said the Court, "you are charged here with murder; what do you want to do about it?"

"If it suits you all right, Jedge," replied the old darky, "so fer as I'm concerned, I'm willing to jest drap it!"—*John E. Rankin, M.C.*

NOT MUCH OF A CAPTURE

An old Southern negro, a tramp, full of misery and rheumatic pains, hungry and desolate, came on a winter night to a farm. Passing through the yard, he entered the barn and snuggled himself into the warm hay, rather hoping to die comfortably.

A dog detecting his trespass gave the alarm. Farm hands came with pitchforks, clubs and guns, finally detected his hiding place, yelling:

"Come out of there now! we've got you! Come on now, we've got you!"

The poor negro poked his head out from the hay, and with melancholy despair said disdainfully:

"Yes, gentlemen, and a great git you've got!"—*Gerrit J. Lloyd.*

DON'T CONCENTRATE ON ONE COMPETITOR

A traveling salesman dropped into a shoe-shine parlor, and was waited on by Ephraim Jones, a diminutive negro boot-black. Thinking to have a little fun out of Ephraim, the salesman inquired of him what occupation he had been engaged in, before he entered the shoe-shine business.

"Ah wuz an assistant jockey," was the little negro's reply.

"An assistant jockey!" inquired the traveler—"what do you mean by that?" "Well, boss, ah slept wid d' hoss, gave him water, and exercise, and done odd jobs around the stable."

Further inquiry on the part of the traveler brought out the fact that on one particular day the jockey who was to ride the horse in an important race for Eph's employer was sick, and as a last resort the only available rider was the little negro.

He related his experience to the traveling man, as follows: "D' boss called on me to ride dis race and told me what ah wuz to do. 'Eph,' says he, 'you know dat big black hoss, Major?' 'Yas sur, boss, ah knows Major.' 'Well, when you goes to d' starting post, keep yo' eye on Major, and when yo' reach d' fust quarter, be sure dat yo' are right on Major's flank; when yo' git to d' half, stick right on Major's flank; when yo' reach d' three quarter, hold yo' place on Major's flank; but when yo' turn into d' home stretch, ride yo' hoss under d' wire ahead of Major, and we will win dis race.'

"Now boss, ah did just exactly what ah wuz told to do. We rode up to dat post together, and when we reached d' fust quarter, dar ah wuz right on Major's flank; when we got to d' half, dar ah wuz right on Major's flank; when we reached d' three quarter, ah wuz still sticking right on Major's flank; when we turned into d' home stretch, ah gave ma hoss d'

whip, and beating him down d' home stretch, ah went under d' wire two lengths ahead of Major."

"Great! Eph! That must have been a wonderful victory. You must have been proud of that race."

"Victory, Boss! Ah ain't won no victory! While we wuz going down d' home stretch fo' udder hosses passed me and Major."—*A. G. Lynn.*

NEGRO DIGNITY

While serving as Judge of a crowded Criminal Court I spent one hot summer morning in listening to the pleas of the unfortunates in jail and already indicted.

Shortly there was brought to the Bar a stalwart African, who was asked by the clerk, "How do you plead, Guilty or Not Guilty, to the charge of having sent through the United States Mail a postal card containing profane, blasphemous and obscene language?" To which the accused nonchalantly replied, "I pleads guilty, sah."

On this the Court said to the prosecutor, "Let me see the postal card"; examination of which showed that it was addressed to a woman, and most amply fulfilled all the requirements of the statute and the indictment—it was peculiarly filthy and abusive.

Thereupon the Court asked, "Who is this *woman* to whom you sent this filthy communication?" Whereupon the accused straightened himself up with offended dignity and answered in measured tones, "De *lady*, sah, am mah wife."—*Judge C. M. Hough.*

"SQUEEZING THE WIND OUT"

While living in Mississippi, some years ago, it fell to my lot to assist in straightening out a few kinks in the colored Christian church at Martin, a small village on the Natchez and Jackson railroad. Among the leading members of the church was Uncle Anthony, an ex-slave, more than six feet in stature, and built otherwise in proportion to his height. I believe I never saw a man with larger hands.

One day while I was waiting for the train at Martin, and at the same time suffering from a most excruciating headache, Uncle Anthony approached me and said: "Howdy, Brudder Bos'ell, how is you gittin' along?" "Oh, very well," I replied, "with the exception of a headache, which is nearly putting me out of business. "Yassah," he said, "my ol' wommum lots of times has de mis'ry in de haid; I hopes her pow'ful by squeezin' it, and I b'lieve I can hope dat haid of yourn." "All right," I said, "go to it." Closing and opening his immense hands a number of times, and stretching his fingers as wide apart as possible, he grasped my head between his hands and squeezed with all his might. Withdrawing his hands, and going through the same process of stretching his fingers as if to renew his strength, he grasped my head again and squeezed with such force that it seemed he would cave my head in regardless of the thickness of the skull. When he turned loose, I batted my eyes, shook my head, and said: "Uncle Anthony, did you leave my head in the right shape?" "Yassah, Brudder Bos'ell, I lef' it in de right shape," he answered. "You see, sah, sometimes de haid gets full of win', an' when you does dat, you squeeze it all out. Dat is 'zactly what wuz de mat'er wid yourn."—*Rev. Ira M. Boswell.*

BUYING SPEED

An old colored man had a mule that would not move for him. He pulled and dragged his mule until he was exhausted, and finally he sat down and said, "Well, ole fellow, yo's got de best ob me." There was a drug store across the street, and a thought struck him. He went across and he said: "Has yo' got anyt'ing dat will make dat mule ob mine go?" The druggist said, "I don't know; I can try it." He came out and punched a little medicine into the mule's side. The mule commenced to wiggle around, and finally off he started over the side of the hill at a good pace. Sambo watched him for a moment or two and then he ran into the drug store, saying, "Mister, how much yo' charge for dat medicine?" "Ten cents." "Has yo' any mo'?" "Yes." "Den jes put twenty cents wuf inter me so I kin ketch dat mule."—*John Philip Quinn.*

NEGRO AND THE FISH

Compromise in matters of principle is always a failure. The policy runs away with the principle, and we find ourselves in the position of the negro who was fishing on the coast of Florida, when a tarpon caught hold of his hook and pulled him overboard. He came to the surface and sputtered out, "What I wan' to know, is dis nigger a-fishin', or dis fish a-niggerin'."

—Rev. Henry van Dyke.

OUGHT TO BE FAMILIAR

But the veteran always maintains his dignity: both the white veteran and the black veteran. In the mountains of New Hampshire, I met one of the colored troops, who was still "fighting nobly," driving a stage on a country route; and I said to him, "What is your name?" Said he, "George Washington, sah!" I said, "That is a name that is well known to everybody in this country." Said he, "I reckon, sah, it ought to be. I's been drivin' heah eber since de wah!"—*Horace Porter.*

RELATIVITY OF KNOWLEDGE

A friend of mine, a college professor, went into a crowded restaurant in New York City for luncheon. The negro in charge took my friend's hat and gave no check for it in return. An hour later, when the professor came out of the dining-room, the negro glanced at him in a comprehensive way, turned to the shelves, and handed him his hat. The professor is a man who prides himself on his powers of observation, so the negro's ability to remember to whom each article of clothing belonged struck him as something very wonderful. "How did you know this was my hat?" he asked. "I didn't know it, sah," was the reply. "Then why did you give it to me?" the professor persisted. "Because you gave it to me, sah."

BUSINESS

UNEMPLOYMENT HIS OCCUPATION

A man, unmistakably a laborer, was smoking thoughtfully and watching a large building in process of construction. Being short-handed the foreman approached him and asked:

“Hey, you, want a job?”

“Yes,” was the reply, “but I can only work mornings.”

“Aw, shucks! Why can’t you work all day?”

“Well, every afternoon I got to carry a banner in the unemployment parade.”—*W. S. Ashby.*

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY

A business man called his stenographer and told her to write a letter to John White of Buffalo making an appointment to meet him at Schenectady.

“How do you spell Schenectady, Mr. Blank?”

“Why, the idea! Don’t you know how to spell Schenectady?”

“No.”

“Why, er—Oh, well, tell him I’ll meet him in Albany.”—*Henry E. Chamberlain, Mayor, Concord, N. H.*

WAS THE NOTE RENEWED?

The banker was obstinate. He wouldn’t renew the note. Times were bad, and the bank was entitled to its money. The borrower moved wearily to the door. Over his shoulder he said:

“Well, I never knew before you had a glass eye.”

“Come back,” said the banker. “How did you know I have a glass eye? I had an accident years ago and the glass imitation was so well done that no one has ever detected it before.”

“Well,” said the borrower, “I thought one of your eyes had a gleam of human kindness and I knew that it couldn’t be natural.”—*Walter Lichtenstein.*

ADVERTISING AND OMELETS

An ambitious advertising agency man was trying to explain to a seasoned carpet man the advantages of increasing his business through advertising. The carpet man said, "What do you know about my business? You never laid a carpet in your life!" The agency man replied, "No, but I never laid an egg either and I can make a better omelet than any hen in the world!"—*William T. Mullally.*

A BLAZE OF PROSPERITY

"We are on the eve of business prosperity in America to-day. All we need is something to fan the present spark into a big nation-wide blaze. A leader, either an individual or an organization collectively, can start this blaze by so convincingly telling the great buying public of this country of the coming prosperity that manufacturers, retailers, and the public alike will act upon that suggestion.

"American business to-day I like to picture as a sheet-iron camp stove up in my Maine log cabin. When I hunt in the fall the last thing I do before turning in at night is to prepare the fire by laying shavings, kindling, and logs of wood, and then putting some matches on the chair near the stove.

"When I wake up in the morning chill, Oh how I hate to get up! although I know that all I have to do is to jump out of bed, strike a match, touch the kindling with it, jump back into bed, and in a very few minutes the draught in that old sheet-iron stove will just roar up the chimney and fill that cabin with warmth and comfort.

"And so my friends, the right kind of a spark applied to-day to American business will fill the industrial hearths of this country with warmth and comfort, and hasten the prosperity which is to-day almost within reach."—*George Carsten Frolich.*

ADVANTAGES OF CROSS-EYES

A good many years ago I was employed by an agricultural implement manufacturing company, and was sent into my native state, Vermont, to sell their goods. I arrived one day in

a town at twelve o'clock, and in twenty minutes there was a train going back down the road, and if I could see my man and get his order in twenty minutes I could double back and make two towns that day instead of one. So I ran up to Smith's store and asked the clerk if Mr. Smith was in, and he said he was not, but that he was putting a tin roof on a house just a little way down the road, and if I hurried I would be able to see him and catch the down train. So I ran again down to the house, climbed the ladder, and on the roof were five men. One of them had on a white shirt and a white collar, so I felt sure he was the Mr. Smith I wanted to see. I looked up at him and asked, "Am I looking at Mr. Smith?" He answered, "If you can tell where you are looking, you can do a damn sight better'n I can."

I almost laughed myself off that ladder, which, as a matter of course, pleased the dealer.

I immediately put my left hand over my left eye and pointed at him with my right hand and said, "With this eye I am looking at you and for an order for six lever feed cutters at \$3.50 each, and with the other eye I am looking for the down train"; and he said, "You've got the order, get the train. Good-by, sir."—*Horatio Sawyer Earle.*

SALESMANSHIP

Several years ago, I heard Elwood Haynes, the inventor of the automobile, say at a sales meeting: "Salesmanship is a peculiar thing—the best salesmen we ever had gave us the most trouble. Half the cars he sold came back on our hands. Some of the people he sold came clear to Kokomo to have them fixed up." After a while, a field representative said, "Mr. Haynes, I'd like to call on Mr. So-and-so—he's our agent in North Carolina. I have never had any trouble to adjust in his territory."

Mr. Haynes called on the young Southerner, who said that Elwood Haynes was the greatest man who ever lived. He declared he had never had a single dissatisfied user of the Haynes car in his territory.

Then I said: "Mr. Haynes, you say the best salesman you ever had gave you the most trouble, because about half the

cars he sold came back for adjustment. Did that man sell a different kind of car than the car you shipped to this gentleman in North Carolina?"

Mr. Haynes said, "What do you mean by different cars?"

I said, "When you shipped those cars out, did the people your best salesman sold get the same kind of cars as those shipped to North Carolina?"

Mr. Haynes replied, "Our cars are all uniform. Our North Carolina dealer had exactly the same cars to sell as the man whom I have just said was our best salesman."

Then I said, "Well, I am going to take issue with your statement that he was the best salesman you ever had. He was the worst salesman you ever had. I believe this North Carolina dealer who sells your cars and never has any trouble with them did something to the mental attitude of the buyer before he sold them a car. He puts his buyer's mind in a relationship toward the car that anticipates all conditions of trouble."

The young Carolina dealer confirmed my opinion by saying: "I never allow a man to take a car out of the place unless I'm satisfied that he knows how to run it. I've got to be satisfied that if he had any minor difficulty with it he'd be ashamed to tell me about it because it would be a reflection upon his ability as a driver.

"The buyer's satisfaction with his ability as a driver means nothing to me until I am satisfied from watching him handle the car that he knows as much as he thinks he does. I am the man to be satisfied with his knowledge or I find excuses to keep him from taking the car from my floor."—John Lee Mahin.

HOW CURTIS BACKS 'EM UP

Cyrus H. K. Curtis is America's greatest publisher. After successfully putting the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post* and *Country Gentleman* in the front rank, at 64 he bought the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and has made it an internationally known daily newspaper.

He picks men with rare judgment. He manages them by apparently leaving them alone. He supervises without interference.

It was my privilege, about twenty years ago, to get a line on how he operates. Thomas Balmer was then representing Mr. Curtis in Chicago. Mr. Balmer was born in Dublin. In every way he exemplified the best qualities of the Irish race,—but everyone who met him was impressed with the fact that where Mr. Balmer was, he would participate in anything that happened.

Once Mr. Balmer, in a meeting of Chicago advertising men which was held to launch a new advertising magazine to advance Western advertising interests, said that the Curtis Publishing Company would take one page each month for a year.

A few days later, in great excitement, Mr. Balmer showed me a longhand letter from Mr. Curtis, which read substantially as follows:

“My dear Balmer—You embarrassed me more than I know how to express by your action. But, of course, I will sustain you in this and also in anything else you may do.”

Mr. Balmer’s comments were: “How can I answer such a letter. He gives me no chance for a comeback. I can’t take exception to what he says and yet I never had such a rebuke in my life. Mr. Curtis practically tells me I haven’t any business judgment but I mean so well that he will stand anything from me.”—*John Lee Mahin.*

CHECKING UP

(Conversation over the telephone)

Young man in chauffeur’s uniform enters drug store and asks druggist to use telephone. Enters telephone booth, calls for number and the following conversation ensues:

Chauffeur: Is this Mrs. Blank?

Mrs. Blank: Yes.

Chauffeur: Do you need a chauffeur?

Mrs. Blank: No.

Chauffeur: You are sure you don’t need a good chauffeur?

Mrs. Blank: Yes.

Chauffeur: Have you a machine?

Mrs. Blank: Yes.

Chauffeur: Have you a good chauffeur?

Mrs. Blank: Yes.

Chauffeur: You are satisfied in every way?

Mrs. Blank: Yes.

Chauffeur: Well, I am sorry Mrs. Blank that you don't need a good chauffeur, but I will call you up again sometime.

(Rings off. Chauffeur comes out of telephone booth and druggist who overheard conversation says:)

Druggist: Boy, I heard you asking for a job.

Chauffeur: Yes.

Druggist: I can give you a job. I need a chauffeur and messenger around here.

Chauffeur: I don't want a job.

Druggist: You don't want a job? I just heard you asking for one.

Chauffeur: I know, Boss, I was asking for a job, but I don't want one.

Druggist: You are a chauffeur, aren't you? Isn't that the work you do?

Chauffeur: Yes, but I don't want a job, I have one.

Druggist: Who do you work for?

Chauffeur: I work for Mrs. Blank.

Druggist: Why did you call up Mrs. Blank and ask her for a job?

Chauffeur: Oh, I was only checking up on myself to see whether she was satisfied.

If more checking up was done by various individuals as they go through life, it is the writer's opinion a great many would have considerably more success than they now enjoy and incidentally employers would not have as much complaint to make.

—Harry E. Weil.

BUSINESS WAS BAD

An ichthyologist divided an aquarium into two sections by means of a sheet of plate glass. In one compartment he placed some nice shiny minnows and in the other a healthy black bass, of the vicious "small mouth" variety.

For three days that bass kept charging into the glass partition in an effort to get at the delectable minnows on the other

side. At the end of that time he desisted from further efforts and surrendered to pessimism, melancholia, and a sore head.

But the following day, the ichthyologist removed the glass partition, and the minnows swam all around the bass. But he paid no attention to them. He was thoroughly sold with the idea that business was bad.—*John T. Dorrance.*

WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING

A large red rooster, who was the commander of his flock, found a hole under his own fence one afternoon, and strayed off into the adjoining barn lot. The neighboring lot happened to be an ostrich farm and while strolling round he chanced upon an ostrich egg. He didn't know what it was, but he pecked at it and found it would roll. So he pecked again and again, and during the process rolled it down to the hole through which he had crawled, on through the hole and into his own barnyard. The hens gathered round to see what it was all about. Looking earnestly at his ladies the rooster said: "Girls, I haven't brought this here because I have any complaint to make, but in these days of competition I just wanted to show you what others are doing."—*Wm. J. Woolley.*

STATE YOUR BUSINESS

A dapper youth, making his first calls as a salesman, opened up his solicitation on a crusty sales manager in this fashion:

"Good morning, sir—I'm—er—I'm a little stiff from bowling."

"I don't give a —— where you're from, you little stiff; what's your proposition?" exploded the gruff sales manager.

MY CALF, POP'S COW

My father was a breeder of good horses, cattle and hogs. One day a valuable sow gave birth to thirteen pigs. The table was set for twelve and the thirteenth pig was out of luck. Instead of knocking it in the head to keep it from starving to death, my father gave it to me. I fed it from a bottle. It was soon able to drink from a pan, then from a trough, then it

was put out with the other hogs. Eventually it weighed about 350 lbs. Father took it to town with the other hogs, sold it, put the money in his pocket, came home and gave me another runt pig.

Right there was where I began to question whether or not there was any money in the live stock business. I decided I'd like to be a street car conductor because they got the money first. Of course, my father had no intention of being unfair to me, or of discouraging me. He was a generous man and spent much more than the price of the hog on me. He simply followed the custom of the time among farmers.—*T. W. Le Quatte.*

THE SIX BLIND HINDOOS

(A modern application of an old story is made by C. M. Ripley in introducing his lecture on corporation economics, entitled "A Bird's Eye View of a Big Corporation.")

Six blind hindoos were led up to the elephant and asked to tell what it was like. One of the blind hindoos caught hold of the elephant's trunk and he said: "An elephant is like a big snake."

Another blind hindoo got hold of the elephant's tusk and he said: "An elephant is like a spear."

Another blind hindoo got hold of the elephant's ear, and he said: "An elephant is like a fan."

Another blind hindoo got hold of the elephant's leg and he said: "An elephant is like a tree."

The next blind hindoo ran his hand over the big flat side and he said: "An elephant is like a wall."

And the last blind hindoo, who took hold of the elephant's tail, said: "It is plain to be seen that an elephant is like a whip."

Now each of the blind hindoos judged the whole of the elephant by the small part with which he came in contact; and each employee in a big corporation is likely to judge the whole of the corporation by the small part with which he comes in contact.

A MATTER OF LONG CREDIT

A business man making his last will and testament made provision for the distribution of his property, and turning to his lawyer said: "There is just one other request that I wish to make and that is I wish to name my pall bearers." Whereupon he proceeded to give the names of six men. "This," said the attorney, "is an odd request, and I am very much interested to know if these men are particular friends of yours?" The business man informed the attorney that they were not; in fact that some of them were not even friendly. "Why, then, do you name them as pall bearers?" The business man replied: "You see it's like this. These men are all wholesalers, and have been carrying me all of my life, and I want them to carry me to the end."—*Wm. J. Woolley.*

TRAVELER'S FABLE

One day a mule was being led by a bundle of hay, but the bundle of hay managed to keep so far away, that the mule couldn't get any hay, without jumping, and as the mule was a born kicker instead of a jumper, he lingered in a weary way, day after day behind that bundle of hay, until one day, he starved to death—kicking—and within jumping distance of a bundle of hay.

REFLECTION—There is many a man being led by a bundle of prosperity, but like the mule, born a kicker instead of a jumper, he lingers in a weary way behind a bundle of prosperity, until he, also, starves to death—kicking—and within jumping distance of a bundle of prosperity.

MORAL—There isn't a bundle of hay or prosperity in the linger district, but there is one at the far end of every jump. Then jump.—*Horatio Sawyer Earle.*

"SUE, BUT DON'T STARVE"

Once a butcher sued Webster, and after that discontinued sending meat to his house. "What do you mean by withholding my supplies?" complained the statesman, when he met the butcher one day. "Why, I sued you, and I supposed you

wouldn't want to trade with me any more," was the reply. "Well, you got your money at last, with full pay for all your trouble, didn't you?" demanded Webster. "Yes," replied the other. "Well, you will again," said Webster. "Sue me again, if I forget to pay you. Sue me all you want to; but, for heaven's sake, don't starve me!"

RECOGNIZED HIS TALENT

He spoke with the wisdom of the New England father who sent his son to New Orleans to speculate in cotton, and he was rapidly making a mess of it. Not hearing from him for some time, he telegraphed him to know how he was getting along. The son replied, "I'm about even on cotton, but I'm seven dollars and a half ahead on draw-poker!" The father, who was a business man, immediately telegraphed him, "Drop cotton and stick to poker."—*Horace Porter*.

ROTHSCHILD'S DODGE

Upon a money lender complaining to Baron Rothschild that he had lent ten thousand francs to a person who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt, the baron said: "Well, write to him and ask him to send you the fifty thousand francs he owes you." "But he only owes me ten," said the money lender. "Precisely," rejoined the baron, "and he will write you and tell you so, and thus you will get his acknowledgment of it."

FAIR EXCHANGE

I got to chatting with an acquaintance the other day, and asked him what he was doing. "Well," he replied, "just now I am doing nothing, but I have made arrangements to go into business." "Glad to hear it. What are you going into?" "Well, I am going into partnership with a man." "Do you put in much capital?" "No; I put in no capital." "Don't want to risk it, eh?" "No; but I put in the experience." "And he puts in the capital?" "Yes, that is it. We go into business for three years; he puts in the capital, I put in the experience. At the

end of three years I will have the capital and he will have the experience!"

CAT IN THE MEAL

There is a well-known story of the ruin of a London luncheon shop by a spiteful and envious rival. The latter hired a boy to enter the successful shop exactly at the time when it was most crowded, and to lay on the counter before the eyes of all the wondering and horrified guests a dead cat. "That makes nine, ma'am," said the brazen-faced urchin, as he deposited his burden and left the shop. What avail were protestations of innocence from the indignant president of the counter? The plot had been carefully laid, and it resulted, as was expected, in a stampede of the diners, to return no more.

THE BITER BIT

The story is told that in General Butler's early days a Yankee obtained his legal opinion how to recover the value of a ham which a neighbor's dog came along and ate. He was advised to prosecute and recover for damages. "But the dog was yourn," said the sharp Yankee. Butler opened his eyes a little, asked him what the ham was worth, was told five dollars, and then said: "Fortunately that is exactly the price of the legal advice I have just given you."

ENLARGED THE VACUUM

He hadn't a penny about him. His boots were old, his garments covered with three spatters of mud to every patch, and his stomach yearned for something to balance it. He was reading a piece of an old newspaper. By and by he threw away the paper and called out: "Bully for us—'rah for the great American nation!" "Phat's the matther?" asked a coal-shoveler near by. "Why, we are sending boots and shoes to Brazil, wheat and beef to England, wool and oysters to France, plows and hoes and axes to South America, and I'm blessed if we ain't scooping in trade from about every country on the globe! 'Rah for us!" "It's all very foine," replied the shoveler, as he resumed work, "but phat did yees hev for breakfast? and phat

a pictur of poverty yees are wid them ould clothes an!" "That's so," slowly remarked the vagrant, as he surveyed himself and caught another twinge from his empty stomach. "I'm one of this nation and I love my country; but we might be sending hitching posts to Madagascar and cobblestones to Dahomey, and it wouldn't bring me a square meal. I'm sorry I hollered —I believe it increased my appetite."

FIRE LOW

An individual went into a Jew's store to buy a suit of clothes; when he got the coat and vest on he pointed to the shelf and said: "That pair of trousers will suit me"; and as the Jew climbed up the shelves the individual ran out with the coat and vest that he had on. The Jew turned around and saw that the man had gone, and he quickly jumped down and ran out and cried, "Police! Stop thief!" as loud as he could. A policeman told the thief to stop, but the thief kept on running. The policeman pulled out his pistol and just as he was about to shoot, the Jew called to him, "Look out where you shoot; shoot him in the pants, for the coat and vest are mine."

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS

In a New York street one day a wagon laden with lamp-globes had come into collision with another vehicle, and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver, who looked ruefully at the shattered fragments which strewed the ground. An elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect eyed the chopfallen driver for a moment compassionately, and then said, "My poor man, I suppose you will have to make good the loss out of your own pocket?" "Ah, that I shall, sir," returned the driver, with melancholy emphasis. "Well," said the generous philanthropist, "hold out your hat—here's a quarter for you; and I dare say some of these other people will give you a helping hand too." The driver held out his hat, several persons dropped coins into it, and others gave coppers, as tokens of sympathy. At last, when the contributions had ceased, the driver emptied the contents of the hat into his pocket, and, pointing to the retreating figure of the

philanthropist who had started the collection, said slowly, "Ain't he a cute feller? that's my boss!"

THE CHAMPION GET-YOUR-MONEY'S-WORTH ARTIST

Several years ago, before the advent of the Volstead Act, it was customary for the general merchant in the small towns of Texas to have a bar in connection with his store. It was, and is, in many sections the custom, whenever a customer pays up, to "set 'em up" to him. Payment, too, was often made, not in money, but in the produce of farm and ranch.

In one of these little towns, a place called Lawndale, the general merchant was named Henry Jenkins, and one of his customers was called Sonny Harper.

One day in the winter when eggs were scarce and high in price, Sonny dropped into the store with one egg in his hand, "Say, Hen, have ye got any knittin' needles?"

"Sure, Sonny, how many do you want?"

"Just one."

Henry wrapped it up and handed it to Sonny. Sonny handed him the egg and the trade was completed.

Then Sonny said, "Say, Hen, it's customary for you to set 'em up when a feller pays up, which I've done. So come acrost now and give up somethin' to drink."

Henry, not to be outdone, said, "All right, what will you have?"

"An eggnog."

This staggered Henry for a minute, but being a good sport, he agreed and to fix the drink, broke the egg he had received in payment for the knitting needle. The egg happened to have two yolks in it.

And, do you know, they fell out over the matter because Sonny tried to make Henry give him another knitting needle.

—*G. N. Ackerman.*

CAN'T BE MADE TO LIKE WORK

George B., an old and faithful superintendent of agencies for a well-known insurance company, was formerly employed in the

same capacity in England, where methods were very different, particularly in the olden days. One of his agents was a Yorkshire man—a typical specimen of the shabby-genteel class, with ancient frock coat, frayed silk hat and a cane. He was handicapped by the loss of one eye; to accentuate this defect, he was always escorted by a small dog, who also had but one eye. George was taking this man to task for lack of results one day, emphasizing the need of his developing some ambition in order to make progress. The old man finally got up to his feet, cocked his single eye at the superintendent, and before departing with the dog, said in broad Yorkshire accent—"Jarge B., thee can make me work, but thee can't make me like it."—*E. J. MacIver.*

HONESTY AS A BUSINESS POLICY

The manager of a small business, whom we will call Mr. Smith, called in a salesman representing a well-known manufacturer of motor trucks and asked him when he could make delivery of three trucks of a certain size.

The salesman, whom we will call Mr. Brown, replied:

"Mr. Smith, we will be very glad to take your order for three of our trucks of the size you specify. We can have these trucks ready for service in five days if necessary. But I would like to ask a favor of you."

"What is the favor?" asked Mr. Smith.

"At our office," the salesman replied, "we have a man who specializes in the analysis of haulage problems. I want you to let us send this man over to study your problem."

Mr. Smith agreed to the proposition and several days later Mr. Brown, the salesman, called at his office a second time.

"Mr. Smith," said the salesman, "we have made a careful study of your haulage problem and we find as a result that you would lose money by installing motor trucks. For the type of hauling which you do horse-drawn equipment undoubtedly is the most efficient and economical transportation." Mr. Brown then spread out upon Mr. Smith's desk certain figures and computations in support of his statements.

"Well, I never . . !" said Mr. Smith. "I place with you a

perfectly good order for three motor trucks and here you come and tell me not to buy! That's the funniest way of doing business I ever heard of."

"Not so funny as you might think," replied Mr. Brown. "Do you suppose you would waste any love—or future business—on us if you discovered, after purchasing our trucks, that the cost of operating them wiped out your profits?"

"I don't suppose I would," said Mr. Smith. "Young man, I have just been glancing through your figures here and I think you have convinced me that for my particular type of haul Old Dobbin is our best bet. It don't seem fair to leave you out this way, but I am going to take your advice and forget about motor trucks. Much obliged."

Mr. Smith did forget about motor trucks until a year later when he was made general manager of a large trucking concern in the same city, just on the point of largely extending its business. Shortly after entering upon his new duties he reached for his telephone and called up a certain motor truck sales agency.

"I want to speak to Mr. Brown," said Mr. Smith. "That you, Brown? Just called you up to order six of your largest trucks for the — Contracting Corporation."

"What? Send up your engineer?" Mr. Smith chuckled. "You can if you like but this firm's been making fat profits out of motor trucks for the past ten years, so your engineer will be out of luck if he starts talking about using horses."—*Dorsey W. Hyde, Jr.*

WOULD RATHER MAKE IT HIMSELF

Barney Bernard, the Hebrew comedian, says a friend of his, named Cohen—when Barney tells a story his friend is always named Cohen—dreamed that a coreligionist died and went to Heaven, arriving at the Pearly Gates simultaneously with a person of color.

As Saint Peter swung the portals ajar the black man scrooged in.

"My son," said the good Saint, "you are about to receive your reward for your good deeds done in the flesh. In addition

to welcoming you into Paradise I have the power of bestowing upon you one great gift. What is your dearest wish? Speak and it is yours."

The newly-arrived rolled his eyes in earnest thought.

"Well, suh," he said at length, "ef 'taint too much trouble I believes I'd lak to have a millyun dollahs."

Instantly the fortune was in his arms. As he stood there dumfounded by his good luck, tongue-tied with astonishment, and pop-eyed with joy unutterable, Cohen's compatriot slipped gently into the Celestial precincts. To him Saint Peter turned.

"My son," he said, "what is your wish?"

"Not very much, Mister Saint Peter," said the latest comer. "All I want is fifty dollars' worth of phony jewelry and halluf an hour alone with that colored gentleman."—*C. W. Means.*

DEALING ON FUTURES

A little boy who had two cents in his pocket went into a neighboring farmer's cucumber patch one day, and as he was especially fond of cucumbers, picked out the largest one in the patch and told the farmer he wanted to buy it.

The farmer told him that large cucumber was worth five cents. "But I only have two pennies," said the boy.

"You can have that one over there for two cents," the farmer told him, pointing to a little young cucumber.

The boy thought for a minute, then laid the two pennies in the farmer's hand and said, "All right, I'll buy it and be back after it in a week."—*C. W. Means.*

SCOTCH

THRIFT

Thrift is always commendable especially in the young, but it is doubtful whether the following expediency of a canny Scot is to be generally recommended to all fathers. One Scotchman was telling his friend about his young son :

“I gie the wee laddie a shillin’ a week for pocket money.”

“Mon, that’s a lot for him,” replied his companion.

“Aye, but I make him put it in the gas meter—he thinks it’s a money box.”

WHO IS THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE?

The weaknesses of the Scotch are so mixed up with their virtues that they are always willing to stand a good-natured jibe at their expense.

The report has come over the wires that Sir Harry Lauder has recently made his will, leaving forty thousand pounds to the widow of the Unknown Soldier.—*William H. Crocker.*

WORTHY OF THE DISTINCTION

A Scot was maintaining that all great English writers belonged north of the Tweed.

“There’s Burns, and Carlyle, and Macaulay, and—”

“But,” expostulated an Englishman, “there’s Shakespeare; he wasn’t Scotch.”

“O aye, Shakespeare, weel na, he wasna exactly a Scot, but he had pairts that entitle him to the distinction.”—*George C. Stewart.*

IT’S THE LAST EFFORT COUNTS

Two Scotchmen, much interested in football, learning that an international game was to be played between England and Scotland, decided that they would see the contest. Accordingly,

they started out to walk the 300 miles, the distance between their home and the field. They arrived at the field on time,—but were too tired to climb the fence.—*Frederick J. Haynes.*

STRATEGY

Three Scotchmen went to church, each tightly clutching the penny he intended to contribute when the plate was passed. Consternation reigned when the minister announced that on this particular Sunday an effort was to be made to raise the mortgage and asked every member of the congregation to make a substantial offering.

During the prayer the Scots held a whispered consultation and reached a satisfactory decision.

One fainted and the other two carried him out.—*J. H. Sinclair.*

MUST BE NO DISTURBANCE

A deaf old lady entered a small country church in Scotland, and quietly put up her ear-trumpet so that she might catch "the droppings of the sanctuary."

The usher was all suspicion, and he crept up on her from behind and whispered menacingly to her, "One toot an' ye're oot!"—*Wm. Byron Forbush.*

TOO MANY OF HIM

The old Scotch pastor was making afternoon calls accompanied by his young assistant. At every house they had had something hot to drink, as the day was cold. After the seventh house the old Doctor began to distrust himself a little and as they came out he said to his assistant, "Sandy, you let me walk ahead a bit, and see if I am walking straight."

The old man went on ahead and Sandy, after a moment's silence exclaimed, "You're walking perfectly straight, Doctor, but who is that walking beside you?"—*Rev. Frederick Lynch.*



SPEECH MAKING

A DULL SPEECH

It is not true that the late Duke of Devonshire actually fell asleep while addressing the House of Lords. But he did yawn, quite frankly, in the midst of one of his own speeches. To a lady who was pressing him to explain how he came to do such a thing he replied, "Madam, you have no idea what a dull speech that was."

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS

For appropriateness, grace and beauty the story told of Ambassador Choate's first speech at a banquet in the Guild Hall in London stands out among great stories.

At this banquet the Guild Hall was crowded. At the table sat the best blood and the most distinguished men in England. In the gallery surrounding the Guild Hall sat the fashion and beauty of England's women.

As Ambassador Choate's reputation as a speaker and wit had preceded him, everybody was naturally on tiptoe to hear his opening remarks. Ambassador Choate rose slowly, bowed to the chairman and the gentlemen at the table and then raised his eyes, sweeping the gallery crowded with women. "Never before"—commenced the Ambassador—"have I fully realized the truth of the Scripture where it states—'God created man just a little lower than the angels!'"

The effect was instantaneous. The applause was deafening. With that first sentence Choate won his place in the hearts of the British, which he held ever afterward.—*Saunders Norvell.*

KILLED BY ELOCUTION

One morning, after passing over the Bridge of Sighs in the city prison and approaching one of the prisoners' pens, I overheard this conversation:

"I tell you, Jim, the evidence as submitted to the jury will certainly hang him."

"Hang him? Why they don't hang men in this state."

"Well, what do they do with them?"

"Why, they kill 'em by elocution."—*Donald H. Knott.*

WHAT'S TIME TO A HOG?

We had a man in New York who has lately passed away and who was just as popular as Martin W. Littleton and just as capable. They were among the best after-dinner speakers in New York. You have probably heard of Job Hedges; if you haven't heard him, you have heard of him. They were both invited to speak at the same banquet, and Job Hedges spoke first. After talking about an hour Job said, "I have finished my speech; now I am going to make Martin Littleton's speech," and he started all over again and spoke for at least an hour more. All the time Martin sat there chafing at the bit. Finally Job said, "Well, now I have concluded Littleton's speech"; and sat down. Then the presiding officer introduced Martin Littleton.

Martin said, "My time has been taken up, and I know you are too weary, after having listened to Job, to want another speech; I will ask you to tarry while I tell you of an episode in my father's life.

"I was born in the mountain district of Tennessee, and, among other things that my father did down there, was to raise hogs. One day my father was out in front of the house, feeding whole raw carrots to the hogs; a neighbor passed and said, 'Mr. Littleton, that's no way to feed carrots to the hogs.' He said, 'Why, Mr. Littleton, you boil them, and you slice them, and then they digest them much more quickly.' And my father said, 'What's time to a hog?'"—*Max D. Steuer (Modern Eloquence, VIII).*

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT

At an evening function, a gentleman was unexpectedly called upon to make a speech. Obviously embarrassed, he arose and opened his remarks as follows: "It is indeed kind of the chair-

man to have done me the honor of calling upon me to make an address on this occasion. I must confess, however, that I am totally unprepared and I am reminded of a striking verse in the book of Jonah. You all remember the story and no doubt you remember Jonah's expostulation to the fish. To you, Mr. Chairman, I would quote Jonah's closing words to the fish,—"I wouldn't have been in this hole if you had kept your mouth shut."—*Rabbi D. de Sola Pool.*

A FELICITOUS TOASTMASTER

I am reminded of something the Hon. John Temple Graves told as happening to him in England when he was to be the first speaker. The toastmaster turned with extreme infelicity to the honorable gentleman on his right and said, "Mr. Graves, shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer, or shall we let them have your speech?"—*Ernest M. Stires (Modern Eloquence, III).*

THE LONGER HE TALKED, THE MORE TIME HE LOST

The experiences of a member of Congress, newly elected to office, are extremely varied and often highly amusing.

No sooner had I taken a seat as a member of the 62d Congress, than I was prevailed upon by a distinguished committee of gentlemen to provide a postprandial speaker for a dinner of one of the oldest Washington charitable organizations, who could provoke discussion upon a topic that would be absolutely novel to the assembled diners.

It so happened that within my acquaintance there was one of the venerable paymasters of the United States Navy, who had witnessed the conflict between the northern frigate *Cumberland* and the iron-clad *Merrimac* of the Confederate forces, which latter vessel had become the terror of Southern waters.

It was the contention of my naval friend that despite the record impressed upon the pages of history, the subsequent conflict between the famous *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, of which my excellent friend had been an eye-witness, instead of being a victory for the famous Ericson craft, was in reality, a

drawn engagement, and that neither vessel was in a position to continue the offensive when hostilities ceased.

My friend had told this story in such marvelous detail, after an interval of over fifty years, that I immediately suggested his name as a speaker for the members of the dining organization.

At about 12:30 A.M. one morning while engaged in my office in the House Office Building with an enormous routine of Congressional matters, and with a force of several stenographers at work, I received a telephone message from the chairman of the dining committee, who advised that the venerable paymaster had begun his story of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* engagement at 10:45 P.M., that it was then 12:30 P.M., and the venerable naval official was then upon the bridge of an American frigate, it was 1857, off the coast of Peru, and vigorously engaging a British slave ship.

The chairman stated that the dining room was becoming exceedingly cold, and that in line with the old paymaster's address, it was four years before Fort Sumter was to be fired upon.

I endeavored to adjudicate the difficulty by suggesting that the venerable paymaster finish his story of the naval bombardment of the British slave ship by the American frigate, and that the engagement between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* should be a supplementary address, to be delivered at the next meeting of the dining organization. My amendment to the evening's program of the diners was enthusiastically approved and carried by a tumultuous vote. However, before the next dinner of the organization was held, the venerable paymaster had been gathered to his fathers.

I believe that this is one of the unmatched incidents of after-dinner speaking in America, that a man in his 90th year, and chosen to address a distinguished company of Washington diners, upon one of the greatest naval battles of all times, should present a preface to his address requiring an hour and three quarters and still remain some seven years away from the date of the battle.—*James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston.*

THREE IN A ROW

A rather absent-minded after-dinner speaker was called upon

to make a patriotic speech. He prepared carefully; and as it was during the period of the Versailles Peace Conference, he felt it was due to President Wilson to be linked with other great figures of American history in his climax.

However, as his memory was tricky, he put in his inner coat pocket a sheet containing the three great names—Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson.

His climax as usual sent the blood careening to his head as he intoned his tribute with a growing crescendo, at the end of which he was to link the three names.

"Three men," he orated in tensely emotional tones, "have come to America in each of three great crises in her career; three men who were American to the core; three men who have built the nation's fame and been the guardian of the nation's prestige; three men close to the heart of us all; three men whom even the other nations of the earth have respected and revered; three men whose names will ring immortally down the halls of fame—" Here, his memory for the names failing him, as usual, he hastily drew open his coat, looked down at the pocket and then continued—"their names I now solemnly mention—*Hart, Schaffner & Marx!*"—J. George Frederick.

LET HER GO

A cruel friend of former Senator Blackburn of Kentucky tells this campaign story at his expense: Years ago, when he was first running for Congress, Mr. Blackburn was present one day at a hanging. After the sheriff had adjusted the rope, he looked at his watch and found that he was some minutes ahead of time. He turned to the prisoner and said: "You have still ten minutes left to live; perhaps you would like to say something to the crowd." But the prisoner was sullen and said that he would most decidedly not like to say anything. Whereupon Joe Blackburn jumped up and said: "If the gentleman does not want his time and will kindly yield it to me, I should like to present myself as a candidate for your suffrages. If elected to Congress, I—" But this was too much for the prisoner. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, "I'm to be hung but not tortured, and I won't insist on a few minutes more life when the alternative is to listen to one of Joe Blackburn's speeches. Let her go, Mr.

Sheriff." The sheriff obligingly "let her go," and the prisoner was launched into eternity.

IN STATU QUO

It was at a banquet held by the Billy Sunday Club of Atlanta, an organization of business men banded together for the purpose of personal work and evangelism, where the honor guest and chief speaker of the evening was Mr. Fred Sullens, editor of the Jackson *Daily News* of Jackson, Miss., who during a recent evangelistic service conducted by Gipsey Smith, Jr., had been thoroughly converted and had dedicated his paper as well as himself to the advocacy of religion. On this occasion, he had been invited to Atlanta to tell the story of his conversion, and a very representative group had gathered to hear him.

The toastmaster noticing that there were some other newspaper men present, called most unexpectedly on one of them to give his testimony. The gentleman was evidently taken absolutely by surprise but rising to the occasion, he illustrated his feelings by the following anecdote:

"In one of the frontier cities of the West at the time when law and order was enforced by whatever group of volunteers might care to take the trouble to do it, a certain bad man became so troublesome that a vigilance committee finally decided to rid the country of the pest.

"This they did effectively by first hanging him to a limb and then shooting him full of holes. Finally having taken him down, they left a paper pinned to him on which they had written this inscription: 'In statu quo.'

"Hearing that there was a corpse out in the country, the sheriff went out to investigate and found his man with the aforesaid inscription pinned to his chest. In great perplexity, he asked his deputy what the paper meant, and the deputy was no better able to decipher it than was the sheriff, so the two of them went to town to a man who had the reputation of having some 'larning,' and asked him to tell them what it meant. After reading it several times, he said, 'I don't believe I can exactly explain to you the reading but as nigh as I can come to it, it means, this here fellow was in a mighty bad fix.'"

In conclusion, the reporter stated, "About all I can say about my own experience is that I find myself 'In statu quo.'"—*Rev. R. O. Flinn.*

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

In New York, we have a very popular after-dinner speaker in the person of the Reverend Doctor Stires. He was delivering a speech at a banquet one night. At the outset, he said to the assembled guests that before opening upon his text, he wished to offer a toast. Raising his glass toward the balcony where the ladies were to be found, he made a grand sweep and said: "To the ladies. To the ladies. To the ladies. The best part of my life I spent in the arms of another man's wife—my mother."

There was an Englishman on the platform who was to be the guest at a banquet a week hence. About ten minutes later, the sentiment which Dr. Stires had uttered reached him and he applauded. Then he whispered to a his neighbor: "Next week I am going to be a guest at a banquet. That is a great toast the doctor has given, and I will repeat it in his very words when I am called upon to speak." His banquet, in good time, came on, and he had been praised by the speakers and was finally introduced to his audience. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, before I take up the text of my address, I wish to offer a toast that I heard in New York about a week ago," and raising his glass in imitation of Dr. Stires, he made a sweep toward the balcony and said: "To the ladies. To the ladies. To the ladies. The best part of my life I spent in the arms of another man's wife—(hesitation). By Jove! I forget her name!"—*Max D. Steuer (Modern Eloquence, VIII).*

SWEARING OFF

That was my first plunge into the great American athletic sport of after-dinner speaking. Since that time I have lived through a perilous life, and now I have sworn off. I swore off about three years ago, but the way I swore off was like the way

the Connecticut deacon swore off eating clams. He ate too many one day, and it made him feel very uncomfortable and pious, and he thought that he would have recourse to prayer, and he said, "Oh Lord, heal thy servant of this grievous illness, and I faithfully promise thee that he will never eat any more clams—very few, if any. Amen."—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

THE BLESSING OF REST

Your hearty greeting tempts me to compliment you as a Hibernian complimented his friend, when he said: "May you live to eat the chicken that scratches the top of your grave." When I rise to speak I remember that the most natural thing in the world for an American to do is to make a speech. When the genuine American is born and gets fairly on his feet, the first thing he does is to say "Fellow citizens," and after he has got through with the world and is about to leave, he says, "One word more." But silence sometimes is more agreeable than speech, as when the man said to the bird trainer: "I gave you fifty dollars to teach my wife's parrot how to talk. How much will you charge to teach the confounded bird to shut up?" And then there are times when silence is more restful than speech, as when the lady asked the physician for some medicine and he said, "Madam, all you need is rest." "Oh," she says, "just look at my tongue." "Ah," says he, "that needs rest, too." But who could keep silence when there is such a toast as this presented, and I am asked to tell why I like the Dutch?—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

HE WAS NOT LOST

Being launched into a theme as vast as this, one feels that he may be in danger as the wandering Indian was on the prairie, who, when asked if he was lost, said, "No; Indian no lost; tepee lost."—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

THE ADVANTAGE OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING

If the sermons of preachers are not as effective as formerly that is easily accounted for by the fact that they have fallen into a habit of writing their sermons. "New England ministers,"

said an old Methodist minister of my acquaintance, "have lost all their power since they fell into this habit." Said he, "The devil, knowing what a minister who writes his sermon is going to say, has the whole week in which to thwart and counteract its good effect on his hearers, but the Methodist minister steps into the pulpit trusting to the inspiration of the moment, and the devil himself don't know what he is going to say until after he has said it."—*Henry C. Caldwell (Modern Eloquence, I).*

NOT BIGOTED

Another reason why we come to this dinner, when we get an invitation, is best stated in the story of a temperance lecturer who was caught by a disciple, after he retired, taking a hot whisky punch. Said his shocked follower, "I thought you were a total abstainer." "So I am," said the lecturer, "but not a bigoted one."—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

NOT ASHAMED OF IT

Those forefathers of ours are very much alive. An Irishman, going through a graveyard, paused before a tombstone, and reading the inscription, "I am not dead but living," sententiously said, as he turned away, "Begorra, if oi was dead, oi wouldn't be ashamed to own it." No man need feel called upon to apologize for the Pilgrims as not dead to-night.—*Henry A. Stimson.*

SPREADING HERSELF

I don't suppose it was intended that I should entirely compass this toast to-night in all its magnitude. I have been generous enough to suppose that it was only given to me in the spirit of that small boy in the country who came in and told his mother that he had set the old brindle hen on two dozen eggs. "Why," she said, "you don't expect her to hatch two dozen, do you?" He said: "No; but I just wanted to see the darned old thing spread herself."—*Horace Porter.*

DISAPPOINTMENT

As I listened to the description indulged in by the president

of the orators who preceded those of this evening, and heard indicated to you so distinctly what is expected of us, I was reminded, with respect to myself, of the old lady who, throughout a long life, hoped that some day she might see a hippopotamus. At last a traveling circus, with one of these animals as a curiosity, passed through the village in which she resided, and she went to the show and soon found herself face to face with the animal of her hopes and dreams. After looking him in the face for a moment she threw up her hands and exclaimed, "My, ain't he plain!"—*Seth Low*.

A JOLT

Once while in the lobby of a hotel I stepped to the cigar stand to purchase a paper. As I was doing so the young woman at the stand enthusiastically said: "I am going to the Chautauqua this afternoon and hear Professor Sanford lecture." I then told her that I was Mr. Sanford. After looking me over, she slowly said, "Well, I believe I'll go just the same."—*Chester M. Sanford*.

THE POWER OF SPEECH

In southern Alabama an old, wrinkled and weather-beaten darky was shuffling along a dusty lane with a knapsack across his shoulder, and in earnest conversation with himself.

"Look here, Uncle Henry," inquired the young foreman of the cotton field, "why do you always talk to yourself?"

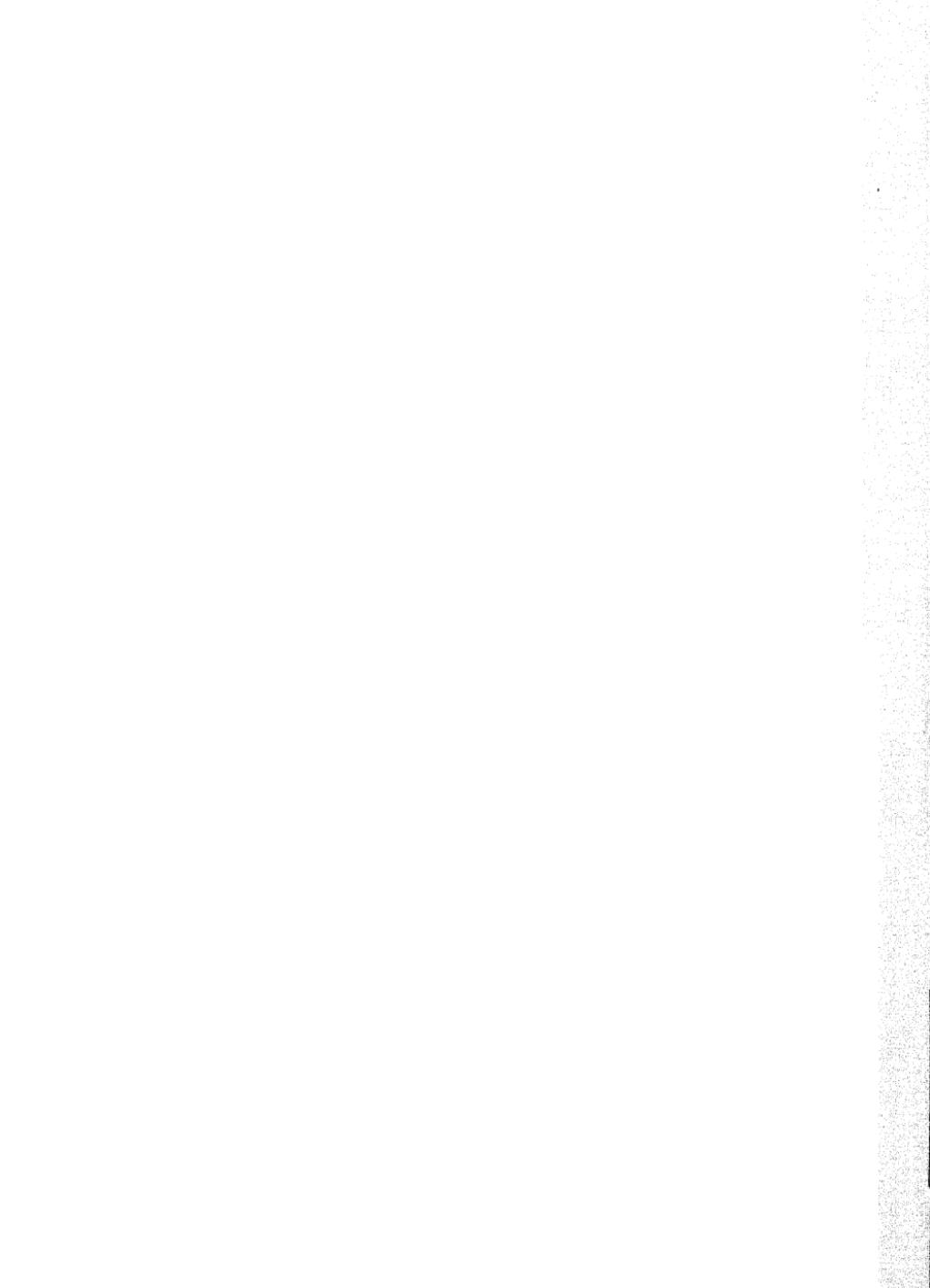
The old darky gradually slackened his pace, carefully deposited the sack on the ground, and with a deliberation known only to his kind, slowly scratched his white head with the tip of his forefinger. Having satisfied himself that he had the undivided attention of his questioner, Uncle Henry remarked, "Ah, does it fo' two reasons, boss. Fust, Ah laks to talk to a sma't man, and next, Ah laks to heah a sma't man talk."—*Edward Amherst Ott*.

BREVITY IN ANECDOTES

The American audience appreciates most of all the story that

is *brief*. Nothing in my experience so well serves to illustrate a point and to make a slight break in the tension, as the story that can be put in half a dozen words.

As an example, perhaps the following will serve: in discussing the low average intelligence of the common people I throw in this thought: "You would be amazed if you knew how many people don't even know that the epistles were *not* the wives of the apostles." I find that humorous relief does not check the flow of thought, but does serve to revive and reconcentrate upon a technical discourse the flagging attention of an audience.—*Charles Henry Mackintosh.*



OPTIMISTS AND PESSIMISTS

OPTIMISTS AND PESSIMISTS

The following collection was made by Alba B. Johnson, president of the Railway Business Association, and formed part of an address delivered before the Association Feb. 1, 1922.

A pessimist in Kansas declared he expected that Kansas would have good roads about the time everybody else was traveling in aeroplanes.—*John Haynes Holmes*.

A pessimist is a man who having the choice of two evils takes both.—*George F. Parker*.

The pessimist is one who has to live with an optimist. (This definition is given by nearly half the contributors.)

Daniel, upon finding himself in the lions' den, observed, "At least, there will be no after-dinner speaking."

An optimist was falling from the top of the Woolworth Building. As he passed the 20th story, a man looked out and asked him how he was. He replied, "All right so far."

Common sense repudiates both optimism and pessimism.—*Owen Wister*.

An optimist is the man who waxes keen over the pleasure he experiences in taking his quinine raw.—*G. A. O'Reilly*.

A farmer had an invalid wife who was constantly bemoaning her enfeebled condition. One morning when a neighbor asked him about her he sighed and said: "Well, I dunno—I hope Marthy gets well soon, or something!"—*Otis Skinner*.

An optimist is one who still carries a corkscrew.—*Mark Sullivan*.

An optimist is a man who attends to your eyes. A pessimist is one who fixes your feet.

A negro soldier standing on the parapet in full sight of the enemy called for them to come on and have a real war. Promptly a mortar missile exploded over his head and covered him with mud and dirt. When the negro came to he said, "They is one thing about dese Germans; they suttinly does give service."—*William C. Redfield*.

Old lady: "Awful weather, sir."

Old gentlemen: "Awful weather is better than no weather."
—*Hamilton Holt*.

"Diogenes was looking for a man," says *Life*. "What luck?" asked the wayfarer. "Oh, pretty fair," replied Diogenes. "I still have my lantern."

A pessimist is a man who refused to hang up his Christmas stocking because he was afraid Santa Claus would run off with it.

An optimist is a person who is treed by a bear and enjoys the view.

There are a great many self-styled optimists who are unaware of the fact that they are merely ignorant or lucky. One optimist went on a picnic with us and in the enthusiasm of the moment forgot past history and partook freely of a mayonnaise. He heard two hours of the choicest picnic jokes without a smile. Since that day, whenever I have been overearnestly solicited to change my faith and live the cheerful life I have said to the optimistic tempter: "Are you really sure that you are an optimist? Have you ever really and truly tested your optimism? Have you ever tried a mayonnaise on it?"—*Henry Holt*.

The village optimist met a friend who exclaimed, "You know how insanely jealous Dr. Smith is of his pretty wife. Well, he returned last night, found Tom Jones calling, killed Jones and Mrs. Smith and blew his own brains out." "Well," said the optimist, "it might have been worse." "Worse!" said his friend. "What could be worse than a double murder and a suicide?" "Why," said the optimist, "if Dr. Smith had returned night before last he'd found me calling on his wife, and that would have been a darned sight worse."—*David R. Forgan*.

I have put your appeal into my column to-day, so very likely you will hear from some of my clients. (I did.)

You remember the self-made merchant's remark: "Employ optimists to get your business, but pessimists to figure your accounts."

Our situation at the moment is just the opposite of King Canute's—we are sitting watching the bare beach with all the periwinkle shells and the unsightly ribs of wreckage and empty shells of dead crabs, and uttering an anvil chorus in the hope of persuading the deep again to come up to the weedy fore-shore.—*Christopher Morley*.

A Quaker bought goods of a Jew, sold them to a Scotchman and made money. This shows that anything is possible.—*Don C. Seitz*.

A negro about to be hanged when asked if he had any last words to say replied: "No, I reckon not—except I want to tell you-all this sure is going to be a lesson to me."—*Louis Wiley*.

From *Punch*:

Optimist: Cheer up, old man. Things aren't as bad as they seem.

Pessimist: No, but they seem so.

From *Life*, Dec. 8, 1921:

Optimist: I believe the time will come when there will be no more jokes about optimist and pessimist.

Pessimist: If it does, we shall not be there to enjoy the relief.

The optimist just now is the fellow who thinks things are just as bad as they can get. The pessimist is the fellow who hopes they can be worse.—*Hamlin Garland*.

An optimist is a man who believes he can think up any new definitions of an optimist and a pessimist.—*C. B. W. Gray*.

The optimist is a man who sees a light that is not there, while the pessimist is the damn fool who is trying to blow it out.

The modern pessimist is a man who draws no consolation from a well-stocked wine-cellar because he has an invincible belief that the corks are leaking. An optimist is one who, possessing nothing but a corkscrew, can reconstruct in contemplation of it a cellar that would strain the imagination of a George Saintsbury. Pessimists are usually railroad stockholders. Optimists are gentlemen who were forced to take stock in the Ford enterprises in return for personal services which that original inventor was unable to pay for. Pessimists believe that the Detroit jitney owner wants to reduce Muscle Shoals to a Ford. Optimists believe he will hitch it to a star and run the world on two cylinders.

Yesterday the man next me bought a bottle of hair restorer from the baldest barber I have ever seen, and the *New York Times* records in its labor notes the monthly meeting of the Bar Tenders' Union in Jersey City. "If these things are done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry?"—*James A. Emery*.

"Twixt the optimist and the pessimist
The difference is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut
While the pessimist sees the hole.

Pessimist—one who wears both belt and suspenders.

Not the man who always smiles is the optimist, but the man who can always turn frowns and tears into smiles.

The optimist is a person who pursues joy; the pessimist one who pursues truth.

Active optimism makes peppimism. A peppimist is one who if he goes to the front door and cannot get in tries the back door. If that fails—the window or the chimney—but he gets there. A pessimist becomes a peppimist by lengthening the s's into peace and plenty.—*Winifred Sackville Stoner*.

I have just been to my doctor. You know I have been worried about my heart. I am much encouraged. He says it will last as long as I live.—*Ida M. Tarbell*.

Two men looked out from prison bars.
One saw mud—the other saw stars.

A mother sent her two little girls to play in a beautiful garden. Soon one child ran back, crying. "Oh! Mother, Mother," she moaned, "all the roses have thorns." By and by the other child came dancing in radiant. "Oh Mother, Mother!" she cried, "all the thorns have beautiful roses."—*Maud Ballington Booth.*

MISCELLANEOUS

ONE MAN'S TROUBLES

The Potter *Enterprise* of Potter County, Pa., prints the following communication from a well-known resident of that locality, which was handed to a commissioner of that county.

For the following reasons I am unable to send check asked for:

I have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, walked on, sat on, flattened out and squeezed. First by the United States government for federal war tax, excess profits tax, Liberty Loan bonds, thrift stamps, War Savings stamps; for state, county and city taxes, for capital stock tax, merchants' license and auto tax, and by every organization that inventive mind can invent to extract that which I may or may not possess.

From the Society of John the Baptist, Navy League, the G.A.R., Women's Relief, Red Cross, Black Cross and Double Cross, the Children's Home, Dorcas Society, Jewish Relief, American Relief, Belgian Relief and every hospital in the county.

The government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and reexamined, informed, reinquired and commanded, so I don't know who I am, where I am or why I am here.

All I know is, I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I will not sell, I have to go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away. I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to and lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly ruined, and the only reason that I am clinging to life is to see what in H—L is coming next.

HE KNEW THE RULES

A golfer approached the tee to drive off and observed another golfer addressing his ball which was lying at one side of the tee.

Said golfer No. 1: "Pardon me, sir, although I may be a stranger to you I want you to know that I am a member of the Greens Committee and it is against the rules to drive off from that spot. The proper place is here between the markers."

Said golfer No. 2: "Pardon me; while I may also seem to be a stranger, I want you to know that I, too, am a member of this club and I am now getting ready to take my second shot from the tee."—*Pendleton Dudley*.

AN UNUSUAL ACCIDENT

I saw a most peculiar accident. A man ran over himself. This man drove his automobile to a drug store, stopped the car, got out and went into the drug store. He asked the clerk for a pack of cigarettes. The clerk told him he sold only drugs and if he wanted cigarettes he would have to go across the street to the cigar store. The man asked the clerk if he would be kind enough to run over and get them. The clerk said he couldn't very well leave the store and run over so "the man ran over himself."—*Ed. Wynn*.

MUSIC HATH POWER

Young people seated in the parlor. They had the jazz orchestra habit. The cook in the kitchen dropped a pan full of dishes with a terrible crash. "Shall we dance?" asked the young man, politely.

NEVER BEEN TRIED SINCE

She: "Why are you looking so thoughtful, my dear?"

He: "I was wondering how Jonah got away with it when his wife asked him where he had been away from home all that time, and he told her a whale had swallowed him."—*John N. Tillman, M.C.*

DIDN'T THINK HE LIKED IT

A number of years ago while I was campaigning in northern California, I went through Trinity County in the first automobile that was ever in that part of the state. I met an old

pioneer on horseback leading two pack horses. The animals became frightened at the automobile. I stopped the machine and the old man, after quieting his horses, rode up close to the automobile and said, "That there thing is an automobile, ain't it?" I replied that it was and he then said, "It's the first time me and my horses ever seen one and I don't think we like 'em." To-day there are splendid automobile roads through Trinity County and our old pioneer now drives his own Ford over those roads.—*C. F. Curry, M.C.*

THE WAY OF A BORE

"Come round and dine with me Monday."

"Sorry, I can't. I have an engagement Monday."

"Well, make it Tuesday."

"I'm going out of town Tuesday."

"How about Wednesday?"

"Oh, damn it, I'll come Monday."

AS FAR AS HE WENT

A gentleman slipped on the top stair of the subway and started express for the bottom. Halfway down he collided with a lady, knocked her off her feet and the two continued the journey. After they reached the bottom the lady, still dazed, continued to sit on the gentleman's chest. Looking up at her politely he said:

"Madam, this is as far as I go."

IMAGINARY WEALTH

Two tramps, dirty and ragged, were trudging along a dusty road. One of them kicked up a bottle. He uncorked it and found it filled with a white powder. It was cocaine, but he was not familiar with it. He took a whiff, and passed it to his curious pal who likewise inhaled and tossed it aside.

The drug soon began to take effect. The first tramp straightened himself, cocked his hat on the side of his head, and said:

"Bill, I am going to buy all the gold mines and diamond mines on earth."

By this time the second tramp was feeling elated. He pulled down his vest, twirled his stick, and replied:

"Jim, I don't care to sell."

NEEDLESSLY BURDENED

A porter toiling up the avenue one hot summer day, groaning under the weight of a huge grandfather's clock, was approached by a young man, who inquired of him very politely: "I beg your pardon, sir, and realize that this inquiry is none of my business, but curiositiy moves me to ask you if you would not find it far more convenient to carry a watch."—*Herbert C. Pell, Jr.*

SOME SORT OF FURRINER

Two of them were gentlemen of education, refinement, culture, and scholarly attainments. The third was a *nouveau riche*, huge, beefy, individual, with a diamond in his ring as large as his ignorance, a cigar as big and black as his egotism, an inability to comprehend things intellectual, and a spirit of self-satisfaction equaled only by the egotism of the chap whom you and I meet occasionally who is convinced that if the Lord had only asked him before he created the heavens and the earth he would have made a much better job of it.

The two gentlemen were discussing a number of things, the third constantly interrupting with his views. Finally the discussion turned to art. "The last time my wife and I were abroad," said one, "we had a difficult time deciding whether to bring back with us a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, a Gainsborough, a Raphael, or a Van Dyke." The other asked, "What did you finally decide upon?" to which his friend replied, "We brought back the most beautiful Rembrandt you ever saw." Whereupon the hulk of flesh and bone interjected with, "That's all right, stranger; you didn't make no mistake. All of them foreign cars can climb our hills on high without no trouble!"—*Phil A. Grau.*

HAD TALKED TOO MUCH

Years ago when I was a young reporter I was sent to a small town in West Virginia to write the story of a family reunion. The family was large, rich and influential, and its most distinguished member was a man of seventy-five, famed for his taciturnity. Many who had known him for years had never heard him speak.

As he was the feature of the story I had to write, I was at his heels all day trying to get him to say something. Shortly before train time in the evening, with the aid of one of his daughters, I finally got him cornered and said:

“Mr. —, if you had your life to live over again, is there one thing above all others that you would not do?”

Reply: “Yes, I wouldn’t talk so damn much.”—*J. E. Wright.*

IN KENTUCKY

A young lady without much knowledge of literature was told that she should secure a book for her vacation trip. She asked the book dealer to suggest a book which she might read during her vacation, and he recommended “The Kentucky Cardinal” by James Allen.

“No,” said the young lady, “I do not believe I would care for such a book; I never was interested in ecclesiastical history.”

“But you are mistaken about this book,” said the bookseller, “this cardinal was a bird.”

“Well, that still doesn’t interest me,” said the young lady, “I do not care anything about his private life.”—*Clyde Kelly, M.C.*

ALL SHE HAD

A traveler in the Tennessee mountains stopped at a cabin in search of food. He asked the woman if she had any corn bread. “Co’n bread? co’n bread? Co’n bread’s the only thing we ain’t got anything but.”

THE PROPOSITION APPEALED TO HER

A very wealthy Italian woman, living on the east side of New York, received a black hand note one day, instructing her to leave \$5000 in a waste can on a certain corner the following evening at nine o'clock. If she did not do so, the threat was made that her husband would be waylaid and thrown into the East River. The lady did not leave the \$5000 as requested, but instead she left this note:

"I do not have the \$5000 but your proposition appeals to me."

CIVILIZATION

Their present idea of civilization resembles somewhat that of the Colorado miner. An American citizen who believed every man had a right to do as he pleased, with the proviso that every man did not include a negro or a Chinaman, jumped a Chinaman's mining claim, and was swiftly and scientifically shot by the Chinaman. The miner's friends gathered around his dead body and inspected the location of the wound, which was in a vital spot and produced by a big bullet, and then one of them remarked sadly, "Boys, them damn Mongolians is becoming civilized."—*Henry C. Caldwell (Modern Eloquence, I)*.

HARDER TO OPEN THAN AN OYSTER

On the occasion of the National Arts Club dinner in honor of Mary Austin, among the guests was Red-Feather Colbert, the Chickasaw Indian painter. Mr. Colbert, not being possessed of the conventional "soup-and-fish," had attended the dinner in full tribal regalia, which included a magnificent necklace made of savage-looking teeth alternating with lumps of raw turquoise. During the dinner one of the lady guests approached Red-Feather and inquired with her most ingratiating smile, "Oh, Mr. Red-Feather, will you please tell me what those things are in your necklace?" "Alligator teeth." "Oh!" said the fair inquirer, and then with tactful recovery, "But I suppose to you they are just the same as our pearls to us." "No," replied the Chickasaw. "Not exactly. It doesn't take much of a man to extract a pearl from an oyster!"

SUN AND MOON

"In a colored debating society the resolution was, 'Which is the most valuable, the moon or the sun?' The subject was hotly debated by the respective defenders of the sun and the moon, so that the judges had considerable difficulty in arriving at a decision.

"They finally announced that on the merits of the debate the moon was more valuable than the sun, because it shone in the night time when you need it whereas the sun shone in the day time when you didn't need it."—*Rev. Raymond C. Knox.*

NO SUCH ANIMAL

A Kentucky mountaineer attended the circus for the first time. In the menagerie he stood for a long time, gazing silently at a giraffe, and then walked away, muttering to himself: "Shucks, there ain't no such animal."—*John Lee Mahin.*

CAREFUL OF HIS OWN COMFORT

The most effective illustration which I have used recently is about as follows: A young woman was walking with an official on the streets of Boston and was carrying a heavy suit case. She hoped and expected that the official would offer to carry the case for her but as they proceeded on their way and conversed she waited in vain for him to offer his services. At length he began to speak again and she thought, now he is about to ask me if he can carry my suit case, but instead this was what he said: "Miss —, would you just as soon remove that grip to the other side, it bumps me."—*Rev. James E. McConnell, D.D.*

TWO TWO

An old lady way down in Virginia was anxious to go to Washington and hurried to the railroad station, asking the trainman, "What is the next train to Washington?"

The trainman a little excitedly said, "Two two! Two two!"

And the old lady, either witty or still hopeful of information, asked him, "Be you the whistle?"—*Norman T. A. Munder.*

THOUGHT IT WAS PART OF THE GAME

Two golfers sliced their drives into the rough and went in search of the balls. Their fruitless marchings to and fro were closely observed by a sweet old lady with kindly and sympathetic eye. As they were about to give up in despair she came toward them.

"I hope I'm not interrupting," she said apologetically, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?"—*J. Fay Newton.*

WHOLLY IMAGINARY

A gentleman sat in a railway train holding on his lap a tightly closed little wooden box, perforated with small air holes, as if it contained something alive. A gentleman sitting by looked curiously at the box, and the conversation ran thus:

"What is that in your box?"

"Why, it's a kill-o-ma-dee."

"A kill-o-ma-dee? What is that?"

"Oh, it's a little animal about as big as a rabbit."

"How does it live?"

"It burrows in the ground like a prairie dog."

"What does it eat?"

"It eats snakes, nothing but snakes."

"That's funny. How do you get enough snakes to feed it?"

"Why, I am a hard drinking man and I have no trouble finding snakes. I find them around almost every day."

"Yes, but they are imaginary snakes."

"Well, that makes no difference. This is an imaginary kill-o-ma-dee."—*B. G. Lowrey, M.C.*

DIDN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE

An old-time banker waited for the ferry across the river at Mobridge in the Dakotas. He was accosted by a rather healthy individual who solicited twenty-five cents to pay his fare across the river. The banker inquired, "How old are you?" The man replied, "Thirty-five." "Have you been sick?" "No, haven't been sick." "Had good health all your life?" "Yes, very

good." "You haven't got two bits." "No." "Have you got a job?" "No." "Well it seems to me that a man thirty-five years of age, good health, ain't been sick either, ain't got no job, ain't got two bits, doesn't matter a hell of a lot which side of the river he is on."—*L. V. Britt.*

WHAT'S YOUR JOB?

A man put this question to three workmen: "What are you doing?"

The first man replied, "I am working for \$1.00 a day."

The second replied, "I am chiseling granite."

The third replied, "I am helping to build this cathedral."

—*L. V. Britt.*

DID HE STEAL IT?

A gentleman carrying a very fine umbrella encountered one of his friends who said, "Hello, Frank. Where did you get that fine umbrella? Did you steal it?"

Frank scratched his head and said doubtfully, "Well, I don't just know. I'll tell you how it was. The other evening when that sudden downpour took place I was going up Broadway to a rather important appointment. When the rain came I didn't want to get drenched so I stood inside the door of a cigar store in the Flatiron Building, thinking I'd wait until some one came along with an umbrella going my way. Pretty soon a young man came along going up, as was my intention. I called to him, 'Young man, where are you going with that umbrella?' and he dropped it and ran. I picked it up. Did I steal it?"—*Rev. George W. Gilmore.*

WAS HELPING, TOO

The engineer of an express train, all Pullman cars, had been running his train for many years without accident or incident of note. On the occasion in question he had been supplied with a new fireman, and to add to his annoyance it was a wet, foggy, slippery night. As the train went up a long steep grade, it pulled very hard, so hard that he turned to the fireman and said,

"Jimmie, I have never known this engine to pull so hard as she is pulling to-night, and I am scared, and I will be mighty glad when we get over the top."

Eventually, the train pulled clear of the grade and with a sigh of relief the engineer turned to his fireman and said, "Well, "Jimmie, I am glad that hill is through with." Jimmie's reply was a classic. He simply said, "Well, I was scared too, but I wanted you to know I was helpin' you all I could, 'cause I had the brakes on all the way up to keep her from slippin' back."—*John McKeon.*

WASN'T LOST, ANYHOW

A man driving an automobile through a sparsely settled part of Missouri suddenly realized that he was on the wrong road. He drove his car up to a farmhouse and asked a boy who was doing chores the way to Hannibal.

"I, I don't know."

"Which is the way to Louisiana?"

"I, I don't know."

"Well, can you tell me how to get back to Saverton?"

"I, I don't know."

Losing patience the traveler asked, "Say you don't know much, do you?"

"No," replied the boy, "but I hain't lost."—*Senator Arthur Capper.*

NOT YET

One day a tourist from the western part of the country was traveling through upper Vermont when the train stopped at a very small village with the usual turnout of townspeople at the station to see the daily train pull in.

The tourist stepped up to an old-timer of eighty years of age who was sitting on a soap box chewing the regulation quid of tobacco, and said, "Say, old-timer, have you lived here all your life?"

The old-timer said nothing for a second, stroked his beard and then with a contemptuous effusion of tobacco juice, looked up at the tourist and replied, "Not yit."—*Donald Sias.*

SUCH IS FAME

A man who had been working all his life to achieve fame was complaining to me recently because he had no private life. His face had become familiar to so many people that when he appeared upon the street he was stared at. I think he was perfectly honest when he told me that this attention annoyed him. I told him he reminded me of the boy in the story who said "Father, the donkey kicked me!"

"Have you been annoying him?" asked the father.

"No," answered the youngster, "I was only t-trying to c-carve my name on him."—*Thomas Dreier*.

NO ONE BELIEVES A LIAR

On a ship from Calcutta one of the passengers developed a case of cholera and when about half across the man died; the captain of the ship calling an Irish deck hand said to him: "Casey, the man in 236 died to-day and I want you to go up to his room when the passengers have retired and throw him overboard; say nothing about it as I do not want our passengers alarmed as they would be if they found out we had cholera aboard."

Two days afterwards the captain's duties took him to that part of the ship and he discovered Casey had not obeyed the orders given him.

Calling the deck hand, the captain said, "Casey, why didn't you throw the fellow overboard that died Tuesday in 236?"

Casey said, "Captain, I misunderstood you; I threw overboard the fellow in 246."

The captain said, "But, Casey, the man in 246 was not dead."

Casey replied, "Is that so: well when I went up to throw him out he said he wasn't dead, but I knew him and had heard him talk before and, Captain, he was such an infernal liar, I didn't feel justified in relying on anything he said."—*I. V. McPherson, M.C.*

CHINESE ENGLISH

A little incident on a boathouse trip in China revealed at once both the logical habit of the Chinese mind and the puzzling character of the English language.

My old boy, Liu, one of the best of servants, was very proud of his efficiency and of his knowledge of English. As there were ladies aboard as guests, he was anxious to have our meals served in style, and therefore wrote out the menus for lunch and dinner every day. One day for lunch I noted on the menu "pigs' chops." After luncheon, I said to Liu, "It was a good luncheon to-day, but I know that you are eager to speak English correctly, and we ordinarily do not say 'pigs' chops' but 'pork chops.'" He repeated the expression "pork chops, not pigs' chops" after me. The very next day there appeared on the menu—"pork feet."—*Jeremiah W. Jenks.*

PLAYED BY REQUEST

Customer: Do you ever play anything by request?

Delighted Musician: Certainly, sir.

Customer: Then I wonder if you'd play dominoes until I've finished my lunch.

ONE JUMP TOO MANY

Professor A. C. Lund, Director of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir of Salt Lake City, Utah, relates that one morning a neighbor, John Johnson, called to his father:

"Oh, Brother Lund, come over here and give me a lift."

"What is the matter, Brother Johnson?"

"Oh, one of our pigs has tried to jump over our old well in two jumps."

GOOD RUNNERS

Down in Virginia flourishes a breed of so-called "razorbacks." They greatly resemble a greyhound in shape, and in speed would successfully compete with one. At one of the county fairs, several years ago, an enterprising Pennsylvanian placed on exhibition a pen of sleek, fat Berkshires, which presented a marked contrast to the leaner native specimens by which they were surrounded. Their owner one day encountered one of his competitors in swine culture, and ventured a comparison between his own and the stilted occupants of the neigh-

boring pens. "Waal, stranger," replied the ruralist, "they may be right smart for you uns, but down this yar country you couldn't give 'em 'way." "Why not?" asked the astonished Pennsylvanian. "Why, ye see, stranger, down yar a hog that can't outrun a niggar ain't wuth a cuss."

REASONS FOR CELEBRATING

A thing need not be great, even in appearance, to be worthily celebrated. If anyone can find the day on which the needle first trembled on its poise, seeking the north, and liberating the commerce of the world from the headlands and coasts to which it had been tied; if anyone can find the day on which the movable type first came into the grasp of human fingers, to be the lever to lift the world nearer the throne of God; if anyone can find the day when the wire first thrilled with that impulse of articulate thought which now is making neighbors of the most distant nations—it were well to celebrate such days. It was the birth of a babe in a Jewish manger which opened the new era of Christendom. It is by such tiny and seemingly inconsiderate instruments that that babe, now Sovereign Lord of the earth, is carrying forward his shining banners to the ends of the world. We should celebrate such, not for their splendor, but for the immense consequences which have ever since flowed from them.—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

A MODERN CITY OF REFUGE

If there is any place in America which has the attributes of a sacred city, a city of refuge, it is Philadelphia. There is an atmosphere of sobriety and solemnity about it, that would make even the rashest speaker hesitate to attempt to deliver an extemporaneous speech without writing it beforehand. When I look at you, residents of this city where grandfathers are always above par—representatives also of the Pilgrim Fathers—I, a mere Dutchman and a New Yorker, cannot help feeling as Daniel did in the lions' den, perfectly safe but somewhat prayerful.—*Rev. Henry van Dyke.*

A LIST OF FRIENDS

A man who had been bitten by a mad dog grew tired of the solicitous friends who visited him to express their concern and proffer their advice. A late-comer found the victim apparently unconcerned and busily engaged in writing.

"What in the world are you doing?" cried the friend, "don't you realize that you are in mortal danger?"

This elicited no response and the friend continued, "You are likely to run mad at any moment, and here you sit writing. What in the world are you writing?"

"I am making a list," replied the victim, "of the persons I am going to bite."

GIVING A REASON

In any event I should have recalled the reply of the Arab sheik, whose neighbor came desiring to borrow his rope. He replied, "I cannot lend it; I want it to tie up my milk with." "But, surely, you do not tie up your milk with a rope?" "Brother," said the sheik, "when you do not want to do a thing, one reason is as good as another."—*Rev. Heman L. Wayland.*

BUY OR SELL

Lady Brassey tells, in her charming description of "A Voyage on the Sunbeam," a story of a Yankee visiting Santiago, who was taken by a friend to see a bridge which the inhabitants of the town were rather proud of. It was built across a ravine, where, in the stormy season, a torrent ran, but the bed of which, when the American was brought to it, was perfectly dry. The friend who had brought him asked what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "I think if I were you, I would either buy a river or sell the bridge."—*Rev. R. S. Storrs.*

PROFESSIONAL LIMITATIONS

The tenor of one of our city churches, whose pulpit is occupied by a famous preacher, said to me recently, "You must come again; the fact is, neither the doctor nor myself were at

our best last Sunday morning. We artists cannot always be at our best."—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

THANKED HIM FOR THE RELIEF

He reminded me of my Quaker friend who reached the depot just as the train left, and there was another fellow traveler in the same predicament, and that other fellow traveler began to swear and swore like a trooper. And he damned the railroad and the train and everybody connected with it, and my Quaker friend said: "Friend, thee knows that I cannot swear, but I do thank thee for that word."—*Rev. John Philip Newman.*

ASSORTED MEANNESSES

New Englanders, I know, have been charged with close-fistedness with their money, but I don't think it is any more true of them than of people all over the world—plenty of mean people everywhere. That was up here in New York State where a man asked his neighbor if he would not take a drink; the neighbor replied, "No, I never drink, but I will take a cigar and three cents." That was over here in Pennsylvania, where a stingy man, to economize in his meat bill cut off his dog's tail and roasted it, and after having gnawed the meat off, gave the bone to the dog. That was over yonder in Tennessee, where a child had such wrong notions of money that when, on Sunday School anniversary day, each boy was to present his contribution and quote a passage of Scripture, a boy handed in his contribution and quoted: "A fool and his money are soon parted." Most of the stories of New England close-fistedness are told by those who tried a sharp game on a Yankee, and were worsted, and the retort was natural; as in the case of a man on ship-board, coming from California in gold times, when there was not half room enough for the passengers, and after they had been out four or five days, a man who had not been seen before on deck appeared, and his friend said: "Why, I did not know you were on board! How did you get a stateroom?" "Oh," he says, "I have none, and I will have to sit up at night the rest of the voyage. So far I have been sleeping on top of a sick man, but he got well and won't stand it any longer."—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

GOD'S COUNTRY

Some years ago, when the annual encampment of the G.A.R. was held at Portland, Maine, a few delegates from the "wild and woolly," of that class who are eternally cramming the advantages of what they term "God's country" down everybody's throat, took a jaunt up that way to see the country and sneer at "primitive methods," etc. In a particularly rocky and uninviting section of the state they alighted at a station for exercise, and ran across an aged farmer sitting on a baggage-truck and chewing tobacco. "Well, ye don't look as though ye'd had a boom here lately," said the Kansas man, addressing the aged agriculturist; "you fellers are foolish to stay in this country, where ye have to do yer spring plowin' with a pickax and yer plantin' with a shotgun. I sh'd think ye'd starve to death. Why don't ye come out to Kansas? Not a stump nor a stun in sight; soil ten feet deep; crops o' one year make ye rich." The Maine man listened with a face full of interest, and finally took a fresh chew of tobacco. He rose from the baggage-truck and faced the crowd of Kansans. "So ye're all doin' well, are ye? I'm mighty glad to hear it. I'm holdin' six mortgages on Kansas farms to-day, an' if you fellers will just keep it up an' pay your int'rest, I'll try an' pull along here."

WHY HE WAS A DEMOCRAT

The old teacher in one of the smaller schools near my native town of Peekskill had drilled a number of his brightest scholars in the history of contemporary politics, and to test both their faith and their knowledge he called upon three of them one day and demanded a declaration of personal political principles. "You are a Republican, Tom, are you not?" "Yes, sir." "And Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?" "And Jim, you are a Democrat?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now, the one of you that gives me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck, which I caught on my way to school this morning." "I am a Republican," said the first boy, "because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery." "And Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?" "I am a Prohibitionist," rattled off the youth, "because rum is the country's

greatest enemy and the cause of our overcrowded prisons and poorhouses." "Excellent reasons, Bill," remarked the tutor encouragingly. "Now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?" "Well, sir," was the slow reply, "I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck!"—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

PROTECTING ITS NAME

During the hot season, a professor—I think he was from Dartmouth—took a run down on the New England coast to enjoy a day's bathing. Unfortunately for him, it was a stormy day, and the waves rolled mountain high, and the man in charge refused absolutely to allow him to take his wash. He left in great disgust and disappointment, and mounted the seat with the omnibus driver, complaining very bitterly. Now, the driver was a practical New England man, and he said to him, "Don't complain, my dear sir; we don't want strangers to come down here and get drowned; it would hurt the beach."—*Hugh J. Hastings.*

A COUNTRY COMEDY

Some time ago Nat Goodwin, while spending a day in the country, met with an adventure which has afforded himself as well as his friends considerable amusement. As he was walking lazily along the roadside he saw running toward him at full speed a man whose wild aspect gave strong reason to believe that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum that was in the neighborhood. Mr. Goodwin naturally turned aside at his approach, but the man turned too, and as he came nearer his appearance was even more threatening than at first. Mr. Goodwin hastened his steps, and the maniac still following, broke into a run. The pursuit grew more and more exciting, and Mr. Goodwin, finally leaving the road, fled recklessly over fields and hedges, the terrifying apparition close at his heels. At last Goodwin sank exhausted on the ground, thinking his last moment had come, and even, so his friends say, started to pray, when the lunatic, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Tag, you're it," and started again at full speed in an opposite direction.

A SET OF SCOUNDRELS

You will remember that John Adams wrote his wife in 1776 that there was too much corruption in public life; that virtue was not in fashion and vice not infamous, and that he was ashamed of the age he lived in. And, thirty years after the Second Congress, Gouverneur Morris and John Jay were talking over old times, when Morris said, "Jay, what a set of scoundrels we had in that Second Congress." "Yes," said Jay, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "that we had."—*Edward Oliver Wolcott.*

HE DID THE SWEARING

Colonel Fisk sat in his tent one day attending to official business, when he heard one of his men, a teamster, swearing like a Hessian. He recognized his voice, and determined to reprove the man at the first opportunity. He had not long to wait. "John," he called, "come here." John responded with a military salute and stood before his colonel unflinchingly. "John, did I not hear some one swearing dreadfully down the hill a little while ago?" "Yes, Colonel, that was me." "You, John? I am surprised. Don't you remember that I was to do the swearing for this regiment?" "Yes, Colonel, I know; but you see I was coming up the hill with a big load and the breeching broke. The swearing had to be done right away, and you weren't there to do it."

AT DINNER

"Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "What's this?" "It's bean soup, sir." "I don't care what it has been; the question is, what is it now?"

HER SWEETHEART

"Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant. "Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you, but he's too shy to come into the parlor."

NOT THE HUB

It is of a Boston man, I think, that the story is told that, when he appeared at the gate of Heaven and asked admission,

the porter said, after some natural hesitation, "Yes, you may come in, but you won't like it."—*William R. Terrett.*

HE LED HIS FLOCK

The people at a certain part of the coast of Cornwall, where wrecks frequently happen, used to be so demoralized by the unrestrained plunder of the unfortunate vessels that they lost almost every humane feeling. One Sunday the news of a wreck was promulgated to a congregation engaged in public worship; and in an instant all were eagerly hurrying out at the door. The clergyman hereupon called, in a most emphatic voice, that he only desired to say five more words to them. They turned with impatient attention to hear him. He approached, as if to address them; when, having got to the front of the throng, "Now," says he, "let us start fair!" and off he ran, all the rest following him, towards the wreck, which he was the first to reach.

ABRUPTLY FINISHED

To a young man who stood on the street corner in Chicago, peaceably smoking a cigar, approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend. "How many cigars a day do you smoke?" inquired the meddler in other people's affairs. "Three," patiently replied the youth. "How much do you pay for them?" continued the inquisitor. "Ten cents each," confessed the youthful sinner. "Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would stop smoking and save up that money, by the time you are as old as I am you might own that big building on the corner?" "Do you own it?" answered the smoker. "No, I don't," replied the old man. "Well, I do," said the young man.

ASKING LINDA'S FATHER

As a stranger sat on the doorstep smoking with a Tennessee mountaineer one evening, a young man came out of the woods and slowly approached the house. He was barefooted and wore only shirt and trousers, and was evidently on an errand which

greatly embarrassed him. The mountaineer was telling his guest how he was once kicked by a mule, and had nearly finished his narrative. "And, stranger," he was saying, but broke off to salute: "Howdy, Abe! What yo' all want around yere?" "Dun got suthin' to say," replied the young man, as he almost turned his back on us. "Then shoot 'er off." "Him's a stranger," said Abe, as he jerked his head toward me. "That don't count. Wanter borry the mewl?" "Noap." "Wanter borry the gun?" "Noap." "Wanter borry anythin'?" "Noap." "Then, what on airth do yo' want?" "Wanter marry Linda." "Wanter marry Linda, eh? Hev yo' co'ted her?" "Yep." "Hev yo' axed her?" "Yep." "Then why in thunder don't yo' marry her?—and, stranger, that mewl he jess whirled on me and kicked with both feet and lifted me clean over the brush fence afore I knowed what was up!"

DEADLY FEAR

There is an old story in the East of a man journeying, who met a dark and dread apparition. "Who are you?" said the traveler, accosting the specter. "I am the plague," it replied. "And where are you going?" rejoined the traveler. "I am going to Damascus to kill three thousand human beings," said the specter. Two months afterward, the man returning, met the same apparition at the same point. "False spirit," said he, "why dost thou deal with me in lies? Thou didst declare that thou wert going to slay three thousand at Damascus, and lo, thou hast slain thirty thousand!" "Friend," replied the apparition, "be not overhasty in thy judgment; I killed but my three thousand; fear killed the rest."

INQUISITIVE ALWAYS

A wager was laid that it was a Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by another. To sustain the assertion a down-easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin do it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it that New Englanders always answer a question by asking one?" "Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

THE DOGS HAD THEIR DAY

A boy who had just seen a production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was asked how he liked the show. "Well," he replied, "the dogs were good, but they had poor support."—*John McC-Sweeney.*

SAID THE WRONG THING

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary. "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic a few weeks ago."

"Oh, mother, don't go; you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence.

"We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"Yes," replied the widow. "I haven't been able to get the week's washing dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."—*Don O. Shelton.*

THOUGHT BEST TO UNDERESTIMATE IT

In the early days two partners went west, agreeing that they would practice thrift and never gamble.

Soon they struck "pay" and having started home reached a camp where a big poker game was in progress, in which the players called their hands and threw the cards into the deck without showing them.

Mike had played such games before, but Ike hadn't, and the game made such a strong appeal to Ike that he proposed to Mike to end their partnership, divide their cash and he would try the game.

Ike lost several hands, but finally stayed in the pot as it grew larger and larger—his eyes dancing in sweet anticipation. Suddenly something touched his forehead—one look showed him a skeleton dangling from the ceiling. From that his eye trav-

eled to a six shooter lying on the table which a player opposite was affectionately caressing.

"Vot's dot?" said Ike, pointing to the skeleton.

"The last damn man that overcalled his hand," said the man with the gun. "What you got?"

"Von deuce," said Ike.—*F. J. Looney.*

A WOODEN DINNER BELL

One day in Iowa I came upon a large field surrounded by a board fence with hog wire around the bottom. There were about fifty hogs in the enclosure, whose actions were most unusual. They ran to one end of the field and looked up, then would run over to the side of the field and would look up, then run to the other side of the field and look up. When I reached the farmhouse I asked the owner if there was not something peculiar about his hogs. He replied in a whisper:

"Yes, you see I lost my voice a few weeks ago. When I wanted to feed the hogs I would pound on the fence. Now the durn woodpeckers are running them to death."—*Edw. T. Hall.*

NOTHING TO UNLOAD

A Georgia Cracker was taking a wagon load of grain to mill. The way was long and the road was bad, and the driver, dozing in his seat, failed to notice that there was a hole in the bottom of the wagon and the grain was leaking out. Suddenly the fore-wheels stuck in a chuck hole and he was awakened by the sudden stopping of the wagon. He whipped up the team, but the wheels held fast. Remarking that here was where he had to unload, he turned and, looking into the wagon, discovered that the grain had disappeared. Whereupon he said to himself, "Ain't it tough to have to unload and have nothing to unload."

THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD

"McGirk is certainly the meanest man in the world," said Mr. Jones to Mr. Smith, the other day. "Why?" said Smith. "Well," said Jones, "on December twenty-fourth last, McGirk bought a piece of black crêpe, tied it round his arm, and then

went home and told his children that Santa Claus was dead.”
—*H. H. Pennock.*

THOUGHTFUL OF OTHERS

My father purchased a parrot which had acquired from her sailor owner a most extraordinary range of vocabulary. When anything went wrong she would let loose a flood of billingsgate that would raise the hair of the most hardened sinner. Father decided to cure her, if possible, of this habit, so he filled a tub with water, took the cage by the ring on the top of it, swinging it violently around his head five or six times, then plunged it into the tub of water a couple of times, and finally set the cage on the table. Polly picked herself up off the bottom of the cage, shook the water out of her feathers, jumped to her perch, cocked her head on one side, looked father over up and down, and finally blurted out, “Where the H—— were you when the typhoon hit us?”—*Charles A. Bonniwell.*

TOO COLD A PROPOSITION

A Frenchman who was receiving the assistance of an American friend in learning to speak the English language asked his instructor one day:

“What is ze polar bear?”

“Polar bear? He lives way up north.”

“Ze polar bear he leeve way up nort’. What do he do?”

“Oh, he sits on the ice and eats fish.”

“Ze polar bear he leeve way up in ze nort’ and he seet on ze ice and eat ze fish! Den I will not accept.”

“You will not accept—what do you mean?”

“I was invite to be polar bear at a funeral.”—*T. W. Blackburn.*

NONCOMMITTAL

A few years ago, a candidate for Governor of Oregon realized that the vote between him and his opponent would be extremely close, and that his success might depend upon the attitude in the election of a Swedish colony in a certain section of the state. He therefore sent a diplomatic friend to interview

the leader of the colony, in such a way as not to disclose his principal, so that the mission might not appear entirely political. After talking all around the subject without coming directly to the point, he propounded this diplomatic question, which he thought would bring the hoped for answer:

"Mr. Jonsen, your prominence here places you in a position to know just exactly what this community is likely to do. In your opinion which candidate for Governor, the Democratic or Republican, has the best show?"

The no less diplomatic Swede replied, "I tank Ringling Brothers bane ha the best show by a damn sight," which indicated that the diplomacy of the Swede was a match for the diplomacy of the emissary.—*Geo. E. Chamberlain.*

LET 'EM DO WHAT THEY CAN

During one of the suffrage campaigns some school-teachers from the city were speaking in favor of the suffrage cause and while working in a rural county in Maine were entertained on a Maine farm. Their hostess, the farmer's wife, managed her household, did the milking, raised a garden and looked after her poultry and, in addition, made money by taking summer boarders. In the evenings and in spare moments she made the family clothes. Of course she did the family washing and ironing. Her husband was something of an invalid and devoted himself to the entertainment of the boarders.

One evening one of the school "marms" who had just returned from a tour of the county for the suffrage amendment said to her hostess, Mrs. Arnold, "I should certainly think that you would be for woman suffrage."

Mrs. Arnold laid down her sewing, folded her hands and said, "Well, I will tell you, miss, just how I feel about it. If there is any little thing that the men can do for themselves, like voting, I believe in letting them do it."—*Emily Newell Blair.*

ROYAL FORGIVENESS

Dr. Robert E. Speer related at a Pittsburgh convention during the War the following incident: One evening a soldier of one of the allied armies was walking through the streets of a

half-ruined Belgian town when he noticed a group of children under the guidance of an older girl emerge from a cellar where they had been keeping up their school after some fashion. As they moved along toward their homes, they passed a cross and paused for prayer. Led by the older girl they began to repeat the Lord's Prayer. When they came to the words, "As we forgive them their trespasses" the girl's voice faltered, and the prayer stopped. Just then the soldier heard a man's voice take up the prayer where it had been dropped and carry it on through to the end, the children joining with him. Turning to look for the new leader, the soldier recognized King Albert of Belgium, who had seized this opportunity to teach his people the lesson of Christian forgiveness.

THE WAY OF SALVATION

When in India, in the middle 90's, following an address of mine, a Hindu student asked me the following question: "May not all religions be true, in the sense that Mohammedanism is good enough for the Mohammedans, Hinduism for the Hindus, Confucianism for the Confucians, and Christianity for Christians? As there are different ways of going to the top of a house, so may there not be different ways of being saved? You may go to the top of a house by the ladder, by the lift, or by the stairway. Indeed, you may have a rope tied about your body and be drawn up."

This was a new illustration for the same point which I had heard, namely, that there are different roads leading to Rome; one may take one road, another may take another, according to taste. I had always felt that there was a fallacy lurking somewhere in this illustration, but never until the moment I speak of, did I realize what the trouble with the illustration is.

Stimulated by the inquiry of the student, I found myself replying as follows: "There is but one way of going to the top of a house, that is by overcoming gravitation. Does your religion save you?" He hesitated an instant, and then replied, "I hope some day to be saved." By this answer he put salvation off into the future, and implied a negative answer to my question.—*Wilbert W. White.*

NOT A CLERGYMAN

Thirty odd years ago my father, who was then a member of Congress, took my younger brother and myself to visit a playmate in Girard College, Philadelphia.

Stephen Girard had made a provision in his will, endowing Girard College, that no clergyman of any sect could be admitted into the grounds or buildings of that institution.

As was his custom, father wore the conventional high hat, white cravat and Prince Albert.

As he handed in a pass at the wicket of the College grounds, the gate keeper looked him over from head to foot, at the same time asking the question, "You are not a clergyman, are you?"

Taken absolutely by surprise father instantly answered, "Not by a d—— sight."

Whereupon the keeper instantly replied, "Pass right in."

This story may have been told on other statesmen, but my brother and I are both witnesses of its origin.—*Geo. F. Brumm, M.C.*

WHERE HIS FAMILY CAME FROM

A party of tourists were discussing the Darwinian theory. One of them turning to the guide said, "And what, my friend, do you think of the matter?" "Well, sir," said the guide, "you gentlemen may all have come from apes. It's not for me to contradict you. But, as for me, I can say that my folks came from Wales."—*Rev. Anthony H. Evans.*

A NOVEL PLOT

A sojourner in Hollywood, Los Angeles, who had become rather "fed up" on the tawdriness of the whole situation, was impressed by the fact that a locally filmed "Passion Play" was running to big business while everything else seemed to be at a standstill. He is alleged to have asked Cecil B. De Mille how he accounted for it, and De Mille's reply was: "Probably owing to the novelty of the plot."—*Robert Frothingham.*

BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH

A man and his wife were serenaded early one Christmas morning by a large company of colored folks. The wife in telling friends the following day of the charms of the music, after exhausting a good list of adjectives, and feeling she had not done justice to the occasion said she did not know just how to describe it except to say that she thought for a while she was in Heaven, but just then she reached over and touched her husband and then she knew she wasn't.—*Huston Quin.*

A HOWLING WILDERNESS

A politician had prepared a speech and tried to commit it to memory.

The opening sentence was as follows:

“Ladies and Gentlemen. One hundred years ago to-night the place where I now stand was a howling wilderness.”

Here he paused and tried in vain to recall the next sentence of his prepared speech.

Sparring for time he said, “I repeat it for the sake of emphasis. One hundred years ago to-night the place where I now stand was a howling wilderness.”

He paused again and tried to recall the next lines of his prepared speech, but they simply would not come, and then he said. “And I wish the Lord that it was a howling wilderness now and I was in the middle of it.”

He then sat down.—*A. F. Sheldon.*

THE IMPORTANT THING

An Irishman was once called upon to make an after-dinner speech at a banquet. He was not a speaker and besides was wholly unprepared.

Some of the regular speakers that the committee had depended upon had failed to appear and the audience quite insisted that Pat give them a speech.

He refused at first, but finally said:

“I can’t be afther makin’ a speech, but if yez’ll be afther listen’, I’ll be afther tellin’ yez a story which taches some his-

tory. If ye be listen' well, yees will learn how the war was sittled between Roosia and Japan.

"It was this-a-way. That famous Roosian Gineral by the name of —, by the name of —, Well Holy Smoke, I've forgotten that famous Gineral's name.

"Well, anyway, when he mit that famous Japanese Gineral by the name of —, by the name of —, by the name of —

"Well, be Gad, I've forgot his name too.

"But that don't make no difference. 'Tis where they mit and what they sid that's afther bein' the important thing.

"They mit down in that famous town in southern Roosia by the name of —, by the name of —, by the name of —

"Why, ye know the name of that town. What is the name of that town, anyway?

"Well, anyway, that don't make no difference.

"'Tis what they sid that was the important thing, and when the Roosian Gineral mit the Japanese Gineral in that important town in southern Roosia, the Japanese Gineral he said to the Roosian Gineral, he said —, he said —, he said —

"Well, be Gad, I have forgot what he did say entoirly.

"But anyway whatever the H—— it was he said, that's what sittled the war."—*A. F. Sheldon.*

SWEARING

Harry's bicycle was stolen and was recovered by the police who sent him word that if he would come down and swear to it he could have it back. Harry went to his mother in great distress and said, "I don't know what to do about it. They say it's wrong to swear and I've just joined the church and I don't know what to do."

"I'll tell you how to get it, Harry," said little Bessie. "All you have to do is to go down there and say 'damnit, that's my bike.'"

"Why, Bessie, what do you mean by such language?" asked her mother.

"Well, I heard the men working on the street say that and the maid said it was swearing," was Bessie's answer.—*J. S. Kirtley.*

DUST TO DUST

In the Pinenut mining region, State of Nevada, during the early nineties, rich gold-bearing veins were discovered in the foothills. Coincident with this discovery came the development of placer claims in the beds of the valley streams. There was a tremendous rush of prospectors from neighboring mining towns, and Pinenut became the center of much activity. Unfortunately, it proved to be a superficial bonanza and petered out in a short time. A few fanatics still lingered, hoping that a sharp pick in hopeful hands would open a new Golconda at an unexpected moment.

One of the "hangers on" had the bad taste to die. It is the custom in new mining camps for the District Recorder to perform the services of the church and to lay to rest those who expire with or without their boots on. The ceremony is the same for both. This particular funeral took place in the dry bed of a creek. A hole six by two by three had been scooped from the gravel. The deceased reposed in a rude coffin utterly unconscious of the part he was about to play.

The Recorder from the Book of Common Prayer read the burial service in a solemn voice: "*Ye brought nothing into this world and ye shall carry nothing out.*"

The coffin was lowered by horny hands.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Dust to Dust."

Reaching down he gathered a handful of dirt and gravel, which sifted through his fingers and fell upon the wooden box.

"Ashes to ashes."

But instead of either dust or ashes, the gleam of a nugget flashed back from the coffin lid. Without hesitation, the Recorder dropped his prayer book, jumped into the grave, heaved the late lamented out of the property, crying in a loud voice:

"I claim everything seven hundred and fifty feet North and South and six hundred feet East and West. Everybody get off the premises."

He pulled out two six-shooters, cleaned his estate of spectators, and put up his location notices without delay. The interment took place the following day in a vegetable garden.—*Robert H. Davis.*

ONE THOUSAND EPIGRAMS

A CAREFULLY SELECTED COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS AND QUOTATIONS ARRANGED FOR READY REFERENCE UNDER MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED TOPICS.

A LIST OF TOPICS UNDER WHICH THE EPIGRAMS ARE CLASSIFIED

Advertising

see also Business, Salesmanship

Advice

Age

see also Youth

Ambition

Americanism

see also Government, Patriotism

Art

see also Beauty

Attention

Beauty

see also Art

Books

see also Education, Study

Brains

see also Knowledge, Thought, Wisdom

Business

see also Advertising, Salesmanship

Character

see also Human Nature, Personality, Self-Help

Children

see also Home

Competition

Conversation

see also Eloquence

Coöperation

see also Efficiency, Organization

Courage

see also Decision, Initiative

Courtesy

Criticism

Death

Debt

Decision

see also Courage, Initiative

Delay

Devil

Difficulty

see also Failures, Mistakes

Dining

Discontent

Duty

see also Principle

Education

see also Books, Study

Efficiency

see also Coöperation, Energy, Perseverance

Eloquence

see also Conversation

Energy

see also Efficiency, Perseverance

Enthusiasm

Epigrams

Experience

Failure

see also Difficulty, Mistakes, Success

Faith

see also Religion

Fame

Fear

Friendship

Genius

Government

see also Americanism, Liberty, Patriotism, People

Greatness

see also Heroes, Human Nature, Leadership, Self-Help

Habit

Happiness

Heroes, Heroism
see also Greatness, Leadership, Self-Help

Home
see also Children

Human Nature
see also Character, People

Ideals
see also Principles, Vision

Ignorance
see also Knowledge

Imagination
see also Vision

Industry
see also Work

Initiative
see also Courage, Decision

Inventions

Kindness

Knowledge
see also Brains, Thought, Wisdom

Law

Leadership
see also Greatness, Heroes

Liberty
see also Government, People

Life
see also Human Nature

Love
see also Marriage, Woman

Luck

Marriage
see also Love, Woman

Medicine

Memory

Mistakes
see also Difficulty, Failures

Moderation

Money

Nature

Opportunity

Optimism

Organization
see also Coöperation

Patriotism
see also Americanism, Government

People
see also Government, Human Nature, Liberty

Perseverance
see also Energy, Efficiency

Personality
see also Character, Greatness, Heroes, Self-Help

Play
see also Work

Poverty

Preparation

Principles
see also Duty, Ideals, Vision

Profits
see also Rewards

Progress
see also Self-Help

Promptness

Prosperity
see also Success

Religion
see also Faith

Rewards
see also Profits

Salesmanship
see also Advertising, Business

Self-Help
see also Character, Human Nature, Progress

Service

Sincerity
see also Truth

Study
see also Books, Education

Success
see also Failure, Prosperity

Temper

Thought
see also Brains, Knowledge, Wisdom

Thrift
see also Waste

Time

Truth
see also Sincerity

Vision
see also Ideals, Imagination, Principles

Waste

see also Thrift

Will**Wisdom**

see also Brains, Knowledge, Thought

Woman

see also Love, Marriage

Work

see also Industry, Play

World**Worry****Youth**

see also Age



ADVERTISING

Advertising begins when the crying child first advertises his wants to his mother, and ends only with the epitaph on the headstone in the village cemetery.—EDWARD S. JORDAN (Modern Eloquence, V).

An advertising lead is exactly as good as the salesmen think it is.—H. F. DEBOWER.

Words that sing to the pocket-book.—JAMES W. YOUNG.

In the use of printer's ink be human, be natural, and speak in the language of the people.—IVY LEE (Modern Eloquence, V).

If there be any romance in advertising, it begins with the miracle of the printed page, the power of words to set a flame to men's imagination and fill them with such warm desires as lead them on to action.—JAMES W. YOUNG.

This is the age of publicity, whether we like it or not. Democracy is inquisitive and won't take things for granted. It will not be satisfied with dignified silence, still less with resentful silence.—OTTO H. KAHN (Modern Eloquence, V).

Publicity, which is just another name for advertising, is really just another name for public opinion, and public opinion rules the world.—EDWARD S. JORDAN (Modern Eloquence, V).

The first object of any policy of publicity, I therefore repeat, is that the management itself gain the personal confidence of the people.—IVY LEE (Modern Eloquence, V).

It is the function of advertising to uncover the things that men can do and be and urge them on toward them.—JAMES W. YOUNG.

When Adam and Eve opened up the Garden of Eden, Adam never dreamed that there was any necessity for advertising, and never conceived of there being any such thing as salesmanship. He knew he had the only woman in the world, a low overhead and, in fact, everything went along all right until a salesman came along with a red apple and a wonderful selling talk. Eve fell for that selling talk, and on that day salesmanship and advertising originated.—EDWARD S. JORDAN (Modern Eloquence, V.).

Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

—BYRON.

ADVICE

Many receive advice, few profit by it.—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

Advice like water takes the form of the vessel it is poured into.

Man gives nothing so willingly as advice.

They that won't be counseled can't be helped.—OLD PROVERB.

It is easier to preach by the mile than to practice by the inch.

Advice after mischief is like medicine after death.

Advice given in the midst of a crowd is loathsome.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.—SHAKESPEARE.

AGE

Who honors not age is unworthy of it.

The hoary head is a crown of glory.—OLD TESTAMENT.

Old men who have loved young company have been long of life.—BACON.

Old men for counsel, young men for war.

Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.—CHAPMAN.

It is the common failing of old men to attribute all wisdom to themselves.—FIELDING.

Take on new thoughts, throw off old habits, and there is no danger of old age.

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appears to be best in four things,—old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.—BACON.

It is difficult to grow old gracefully.

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.—EMERSON.

Old boys have playthings as well as young ones, the difference is only in the price.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,—
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with gray;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMBITION

Ambition is the motive power in a man's make-up.

Ambition is like electricity; useful when properly controlled, dangerous when uncontrolled.

Genius and ambition laugh at precedent.

We can't all be top-notches, but we can all climb a little higher than we are and thus relieve the congestion at the foot of the ladder.

Doing well is all right, but when a man reaches the point where he doesn't want to do better, he is done for.

He who does not soar high will suffer less by a fall.

The height of the pinnacle is determined by the breadth of the base.—EMERSON.

No man can end by being superior who will not begin with being inferior.—SYDNEY SMITH.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

—THOMAS GRAY.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

—SAMUEL DANIEL.

'Tis immortality to die aspiring,
As if a man were taken quick to heaven.—CHAPMAN.

AMERICANISM

Americanism is a question of spirit, conviction, and purpose, not of creed or birthplace.—ROOSEVELT.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.—
DANIEL WEBSTER.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed, by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.—PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right

of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.—WASHINGTON (Modern Eloquence, XI).

Still one thing more, fellow citizens—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.—JEFFERSON.

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those European powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.—MONROE DOCTRINE.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—LINCOLN.

Let us exalt patriotism and moderate our party contentions. Let those who would die for the flag on the field of battle give a better proof of their patriotism and a higher glory to their country by promoting fraternity and justice.—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by

such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.—WOODROW WILSON (Modern Eloquence, XII).

ART

Art is long—life is short.—GOETHE.

The perfection of art is to conceal art.—QUINTILIAN.

Art is power.—LONGFELLOW.

Art helps nature and experience art.

What you have with you and before you daily, dearest to your sight and heart, that, by the magic of your hand or of your lips, you can gloriously express to others.—RUSKIN.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—EMERSON.

Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen.—TOLSTOI.

The fine arts once divorcing themselves from *truth* are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die.—CARLYLE.

The glory that was Greece

And the grandeur that was Rome.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.—CONGREVE.

In the elder days of Art,

Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;

For the gods see everywhere.—LONGFELLOW.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew:
The conscious stone to beauty grew.—EMERSON.

High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,) Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And, Oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!—WORDSWORTH.

All loved Art in a seemly way
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

—JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

ATTENTION

What holds attention determines action.—WILLIAM JAMES.

Bad memory has its root in bad attention.

Listen well, answer cautiously, decide promptly.

What we attend to and what interests us are synonymous terms.—WILLIAM JAMES.

It is better to let your job distract your attention from yourself than it is to let attention to yourself distract your attention from your job.

Observations must be continual if our ideas are to remain true. Eternal vigilance is the price of knowledge; perpetual hazard, perpetual experiment, keep quick the edge of life.—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. My own invention, or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention.—CHARLES DICKENS.

BEAUTY

Beauty seen is never lost.—WHITTIER.

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.—EMERSON.

Beauty old yet ever new, eternal voice and inward word.

I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as the Rhyth-
mical Creation of Beauty. Its sole arbiter is Taste.—EDGAR
ALLAN POE.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.—KEATS.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.—KEATS.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.—MARLOWE.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.—SHAKESPEARE.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats
And the lover is beloved.—WORDSWORTH.

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home.—WHITTIER.

BOOKS

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—BACON.

An honest book's the noblest work of man.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.—CARLYLE.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—BACON.

A page digested is better than a book hurriedly read.—MACAULAY.

The man who doesn't read good books has no advantage over the one who can't read them.

Employ your time improving yourselves by other men's documents: so shall you come easily by what others have labored hard for.—SOCRATES.

A truly good book is something as natural, and as unexpectedly and unaccountably fair and perfect, as a wild flower discovered on the prairies of the West or in the jungles of the East.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Books are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you.—RICHARD DE BURY.

Books are standing counselors and preachers, always at hand, and always disinterested; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we please.—CHAMBERS.

There is first the literature of knowledge and secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; of the second, to move.—DE QUINCEY.

I sincerely commiserate a man who is not fond of books. I do not know how to help him. I turn to the world of books and all kinds of odd moments turn up during even a busy day in which to enjoy one. Books yield consolation.—ROOSEVELT.

It is from personal experience that I feel that there is no human arrangement so powerful for good, there is no benefit that can be bestowed upon a community so great, as that which places within the reach of all the treasures of the world which are stored up in books.—ANDREW CARNEGIE (Modern Eloquence, IV).

BRAINS

The noblest mind the best contentment has.—SPENSER.

It is seldom a man's mind is weakened by the burden of thought.

A man's value in the world is estimated and paid for according to the ability he uses; not the ability he may possess.

Some men think a dozen times; others think once and accomplish much more.

I have found you an argument; I am not obliged to find you an understanding.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.—AUGUSTUS T. HARE.

Only dead men never change their minds.

On earth there is nothing great but man;
In man there is nothing great but mind.

—WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think, who think they do!—JANE TAYLOR.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.—SHAKESPEARE.

BUSINESS

Talk of nothing but business, and dispatch that business quickly.—**ALDUS.**

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.—**CHAPMAN.**

Dispatch is the soul of business.—**CHESTERFIELD.**

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee.—**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.**

Mathematics only records business; it does not conduct it.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.—**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.**

Resourcefulness is the master-key that fits all the locks of business requirements.—**WALDO WARREN.**

Business is like baseball, the hits you made yesterday won't win the game to-day.

Never leave business to look for business. Never discount the business you can get to-day for the business you may get to-morrow.—**HUGH CHALMERS.**

It makes a great deal of difference whether you retire from business or the business retires from you.

The last two decades have witnessed changes that make necessary an entirely new order of ability in business life. Those changes demand a greatly superior training.—**FRANK A. VANDERLIP.**

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.

The business student sees in the past the explanation of the present and the key to the future.—R. W. SMILEY.

When you make your job important it will return the favor.

True honesty of purpose and the desire to serve faithfully and effectively is the foundation on which permanent business is founded.

Never shrink from doing anything your business calls you to do. The man who is above his business, may one day find his business above him.—DREW.

The time is at hand when it requires the same intelligence and training for successful business as to make good in any of the most exacting professions.

The old idea of a good bargain was a transaction in which one man got the better of another. The new idea of a good contract is a transaction which is good for both parties to it.—LOUIS BRANDEIS (Modern Eloquence, IV).

An ideal business man is one who knows how to keep his ear to the ground without lying down on the job.—J. B. SWINNEY.

CHARACTER

His own character is the arbiter of everyone's fortunes.—
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

Simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect.—JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Who is sure of his own motives, can with confidence advance or retreat.—GOETHE.

No man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character.—JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY.

The Golden Rule is of no use to you whatever unless you realize that it is your move.—FRANK CRANE.

The best way in the world to seem to be anything is really to be what we would seem to be.—TILLOTSON.

The "straight" line is the shortest distance to the desired end—in mathematics or business ethics.

If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change; for I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

It is a rule that a cannon should be one hundred times heavier than its ball or projectile. A man's character should be a hundred times heavier than what he says.—DAVID GREGG.

'Tis finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won:
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpast:
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name—
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
 This is the happy Warrior; this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be.—WORDSWORTH.

When we see men of worth we should think of equaling them; when we see men of contrary character, we should turn inwards and examine ourselves.—CONFUCIUS.

If some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer.—HUXLEY.

To be able to bear in mind many things at a time, to have everything ready when wanted, to act promptly and show resource when anything goes wrong, to accommodate oneself quickly to changes in details of the work done, to be steady and trustworthy, to have always a reserve of force which will come out in emergency, these are the qualities which make a great industrial people.—PROFESSOR A. MARSHALL.

CHILDREN

Children are poor men's riches.

Thy children like olive plants round about thy table.—**OLD TESTAMENT.**

The child is father of the man.—**WORDSWORTH.**

Who knows the thoughts of a child?—**NORA PERRY.**

Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—**NEW TESTAMENT.**

Who is there whom bright and agreeable children do not attract to play and creep and prattle with them?—**EPICTETUS.**

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.—**OLD TESTAMENT.**

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

Children are certain cares but uncertain comforts.

Children should be seen and not heard.

Of listening children have your fears,
For little pitchers have big ears.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—**SHAKESPEARE.**

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.—**WORDSWORTH.**

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In thy reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

COMPETITION

The game of the world is a perpetual trial of strength between man and events.—EMERSON.

Victories that are easy are cheap—those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A salesman should not feel alarmed when he learns that competitors are ahead of him on his route. There are just as many behind him.—W. N. AUBUCHON.

When I'm getting ready for an argument with a man I spend one-third of my time thinking about myself and what I'm going to say, and two-thirds thinking about him and what he is going to say.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Unless you go in to win, you lose the satisfaction which a brave heart enjoys in "just trying."

When you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword.—SHERIDAN.

CONVERSATION

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.—GIBBON.

He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful.—SYDNEY SMITH.

In conversation avoid the extremes of forwardness and reserve.—CATO.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Speech is a mirror of the soul; as a man speaks, so is he.—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

Be not too brief in conversation lest you be not understood, nor too diffuse lest you be troublesome.—PROTAGORAS.

That which is unsaid may be said; that which is said cannot be unsaid.

The art of conversation consists of the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize; you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating, and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible.—DISRAELI.

COÖPERATION

We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Be loyal to the people with whom you associate at the start.
—CHARLES M. SCHWAB (Modern Eloquence, V).

He is the rich man who can avail himself of other men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men.—EMERSON.

Every employee pays for superintendence and inspection. Some pay more and some less, that is to say, a dollar-a-day man would receive two dollars a day were it not for the fact that some one has to think for him, look after him and supply the will that holds him to his task. The result is that he contributes to the support of those who superintend him.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.—LONGFELLOW.

It ain't the guns nor armament, nor funds that they can pay,
But the close coöperation that makes them win the day—
It ain't the individual nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' team-work of every bloomin' soul.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

COURAGE

It isn't life that matters, it's the courage you bring to it.

Fortune never helps the man whose courage fails.—SOPHOCLES.

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.—SHAKESPEARE.

Bravery never goes out of fashion.—THACKERAY.

Mental courage is the keynote to success.

Human courage should rise to the height of human calamity.
—ROBERT E. LEE.

The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.—NICHOLAS ROWE.

He who begs timidly courts a refusal.

Nine times out of ten a cat can whip anything twice her size. And yet there's nothing to her except quick thinking, quick action, and almost maniacal intensity.

What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.—GOETHE.

I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none.—SHAKESPEARE.

COURTESY

The mirror of all courtesy.—SHAKESPEARE.

All doors open to courtesy.

He may freely receive courtesies who knows how to requite them.

In courtesy rather pay a penny too much than too little.

Lip courtesy pleases much and costs little.

The courteous learns his courtesy from the discourteous.

High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The greater man the greater courtesy.—TENNYSON.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—EMERSON.

Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.—HENRY J. NEWBOLT.

Shout “YOU” and whisper “me,” and your story will carry home straight to the heart of the listener.

Courtesy is a business asset—a gain and never a loss.—HOWARD ELLIOTT.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.—TENNYSON.

Courtesy is not something which the manager can tell his employees to exercise toward the public and then himself be very economical in its use toward his employees.—IVY LEE (Modern Eloquence, V).

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces and took the chances and changes of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came; and so found the truth of the old proverb, that good times and bad times and all times pass over.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Good sense and good nature are never separated.—DRYDEN.

The kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.—SHAKESPEARE.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admir'd;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.—GEORGE CRABBE.

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed
As by his manners.—SPENSER.

CRITICISM

He has a right to criticize who has a heart to help.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Open rebuke is better than secret love.—OLD TESTAMENT.

Feel grateful to him who criticizes, and profit thereby.

Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee.—OLD TESTAMENT.

It's better to fight for the right than to rail at the ill.—TENNYSON.

Critics are like brushers of other men's clothes.

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.—LOWELL.

Criticism is easy, art is difficult.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—DISRAELI.

Of all the cant which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!—LAURENCE STERNE.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ousrel's as others see us!
It would frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—BURNS.

Seek roses in December, ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics.—BYRON.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.—POPE.

DEATH

To die is nothing: 'tis parting with a mountain of vexation.
—MASSINGER.

Be still prepared for death, and death or life shall thereby
be the sweeter.—SHAKESPEARE.

Death hath nothing terrible in it, but what life hath made
it so.

Music expresses feeling and thought, without language. It
was below and before speech, and it is above and beyond all
words. Beneath the waves is the sea—above the clouds is the
sky. The greatest music is the most marvelous mingling of
Love and Death. Love is the greatest of all passions and
Death is its shadow. Death gets all its terror from Love, and
Love gets its intensity, its radiance, its glory and its rapture,
from the darkness of Death.—ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Who knows but life be that which men call death,
And death what men call life.—EURIPIDES.

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.—SHAKESPEARE.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame,—nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.—MILTON.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against fate ;
Death lays its icy hands on kings :
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.—JAMES SHIRLEY.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—THOMAS GRAY.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—SHAKESPEARE.

There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall live as
before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good
more ;
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect
sound.—BROWNING.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no man lives forever,
That dead men rise up never ;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.—SWINBURNE.

DEBT

Out of debt, out of danger.

Debts turn free men into slaves.

Who pays a debt creates capital.

A hundred wagonfuls of sorrow will not pay a handful of debt.

A national debt is a national blessing.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

A loan should come laughing home.

No slavery is so burdensome as debt. Saving wipes out debt and forestalls it—establishes self-confidence and that manly independence which is the assurance of successful accomplishment.

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery.—DICKENS.

Interest eats night and day, and the more it eats the hungrier it grows. The farmer in debt, lying awake at night, can, if he listens, hear it gnaw. If he owes nothing, he can hear his corn grow.—ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime; it taints the course of life in all its dreams. Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and venal politicians! It hath a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe.—DISRAELI.

DECISION

Behind every career is a decision.

Make decisions—don't expect them.

Don't think it over—put it over.—MAX SCHROEDER.

The man who lacks courage to make a start has already reached the finish.—L. M. CRANDALL.

When once a decision is reached and execution is the order of the day, dismiss absolutely all responsibility and care about the outcome.—WILLIAM JAMES.

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—OLIVER CROMWELL.

The indefinite idea produces the indefinite action. The uncertain man produces the uncertain results.

Nowhere is the goal of him who follows the route of Anywhere. The man who aims at nothing in particular, invariably hits his mark.

Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.—SHAKESPEARE.

One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.—MATTHEW PRIOR.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.—LOWELL.

DELAY

Delay always breeds danger.—CERVANTES.

Delays have dangerous ends.—SHAKESPEARE.

All delay is irksome but it teaches us wisdom.

Delays are dangerous, but they make things sure.

All things come to him who waits—and labors while he waits.

Delays are dangerous. The world will listen to you, but won't wait for you.

All things may come to those who wait, but it generally takes us a lifetime to find it out.

It's all right to think before you speak, but don't go to sleep while meditating.

Everything comes to him who waits provided he knows what he is waiting for.

By the street of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never.

—CERVANTES.

DEVIL

Tell the truth and shame the devil.

Talk of the devil and you hear his bones rattle.

It is easy to bid the devil be your guest, but difficult to get rid of him.

He needs a long spoon that would eat out of the same dish with the devil.

Of lawful wealth the devil takes the half; of unlawful the whole and the owner too.

It costs the devil little trouble to catch a lazy man.

Seldom lies the devil dead in a ditch.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.—SHAKESPEARE.

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

Satan now is wiser than before,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.—POPE.

DIFFICULTY

Difficulties are things that show what men are.—EPICTETUS.

Difficulties strengthen the mind as well as labor does the body.—SENECA.

Don't dodge difficulties—meet them, greet them, beat them.

No man claims "it can't be done" who is willing to try.

The man who says "it can't be done" is being continually interrupted by somebody doing it.

Misfortunes have their heroism and their glory.—NAPOLEON.

Never despair, but, if you do, work on in despair.—EDMUND BURKE.

Many have turned stumbling blocks into stepping stones.

I am unaware of anything that has a right to be called an impossibility.—HUXLEY.

Passing Shadows—Let them pass. Who would stop a cloud that overshadows his garden? The cloud is transitory,—the garden blooms.—LANDOR.

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must sometimes fight it out or perish! and if so, why not now, and where you stand?—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Out of the darkest cloud peeps the brightest sun. Often-times trouble is only a necessary step to happiness.

The ladder of life is full of splinters, but they always prick the hardest when we're sliding down.

Good is a good doctor, but Bad is sometimes a better.—
EMERSON.

A few troubles are just as necessary to the development of a man as a few fleas are to a dog.

Let us be of good cheer, and remember that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—LOWELL.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.—SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.—SHAKESPEARE.

DINING

Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.—SYDNEY SMITH.

Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.—OLD TESTAMENT.

All human history attests
That happiness for man,—the hungry sinner,
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.—BYRON.

A good eater must be a good man; for a good eater must have a good digestion, and a good digestion depends upon a good conscience.—DISRAELI.

As much valor is to be found in feasting as in fighting, and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it.—ROBERT BURTON.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.—BURNS.

That all softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.—BYRON.

We may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?

—OWEN MEREDITH.

DISCONTENT

Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will.—EMERSON.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

When down in the mouth, remember Jonah. He came out all right!—JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSON.

It is better to forget one's misfortunes than to talk about them.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortune perfectly like a Christian.—POPE.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—DICKENS.

Everybody meets with discouragement and rebuffs. The only difference is that some talk about them and others fight them off.

There are two kinds of discontent in this world: the discontent that works, and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success; and there's no cure at all for the second.—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

DUTY

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.—GEORGE HERBERT.

Would you live at ease? Do what you ought, not what you please.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—LINCOLN.

It is wonderful what strength of purpose and boldness and energy of will are roused by the assurance that we are doing our duty.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It is not a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.—RUSKIN.

The man who has done his best has done everything. The man who has done less than his best has done nothing.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.—BACON.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—CARLYLE.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true—I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have—I must stand with anybody who stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty.—BERNARD SHAW.

When joy and duty clash
'Tis joy must go to smash.—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can!—EMERSON.

A brave endeavor
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth
Is better than life with love forever
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

—JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done
And thereby cleared firm footing for to-day,
Whatever clouds may dark to-morrow's sun
Thou shall not miss thy solitary way.—GOETHE.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe:
From vain temptations dost set free:
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

—WORDSWORTH.

EDUCATION

Education is the apprenticeship of life.

Education is the chief defense of the nation.

Education is teaching a fellow to work or it's no good.

To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge.—HERBERT SPENCER.

Education is such a development of our faculties and powers as enables us to be masters wherever we are placed—masters of ourselves and masters of our condition.—MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

Nothing has such power to broaden the mind as the ability to investigate systematically and truly all that comes under thy observation in life.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with knowledge of the great fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stained ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage,—a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—LORD BROUHAM.

Education is the instruction of the intellect in the Laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

An educated person takes command of new situations and novel undertakings, as an officer takes command of his troops. And how is it that this capacity to command has been developed? It is reached through the training to obey. The educated mind has been taught by greater minds and has felt the authority of greater thoughts.—PEABODY.

Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.—THOMSON.

Education promotes peace by teaching men the realities of life and the obligations which are involved in the very existence of society; it promotes intellectual development, not only by training the individual intellect, but by sifting out from the masses of ordinary or inferior capacities, those who are competent to increase the general welfare by occupying higher positions; and, lastly, it promotes morality and refinement, by teaching men to discipline themselves, and by leading them to see that the highest, as it is the only permanent, content is to be attained, not by groveling in the rank and steaming valleys of sense, but by continual striving towards those high peaks, where, resting in eternal calm, reason discerns the undefined but bright ideal of the highest Good—"a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night."—THOMAS HUXLEY.

EFFICIENCY

An efficient man is a man who can do what he ought to do when he ought to do it, whether he wants to do it or not.

The habit of making knowledge power is efficiency.—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER (Modern Eloquence, VII).

Efficiency? Yes, we are all seeking it, but it comes not by any royal road or through the medium of any heaven-born genius. Any scheme of efficiency that takes the heart out of the worker is a sham and a delusion. We must develop the human side as well as the mechanical side—the man and the woman as well as the engineer or clerk.—GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU (Modern Eloquence, IV).

Get facts; look far; think through.—WILLIAM C. REDFIELD (Modern Eloquence, V).

Lucks counts once in a while; trained efficiency counts all the time.

To be able to ask a question clearly is two-thirds of the way to getting answered.—RUSKIN.

Freedom and hope increase not only man's willingness but also his power for work.

Don't be so busy doing small things that you fail to see your opportunity to do large ones.

In to-day's strenuous business life, the man who half finishes a job, finishes himself.

Doing well depends upon doing completely.

What's the use of having a good aim in life if you are out of ammunition?

The cheapest and most efficient discipline is that which well paid, hopeful and zealous work naturally creates.—WILLIAM C. REDFIELD (Modern Eloquence, V).

There is everything in that one word—thoroughness; personal interest; concentration; patience; forgetfulness of self; close application; honest work.—EDWARD WILLIAM BOK (Modern Eloquence, XIII).

Six-cylinder incomes come from six-cylinder thinking and six-cylinder effort.

Within each of us is the instinct for good workmanship, and to it we should be true.

Every piece of work which is not as good as you can make it—meagerly thought, niggardly execution, every hasty or slovenly or untrue performance—should rise up against you in the court of your own heart and condemn you for a thief.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Do your work so well that it will require no supervision, and by doing your own thinking you will save the expense of hiring some one to think for you.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

ELOQUENCE

Eloquence may be defined as the speech of one who knows what he is talking about and means what he says—it is thought on fire.—WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN (Modern Eloquence, XIII).

How forcible are right words.—OLD TESTAMENT.

The living voice is that which sways the soul.—PLINY THE YOUNGER.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—OLD TESTAMENT.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper and nothing more.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.—NEW TESTAMENT.

As the grace of man is in the mind, so the beauty of the mind is eloquence.—CICERO.

The ability to speak effectively is an acquirement rather than a gift.—WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.—SHAKESPEARE.

The less said, the sooner mended.

Know it—say it straight—and quit at the end.

Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves.—LEWIS CARROLL.

As a vessel is known by the sound whether it is cracked or not, so men are proved by their speeches whether they be wise or foolish.—DEMOSTHENES.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.—BACON.

Nature has given us two ears, two eyes and but one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.—SOCRATES.

I say the best speeches of the community scattered through the land, discussing finance, taxes, education, are the education of the common people, and they learn more in a year of universal debate than they would in twenty years of reading and thinking without such help.—HENRY WARD BEECHER (Modern Eloquence, XIII).

Speeches are often like eggs. You don't need to eat the whole of an egg nor hear the whole of a speech to know that it is bad.—WALTER HINES PAGE.

Any old place in a speech is a good place to stop. If, as far as you have gone, you have made a good speech it is a good place to stop; and if, as far as you have gone, you have made a bad speech it is a hell of a good place to stop.—MAX D. STEUER (Modern Eloquence, VI).

There are three classes of preachers: those you can listen to, those you can't listen to, those you can't help listening to.—ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

An after-dinner speech ought to contain an anecdote, a platitude and a quotation.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No, never say nothin' without
 You're compelled to,
An' then don't say nothin' that
 You can be held to.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Speak clearly, if you speak at all,
Carve every word before you let it fall;
And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; . . . Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundling who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant. It out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it. Be not tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er step not the modesty of Nature.—SHAKESPEARE.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man.
I only speak right on.—SHAKESPEARE.

Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

—SHAKESPEARE.

ENERGY

A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in but unfurnished.—JOHN STERLING.

I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Your brain is the nearest gold mine. Keep digging.—F. E. CHURCHILL.

Everything that was ever accomplished on the face of this earth was achieved with the same equipment that you possess.—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

There seems to be a difference between being full of hot air and getting up steam.

The man who rows the boat has no time to rock it.

A good idea, like a match, is useless until you strike it into flame.

The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—BUXTON.

Effort brings fruit;
Don't squeal, just root.

Don't suppose! Get busy and find out.

ENTHUSIASM

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—
EMERSON.

Enthusiasm is the life of the soul;
Either I will find a way, or make one.

—WORDSWORTH.

I like the man who bubbles over with enthusiasm. Better be a geyser than a mud puddle.—**JOHN G. SHEDD.**

Be intensely in earnest. Enthusiasm invites enthusiasm.—
RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

Cash can buy, but it takes enthusiasm to sell.

Enthusiasm is the white heat which fuses all a man's business qualities—ability, initiative, knowledge, tact, industry and the rest—into one effective whole.—**HUGH CHALMERS.**

Thoroughness plus enthusiasm equals success. Try it.—
HAROLD A. HOLMES.

The man or woman of enthusiastic trend always exercises a magnetic influence over those with whom he or she comes in contact.—**H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.**

Enthusiasm is that thing which makes a man boil over for his business, his family and his hobby, and for anything his heart is in.—**HUGH CHALMERS.**

No man can get very far these days without enthusiasm. And enthusiasm is nothing more or less than business itch.—
F. D. VAN AMBURGH.

You can regain any place if you retain enthusiasm.—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. Nothing great was ever achieved without it.—EMERSON.

Enthusiasm is the thing which makes the world go round. Without its driving power nothing worth doing has ever been done. Love, friendship, religion, altruism, devotion to career or hobby,—all these, and most of the other good things in life, are forms of enthusiasm.—ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFLER.

Enthusiasm isn't enough in this world. There must be knowledge.—EDWIN LEFEVRE.

EPIGRAMS

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.—EMERSON.

Short sentences drawn from long experience.—CERVANTES.

If you would be pungent, be brief: for it is with words as with sunbeams; the more they are concentrated—the deeper they burn.—SOUTHEY.

Full of wise saws and modern instances.—SHAKESPEARE.

Proverbs receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of the ages through which they have passed.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Patch grief with proverbs.—SHAKESPEARE.

Maxims tew be good should be az sharp as vinegar, az short az pi krust, and az trew az a pair of steelyards.—JOSH BILLINGS.

There is not less wit nor less invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book than in being the first author of that thought.

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote.—EMERSON.

Nothing is so useless as a general maxim.—MACAULAY.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.—SHAKESPEARE.

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'Tis his at last who says it best.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Jewels five words long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.—TENNYSON.

EXPERIENCE

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The great trouble with the school of experience is that the course is so long that the graduates are too old to go to work.—HENRY FORD.

It is a singular thing that the most expensive experience is the kind that the poor man and the weak man always acquire.—FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK.

Fools learn by experience, but the wise by the experience of others, and the way of the guesser is hard.

The chief value of the fool's experience is its worth to others.—FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging of the future but by the past.—PATRICK HENRY.

It may be admitted that experience is the best teacher, but the man who relies exclusively on his own experience, gets a very limited education.

I know not what profit there may be in the recorded experience of the past, if it be not to guide us in the present.—DISRAELI.

FAILURE

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success.

Failure is the line of least persistence.

It is a very old and a very true saying, that failure is the only high-road to success.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—CONFUCIUS.

The man who thinks he can't is usually right.—J. G. JONES.

A failure is a man who has blundered, but is not able to cash in on the experience.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

Failure in the past is no doom for any man. It is only a challenge for us all to find the true self that has not yet been quite discovered.—JOHN KELMAN.

The path of failure runs along the stream of procrastination.

Many a man fails because he has too little confidence in himself, and too much in his friends.

The boy who halted on third base to congratulate himself failed to make a home run.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.—LLOYD JONES.

Failure is a matter of self-conceit. Men don't work hard because, in their self-conceit, they think they are so clever that they'll succeed without working hard. Most men believe that they'll wake up some day and find themselves rich and famous—and, eventually, they "wake up."—THOMAS A. EDISON.

FAITH

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—NEW TESTAMENT.

Trust in God but keep your powder dry.—CROMWELL.

We walk by faith not by sight.—NEW TESTAMENT.

That we have but little faith is not sad, but that we have but little faithfulness. By faithfulness faith is earned.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

To believe is to be strong. Doubt cramps energy. Belief is power.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

Faith means confidence, confidence means efficiency, and efficiency means results.—JACK JONES.

No great deed is done by falterers who ask for certainty.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Unless you have faith in your ability you can never win a battle.

Doubt is the key of knowledge. He who never doubts never examines. He who never examines, never discovers anything. He who discovers nothing remains blind.—BOLINGBROKE.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall become the universal sense.—EMERSON.

One on God's side is a majority.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds.—TENNYSON.

Who never doubted never half believed;
Where doubt there truth is—'t is her shadow.

—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

It's faith in ourselves that
Makes our faith in others strong;
He is not a full and rounded man
Who thinks the world all wrong.

FAME

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—SOCRATES.

The way to fame is like the way to Heaven, through much tribulation.—LAURENCE STERNE.

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.—KEATS.

Fame itself is but an epitaph; as late, as false, as true.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

In heaven an angel is nobody in particular.—BERNARD SHAW.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be damned than mentioned not at all.
—JOHN WOLCOTT.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose:
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.—POPE.

Better than fame is still the wish for fame,
The glorious training for a glorious strife.
—OWEN MEREDITH.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out with sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears
And splits the thin-spun life.—MILTON,

FEAR

Our fears are always more numerous than our dangers.—
SENECA.

Over-daring is as great a vice as over-fearing.—BEN JONSON.

No greater hell than to be a slave to fear.—BEN JONSON.

It is never safe to look into the future with eyes of fear.—
E. H. HARRIMAN.

They can conquer who believe they can. He has not learned the first lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.—EMERSON.

The older a lamb grows, the more sheepish it becomes.—
LORD ERSKINE.

Get out of the fright habit and into the fight habit. Many a man has missed a picnic because he was certain a cloudy sky meant rain.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.—SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP

When Zeno was asked what a friend was, he replied, "Another I."—DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

A friend in need
Is a friend indeed.

Go slowly to the entertainments of thy friends and quickly to their misfortunes.

The only danger in friendship is that it will end. It is a delicate plant, though a native.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Friendship is the secret of the universe. You may wander the country, and none shall ever speak of it, yet thought is everywhere busy about it, and the idea of what is possible in this respect affects our behavior toward all new men and women, and a great many old ones.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been to me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women!—OLD TESTAMENT.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—EMERSON.

Never was there a greater fallacy than to say there are no friendships in business. The very warp and woof of business is friendship, confidence, mutual trust, belief in honest and not too selfish purposes.—FRANK VANDERLIP.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.—HALLECK.

A friend is one who incessantly pays us the compliment of expecting from us all the virtues, and who can appreciate them in us.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?—BURNS.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

—SHAKESPEARE.

GENIUS

Genius . . . means the transcendent capacity of taking trouble.—CARLYLE.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—DISRAELI.

There is no great genius without a tincture of madness.—SENECA.

It is the property of true genius to disturb all settled ideas.—GOETHE.

Genius can never despise labor.—ABEL STEVENS.

Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is.—LOWELL.

Genius does what it must, talent does what it can.—OWEN MEREDITH.

Doing easily what others find difficult is talent; doing what is impossible for talent is genius.—HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL.

Since when was genius found respectable?—BROWNING.

Without genius learning soars in vain,
Without learning genius sinks again.—HORACE.

Time, place and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born and never can be taught.

—DRYDEN.

GOVERNMENT

We must either breed political capacity, or be ruined by Democracy.—BERNARD SHAW.

It is the essence of democracy to obey no master but the law.—SOLON.

The most anxious man in a prison is the governor.—BERNARD SHAW.

The complaisance which produces popularity is the source of the greatest operations of Government.

If you are going to accomplish anything in this country, you must have faith in your form of Government, and there is every reason why you should have faith in it. . . . It is best, not because it is perfect, but because it can be made as perfect as the people deserve to have.—WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN (Modern Eloquence, XIII).

The function of Government is not to guarantee equality of reward for inequality of service. All a Government can do in this respect, even a paternal Government, is to give equality of opportunity.—JOHN HAYS HAMMOND (Modern Eloquence, IV).

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.—WILLIAM Pitt.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.—BYRON.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the Government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.—HENRY CLAY.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great! . . .
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!—LONGFELLOW.

GREATNESS

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.—SHAKESPEARE.

That man is truly great for whom nothing is too small.

To be great is to be misunderstood.—EMERSON.

To have been first proves antiquity. To become first proves merit.—NERO.

Men are great for what they are and not for what they are not.

The great man is he that does not lose his child's heart.—MENCIUS.

I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—NEWTON.

I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man.

It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life.—CARLYLE.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—EMERSON.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.—EMERSON.

There will never be a generation of great men until there has been a generation of free women—of free mothers.—ROBERT INGERSOLL.

To a small man every greater is an exaggeration.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Muskeeters are plenty, elephants skarse.—JOSH BILLINGS.

Men in great places are thrice servants,—servants of the sovereign of state, servants of fame, and servants of business.—BACON.

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.—TENNYSON.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward through the night.

—LONGFELLOW.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
That man is great indeed.—POPE.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.—LONGFELLOW.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man? Three treasures,—love and light.
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.—COLERIDGE.

HABIT

Habit is second nature.—MONTAIGNE.

The measure of our success is usually the measure of our habits.

Powerful indeed is the empire of habit.—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.—G. D. BOARDMAN.

It is a thousand times easier to contract a new habit than to get rid of an old one.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt, until they are too strong to be broken.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

That young chap unhampered by the fetters of habit will get you if you don't watch out.—J. W. SCHULZE.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks makes rivers, rivers run to seas.—DRYDEN.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

—HANNAH MORE.

HAPPINESS

To be of use in the world is the only way to be happy.—
HANS ANDERSEN.

It is not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing
we have to do, that makes life blessed.—GOETHE.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.—OLD
TESTAMENT.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by
stealth, and to have it found out by accident.—CHARLES LAMB.

Smile and the world smiles with you.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above our-
selves.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the founda-
tion of morals and legislation.—BENTHAM.

To enjoy a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude yourself
from the true enjoyment of it.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

We have no more right to consume happiness without pro-
ducing it, than to consume wealth without producing it.—
BERNARD SHAW.

Scarcely one man in a thousand is capable of tasting the
happiness of others.—HENRY FIELDING.

A lifetime of happiness! No man alive could bear it: it
would be hell on earth.—BERNARD SHAW.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—SHAKESPEARE.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

All who joy would win
Must share it,—happiness was born a twin.—BYRON.

True happiness is to no place confined,
But still is found in a contented mind.—HORACE.

He chortled in his joy.—LEWIS CARROLL.

Happiness depends, as nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.

—WILLIAM COWPER.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.—DYER.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.—POPE.

HEROES

To believe in the heroic makes heroes.—DISRAELI.

Heroism feels and never reasons and therefore is always right.
—EMERSON.

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.—GOETHE.

A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house.—NEW TESTAMENT.

There is no heroic poem in the world but at bottom is a biography, the life of a man; also it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

No man is a hero in the eyes of his valet.

This world iz phull ov heros and heroines, and the reason whi so menny ov them live unnoticed iz bekause they adorn every day life and not an ockashun.—JOSH BILLINGS.

Every hero becomes a bore at last.—EMERSON.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, that is to say over fear: fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness, of loneliness and of death. There is no real piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.—HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HOME

Home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—MONTGOMERY.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.—BURNS.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.—BYRON.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?

—THOMAS MOORE.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

—PAYNE.

Travel east or travel west, a man's own home is still the best.

Home is home, though it be never so homely.

Peace and rest at length have come,
All the day's long toil is past,
And each heart is whispering, "Home,
Home, at last."—THOMAS HOOD.

HUMAN NATURE

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—SHAKESPEARE.

For the colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady,
Are sisters under their skins.—KIPLING.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.—TERENCE.

Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels.—OLD TESTAMENT.

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason; how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!—SHAKESPEARE.

What is the question now placed before society with the glib assurance which to me is most astonishing? That question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, I am on the side of the angels.—DISRAELI.

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?—SHAKESPEARE.

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.—MACAULAY.

I wish I liked the human race,
I wish I liked its silly face,
And when I'm introduced to one
I wish I thought, "What jolly fun!"

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound; Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—BYRON.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.—BURNS.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age.
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.—POPE.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

—SHAKESPEARE.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.—SHAKESPEARE.

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep.—SHAKESPEARE.

IDEALS

Hitch your wagon to a star.—EMERSON.

They never fail who die in a great cause.—BYRON.

My belief is, that no human being, and no society composed of human beings, ever did, or ever will, come to much, unless their conduct was governed and guided by the love of some ethical ideal.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

There is no better motto which it [culture] can have than these words of Bishop Wilson, "To make reason and the will of God prevail."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries, with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and star.—COLERIDGE.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—NEW TESTAMENT.

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but, like the sea-faring man on the desert of water, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—CARL SCHURZ.

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do.—BROWNING.

"Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral if only you can find it."—LEWIS CARROLL.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.—SHELLEY.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies.

—LONGFELLOW.

Whence comes Solace? Not from seeing,
What is doing, suffering, being;
Not from noting Life's conditions,
Not from heeding Time's monitions;
But in cleaving to the Dream
And in gazing at the Gleam
Whereby gray things golden seem.

—THOMAS HARDY.

Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee,—air, earth, and skies!
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.—WORDSWORTH.

IGNORANCE

Ignorance never settles a question.—DISRAELI.

There is no darkness but ignorance.—SHAKESPEARE.

The only victories which leave no regret are those which are gained over ignorance.—NAPOLEON.

Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.—DISRAELI.

It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished.—OLD TESTAMENT.

You generally hear that what a man doesn't know doesn't hurt him, but in business what a man doesn't know does hurt.—E. ST. ELMO LEWIS.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.—POPE.

The fool is happy that he knows no more.—POPE.

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.—THOMAS GRAY.

Blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers bawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things, all day long.—TENNYSON.

IMAGINATION

The most troublesome man I have to deal with is the man who this morning thought of something I have thought of forty years, and calls on me and knows it all.—WILLIAM GAYNOR.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome to the character.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A most necessary qualification for any salesman to have is imagination. It makes him able to put himself in his prospect's place—makes him kind and sympathetic and understanding.—R. J. COMYNS.

A man to carry on a successful business must have imagination. He must see things as in a vision, a dream of the whole thing.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!—SHAKESPEARE.

The imagination governs the universe.—NAPOLEON.

Imagination is the eye of the soul.—JOURRET.

The light that never was on sea or land;
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

—WORDSWORTH.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.—WORDSWORTH.

That minister of ministers,
Imagination, gathers up
The undiscovered Universe,
Like jewels in a jasper cup.—JOHN DAVIDSON.

INDUSTRY

Industry is the only coin acceptable at the gate of success.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—
OLD TESTAMENT.

Better to wear out than to rust out.—BISHOP CUMBERLAND.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.—OLD TESTAMENT.

Nowher so besy as man as he ther n' as,
And yet he seemed besier than he was.—CHAUCER.

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.—
EMERSON.

The more we do, the more we can do. The busier we are, the more leisure we have.—HAZLITT.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.
—OLD TESTAMENT.

It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?—THOREAU.

The busy man,—like Joshua—always makes the sun to stand still—always lengthens the day by simply putting more into it.—RICHELIEU.

Go at your work each day as though it were your first day in a new job and you had to make good.

INITIATIVE

Initiative is doing the right thing without being told.—
ELBERT HUBBARD.

The reason most men don't accomplish more is because they
don't attempt more.

The early bird catches the worm.

What is the use of going right over the old track again? . . .
You must make tracks into the unknown.—HENRY DAVID
THOREAU.

Many a man is satisfied to follow the crowd, and even then
only at a safe distance.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.—SOPHOCLES.

We can all learn this lesson from Robinson Crusoe—he used
what he had to get what he wanted—now.—NORVAL A. HAW-
KINS.

He who has misgivings as to the finish will never start any-
thing.

The world reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that
is initiative. Initiative is doing the right thing without being
told. Next to doing the thing without being told, is to do it
when you are told once.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.—POPE.

INVENTIONS

Necessity is the mother of invention.

God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.—OLD TESTAMENT.

The mystery of mysteries is to view machines making machines; a spectacle that fills the mind with curious, and even awful, speculation.—DISRAELI.

The lightning was the angel of the Lord; but it has pleased Providence, in these modern times, that science should make it the humble messenger of man.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

He who first shortened the labor of Copyists by the device of *Movable types* was disbanding hired Armies and cashiering most Kings and Senates and creating a whole new Democratic world: he had invented the Art of printing.—CARLYLE.

KINDNESS

Kindness is more binding than a loan.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—TENNYSON.

That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.—WORDSWORTH.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.—SHAKESPEARE.

Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone:—
Kindness in another's trouble,

Courage in our own.

—ADAM LINDSAY GORDON (LIONEL GORDON).

KNOWLEDGE

He that hath knowledge spareth his words.—OLD TESTAMENT.

Knowledge in youth is wisdom in age.

Knowledge is the antidote to fear.—EMERSON.

There is one only good, namely, knowledge; and one only evil, ignorance.—SOCRATES.

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and a provision in old age.—ARISTOTLE.

I pity unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.—LORD FALKLAND.

The world wears a path to the door of the man who knows.—EMERSON.

The men who do are the men who know.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

As a general rule the most successful man in life is the man who has the best information.—DISRAELI.

It is no shame for a man to learn that which he knoweth not, whatever be his age.—SOCRATES.

You don't know your own game, if that is all you know.—W. H. LOUGH.

Knowledge is of two kinds; we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Learning teaches how to carry things in suspense without prejudice till you resolve.—BACON.

Knowledge of a few things is better than guess-work at many.

What a man knows about business is sure to push him ahead; it's only what he guesses that holds him back.—R. W. SMILEY.

Organized business knowledge is capital to a poor man and interest to a rich man.

The knowledge of to-day may be the ignorance of to-morrow. Then where are you, unless you keep posted from day to day?

The knowledge we have acquired ought not to resemble a great shop without order, and without an inventory; we ought to know what we possess, and be able to make it serve us in our need.—LEIBNITZ.

I am not one of those who believes that a half-knowledge of a subject is useless—but it has been my experience that when a fellow has that half-knowledge he finds it's the other half which would really come in handy.—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary; who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but have sought additional knowledge and stowed it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life.—CUSHMAN K. DAVIS.

I hold that the most important thing is not the quantity of knowledge which a man has taken in and can pour out again, but the ability he shows to use the knowledge he has acquired.—HERBERT SPENCER.

A boy is better unborn than untaught.—GASCOIGNE.

The saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing is, to my mind, a very dangerous adage. If knowledge is real and genuine, I do not believe that it is other than a very valuable possession, however infinitesimal its quantity may be. Indeed if a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?—THOMAS HUXLEY.

Human knowledge iz not very komprehensiv after all, for i hav seen men who could kalkulate an ekrips to a dot, who couldn't harness a hoss tew save their lives.—JOSH BILLINGS.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.—POPE.

LAW

The laws of a nation form the most instructive part of its history.—GIBBON.

The laws sometimes sleep but never die.

Better no law than law not enforced.

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have stolen away the key of knowledge.—NEW TESTAMENT.

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh!
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practiced eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.—WORDSWORTH.

Better ten guilty escape than one innocent man suffer.

Agree with thine adversary quickly.—NEW TESTAMENT.

A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he many venture to call himself an architect.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A lawyer is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it to himself.—LORD BROUGHAM.

To live by the bar you must live like a hermit and work like a horse.—LORD ELDON.

Good counselors lack no clients.—SHAKESPEARE.

Give me the making of the songs of the people; I care not
who makes their laws.

I am further of the opinion that it would be better for us to
have no laws at all than to have them in so prodigious numbers
as we have.—MONTAIGNE.

God works wonders now and then,
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man.

He will embark in litigation even if a donkey has bitten
his dog.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.—POPE.

LEADERSHIP

A public man of light and leading.—DISRAELI.

If you want to be a leader of the people you must watch events.

Leaders are ordinary persons with extraordinary determination.—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them, and power flows to the man who knows how.

We need trained, disciplined men who know and who can think—men whose judgments are steadied by knowledge.—WOODROW WILSON.

The master minds in business are those who through their knowledge of fundamental principles are able to organize and direct the efforts of others.—V. CLEMENT JENKINS.

It is only the man who is bigger than his job who gets the bigger job.

The fire of God
Fills him. I never saw his like; there lives
No greater leader.—TENNYSON.

LIBERTY

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.—JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to defend it.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Liberty may be endangered by the abuse of liberty as well as by the abuse of power.—JAMES MADISON.

Man has found that he must give liberty to others in order to have it himself. He has found that a master is also a slave; —that a tyrant is himself a serf.—ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Liberty is the power which of right belongs to every man to use all his faculties as he may choose.—ROBESPIERRE (Modern Eloquence, X).

What light is to the eyes, what love is to the heart, Liberty is to the soul of man. Without it, there come, suffocation, degradation and death. Liberty is the condition of progress. Without Liberty there remains only barbarism. Without Liberty there can be no civilization.—ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Our liberty depends on the freedom of the press, and that cannot be limited without being lost.—JEFFERSON.

The higher the state of civilization, the more completely do the actions of one member of the social body influence all the rest and the less possible is it for any one man to do a wrong thing without interfering, more or less, with the freedom of all his fellow-citizens.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to anyone who will take it of me.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.—BERNARD SHAW.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.—LOVELACE.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will:

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.—TENNYSON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.—BYRON.

Oh, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!—
MADAME ROLAND.

For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?—EMERSON.

LIFE

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.—JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY.

Take what is: trust what may be: that's life's true lesson.—ROBERT BROWNING.

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.—BERNARD SHAW.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Life is surely a matter of concentration. You are what you set out to be. The things you read to-day are the things you become to-morrow. You are a composite of the things you say, the books you read, the thoughts you think, the company you keep and the things you aspire to become.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud—and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. But in the night of Death hope sees a star and listening Love can hear the rustling of a wing.—ROBERT INGERSOLL (Modern Eloquence, XI).

Matter and force are the two names of the one artist who fashions the living as well as the lifeless.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

Life's a pudding full of plums;
 Care's a canker that benumbs,
 Wherefore waste our elocution
 On impossible solution?
 Life's a pleasant institution,
 Let us take it as it comes!

—WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
 To all the sensual proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.—LONGFELLOW.

How good is man's life, the mere living!
 how fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses
 forever in joy!—BROWNING.

Who well lives, long lives; for this age of ours
 Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours.

—DU BARTAS.

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
 Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.—WORDSWORTH.

. . . Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—SHAKESPEARE.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE

The course of true love never did run smooth.—SHAKESPEARE.

A pennyweight of love is worth a pound of law.

All's fair in love and war.

Love can't give any man new gifts. It can only heighten the gifts he was born with.—BERNARD SHAW.

Love is an incessant inspiration. By the dews of love the arid desert of life is made as fragrant and blooming as a paradise.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

To love her was a liberal education.—SIR RICHARD STEELE.

He that falls in love with himself will find no rival.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Alas, the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.—BYRON.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.—TENNYSON.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

All mankind loves a lover.—EMERSON.

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still.—SHELLEY.

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.—BURNS.

I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love.—TENNYSON.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
But of all the pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.—COWLEY.

LUCK

Luck is the thing that happens when preparation meets opportunity.

Luck is a great word with *U* the most important letter.

There is no such thing as luck ; it is a fancy name for being always at our duty.—BULWER-LYTTON.

Shallow men believe in luck. Strong men believe in cause and effect.—EMERSON.

The foolish man “darns” his luck—the wise man “mends” it.
—HAZEN CONKLIN.

Hard luck is a polite name for the sleeping sickness.

For every effect, there is a perfect cause. Good luck is another name for tenacity of purpose.—EMERSON.

Hope nothing from luck and the probability is that you will be so prepared, forewarned and forearmed that all shallow observers will call you lucky.—BULWER-LYTTON.

A colored man said he was luckiest with potatoes he hoed the most.

People who strongly desire a thing are always well served by chance.

Men at some time are masters of their fates ;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

—SHAKESPEARE.

MARRIAGE

Marriage is the bloom or blight of all men's happiness.—
BYRON.

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing.—PROVERBS.

Domestic happiness the only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall.—L'ESTRANGE.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.—BACON.

Wedding is destiny, and hanging likewise.—HEYWOOD.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

—SHAKESPEARE.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other.—LONGFELLOW.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.—SHAKESPEARE.

Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.—EURIPIDES.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,—
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.

—SIR JOHN DAVIES.

MEDICINE

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.—SWIFT.

A physician is an angel when employed, but a devil when one must pay him.

Most physicians as they grow greater in skill grow less in their religion.—MASSINGER.

Physicians' faults are covered with earth and rich men's with money.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.—OLD TESTAMENT.

I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When lawyers take what they would give
And doctors give what they would take.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

To cure sometimes; to relieve often; to comfort always.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?—SHAKESPEARE.

MEMORY

Memory is the treasurer and guardian of all things.—CICERO.

Memory no less than hope owes its charm to the far away.—
BULWER-LYTTON.

A great memory does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Many a man fails to become a thinker for the sole reason that his memory is too good.—FRIEDRICH WILLIAM NIETZSCHE.

You can always see a face in the fire. The laborer, looking into it at evening, purifies his thoughts of the dross and earthiness which they have accumulated during the day.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thou fill'st from the wingéd chalice of thy soul
Thy lamp, O Memory, fire-wingéd to its goal.

—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.—LONGFELLOW.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.

—SHAKESPEARE.

MISTAKES

The only people, scientific or other, who never make mistakes are those who do nothing.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

The most successful men i have ever known, are those who are konstantly making blunders, but never seem tew kno it.—JOSH BILLINGS.

A kicking cow never lets drive untill jist az the pail iz full, and seldom misses the mark ; it iz jist so with sum men's blunders.—JOSH BILLINGS.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men leave them.—BEN JONSON.

Who excuses himself accuses himself.

Three-fourths of the mistakes a man makes are made because he thinks he does not really know the things he knows.—JAMES BRYCE.

The man who makes a mistake and never makes the same mistake twice has never made a mistake.

There is nothing more humiliating than to bark up the wrong tree a long time, and find nothing there.

Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions discourage you. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right; he will grow daily more and more right.—CARLYLE.

MODERATION

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—BISHOP HALL.

Moderation, the noblest gift of heaven.—EURIPIDES.

Nothing in excess.

Moderation in success is no less expected from brave men than gallantry in action.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall.—BACON.

Observe moderation. In all, the fitting season is best.—HESIOD.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.

—COWPER.

Enough's as good as a feast.—CHAPMAN.

Moderation in prosperity argues a great mind.

MONEY

Remember that time is money.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A penny saved is twopence clear.

Money is a universal language speaking any tongue.

Money is the fruit of evil as often as the root.—FIELDING.

Money is a good servant but a bad master.

Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.—MARLOWE.

God send you more wit and me more money.

With money you would not know yourself, without money nobody would know you.

To lose money ill is indeed often a crime; but to get it ill is a worse one, and to spend it ill worst of all.—RUSKIN.

No man has a right to go into business and not make money. It is a crime to go into business and lose money, because it is a curse to the rest of the community. No man has a moral right to transact business unless he makes something out of it. He has also no right to transact business unless the man he deals with has an opportunity also to make something. Unless he lives and lets live, he is not an honest man in business. There are no exceptions to this great rule.—RUSSELL H. CONWELL (Modern Eloquence, XIII).

NATURE

Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same.—EMERSON.

God made the country, and man made the town.—COWPER.

Time which obliterates the fictions of opinions confirms the decisions of Nature.—CICERO.

I believe in the forest, in the meadow, and in the night in which the corn grows.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

If we shut Nature out at the door, she will come in at the window.—ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

Nature has perfected herself by an eternity of practice.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Every part of Nature teaches that the passing away of one life is the making room for another.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

The laws of Nature are science; but, in an enlightened moment, they are morality and modes of divine life.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—WORDSWORTH.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more.—BYRON.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not,—Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

—WORDSWORTH.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery.—SHELLEY.

If the red slayer think he slays,
 Or if the slain think he is slain,
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I keep and pass and turn again.—EMERSON.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
 To feel, amid the city's jar,
 That there abides a place of thine,
 Man did not make, and cannot mar.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
 Stops with the shore.—BYRON.

I have learned
 To look on Nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.—WORDSWORTH.

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
 He, too, is no mean preacher :
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.—WORDSWORTH.

OPPORTUNITY

Observe the opportunity.—OLD TESTAMENT.

While we stop to think we often miss our opportunity.—
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

A man must make his opportunity as oft as find it.—BACON.

Opportunities are more powerful than conquerors or prophets.

Mastery finds a short cut to opportunity.

Opportunity is simply another name for your mental attitude.
It's all in the way you feel about things.

We've equalized opportunity. This is the most that society
can do—it cannot equalize men.—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

Life is merely a series of opportunities for turning failures
into successes.—PETER COOPER.

Don't nurse opportunity too long—take it into active part-
nership at once.

Don't be so busy doing small things that you fail to see your
opportunity to do large ones.

Many a man owes his success to the fact that in an emer-
gency he could step in and do the work of the man ahead, and
many a man owes his defeat to the fact that when the oppor-
tunity was his, he could not rise to meet it.

Opportunity is inside, not outside.—W. J. WILSON.

Opportunity consists in doing the thing that other people neglect to do.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.—SHAKESPEARE.

Now and then some unusual opportunity comes to most of us. People who succeed in life are those who are on the look-out for those unusual opportunities and quickly embrace them.
—CHARLES E. GLADSTONE.

Strange as it may seem, a man does not cut much ice unless he makes hay while the sun shines.

He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall have nay.

—JOHN HEYWOOD.

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

—WALTER MALONE.

OPTIMISM

Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement. Nothing can be done without hope.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.—OLD TESTAMENT.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.—EMERSON.

The difference between an optimist and a pessimist is that one believes in mascots and the other in hoodoos.

Ability doesn't count, knowledge is useless, experience has no worth without the driving force of optimism.—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

Young man, expect great things! Expect great things of God; great things of your fellow men and of yourself. Expect great things of America. For great opportunities are ahead; greater than any that have come before. But only those that have the courage and the vision to expect them will profit when they come.—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.—WORDSWORTH.

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never dreamed the clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.—BROWNING.

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns.
I am thankful that thorns have roses.

The difference between the optimist
And the pessimist is quite droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut,
And the pessimist sees the hole.

In business I am an optimist with a vivid imagination.—
BISHOP CARPENTER.

ORGANIZATION

Organization is the ability to bring all available knowledge and all available energy to bear upon particular problems in hand at the precise time when needed.—HERBERT SPENCER.

Organization without coöperation is like a fiddle with one string—some notes but not much music.

No man can help make an organization greater, better, more successful and more efficient without making himself the same.

The only reason we have gotten anywhere in this business reorganization of government is because we have not only completely absorbed, but I say completely demonstrated, the truth that the proper machinery with which to run governmental routine business must be similar to the machinery to run private routine business.—CHARLES E. DAWES (Modern Eloquence, IV).

PATRIOTISM

He serves his party best who serves the country best.—
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

A heavy moral obligation rests upon the man of means and upon the man of education to do his full duty by his country.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever.—
DANIEL WEBSTER.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.—MILTON.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country!—WILLIAM COWPER.

That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.—TENNYSON.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee.—LONGFELLOW.

Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!—SHAKESPEARE.

Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!—LONGFELLOW.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor;
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.—MACAULAY.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may
she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—
STEPHEN DECATUR.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PEOPLE

The best schooling in the world is dealing with people.

I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people.—EDMUND BURKE.

Proclaim human equality as you like,
Witless will serve his brother.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

Democracy cannot rise above the level of the human material of which its voters are made.—BERNARD SHAW.

The fate of a nation will ultimately depend upon the strength and health of the population.

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.—LINCOLN.

True democracy rejects the doctrine that mediocrity is a safeguard for liberty, and points to the fact that the only menace to liberty comes from the predominance of monopoly, of privilege, and of majorities.—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER (Modern Eloquence, VII).

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?—LINCOLN.

It seems to me the idea of our civilization, underlying all American life, is, that men do not need any guardian. We need no safeguard. Not only the inevitable, but the best power this side of the ocean, is the unfettered average common sense of the masses.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The people will worship a calf if it be a golden one.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

—GOLDSMITH.

PERSEVERANCE

If you wish to succeed in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—ADDISON.

Rome was not built in one day.

Brag's a good dog, but hold-fast is a better.

The real basis of your success is persistency. There is no failure except for the one who tamely quits trying. Success ever hovers close to him whose spirit is undaunted.

My son, consider the postage stamp; its usefulness consists in the ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.—JOSH BILLINGS.

All that I have been enabled to accomplish in the course of my life has been done through perseverance.—GEORGE STEVENSON.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—CONFUCIUS.

The hen doesn't quit scratching, just because the worms are scarce.—J. P. GERRLOFS.

The race is not to the swift,
The prize is not to the strong.
The best of life is always
For the man who "pegs along."

PERSONALITY

Personality is the outward expression of the innermost self that radiates courage, courtesy and kindness. It is that which makes men leaders and not followers.

The way to make ourselves admired is to be what we expect to be thought.—SOCRATES.

We may not be master of our daily work, but we are at least master of the spirit in which we do it.—HUGH BLACK.

All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly and in tune.—RUSKIN.

If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Always make the other fellow like you whether he enrolls or not.

Don't keep within yourself. Express yourself. Reach out, read carefully, meet sensible people. Try to do more and better in every detail.

PLAY

When you play, play hard; when you work, don't play at all.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game.—CHARLES LAMB.

Taking the game seriously is a ground gainer in any contest.—G. E. SEILER.

Men play games with more zest than they run machines. They get greater rewards in pleasure and satisfaction when the drudgery of business is turned into a game of skill and effort.

For when the great Scorer comes to write against your name, he writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game.

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game above the prize.

—HENRY J. NEWBOLT.

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so good day!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good Morrow.

—GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,

And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout;

But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has “struck out.”—ERNEST L. THAYER.

POVERTY

Give me neither poverty nor riches.—OLD TESTAMENT.

The poor ye have always with you.—NEW TESTAMENT.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough.—SHAKESPEARE.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned.—LINCOLN.

How great the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart.—POPE.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

—THOMAS GRAY.

He is now rising fast from affluence to poverty.—MARK TWAIN.

PREPARATION

The surest road to inspiration is preparation.—LLOYD GEORGE.

Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being on one's guard.—CERVANTES.

Practice is the best of all instructors.—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

Deliberate before you begin, then execute with vigor.—SALLUST.

Figure out how it's possible to do things, not how it's impossible to do them.—H. F. DEBOWER.

The man who aims at nothing in particular always hits his mark.—FARMILET.

But nobody can learn to count straight, or talk straight, or hit straight without a good deal of conscious and rather disagreeable preliminary practice.—HADLEY.

One can always do a thing if one thinks of it as an accomplished fact. It is not enough to believe that one can do it, and to try to do it under such restriction. One must think of it as already done.—FREDERIC V. R. DEY.

Practice yourself, for heaven's sake, in little things; and thence proceed to greater.—EPICTETUS.

I will study and prepare myself and then some day my chance will come.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

PRINCIPLES

Get your principles right; and the rest is a mere matter of detail.—NAPOLEON.

Search men's governing principles, and consider the wise, what they shun and what they cleave to.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

We may be personally defeated, but our principles never.—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Principles are greater than men. Men die, but principles are eternal.—JACK JONES.

He who is to win the noblest successes in the world of affairs must continually educate himself for larger grasp of principles.

The moment we hit upon a conception which lets us apply some principle of action which is a fixed and stable part of our ego, our state of doubt is at an end.—WILLIAM JAMES.

Learning a business involves the learning of the principles underlying that business.—HERBERT SPENCER.

The most solid comfort one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life is to help in some small way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation, and misery on the face of this beautiful earth.—GEORGE ELIOT.

A young man who starts out in life with a fixed principle, whether it be that he will not drink, nor smoke, nor indulge in anything which in his heart he feels is not good for him, or in which he does not conscientiously believe, and adheres to that principle at all times, holds in his hand one of the most powerful elements of success in the world to-day.—EDWARD W. BOK (Modern Eloquence, XIII).

There is no higher wisdom than to lose yourself in useful industry, and be kind.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

This is my doctrine: Give every other human being every right you claim for yourself. Keep your mind open to the influences of nature. Receive new thoughts with hospitality. Let us advance.—ROBERT INGERSOLL.

A marciful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I *don't* believe in princerple,
But Oh I *do* in interest.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PROFITS

Small profits are sweet.

Great profits, great risks.

He profits most who serves best.—ROTARY CLUB.

Profit is the reward a merchant gets for doing an exceedingly difficult job for a little better than the other fellow can do it.—FRANK STOCKDALE.

You can't make profits without making figures, but you can make a lot of figures without making a profit.

The first legitimate use of large profits, and the main use, is to reduce prices. These lower prices will, in turn, cause increased demand, increased production and increased total profit at which point prices can again be reduced.—EDWARD A. FILENE (Modern Eloquence, IV).

Most men work for wages; the happiest ones work for pleasure.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

—SHAKESPEARE.

For profits small as pinheads, they rush from east to west.

PROGRESS

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are going.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A mule makes no progress when he's kicking. Neither does a man.—E. H. CUMMINGS.

While you are trying you are progressing.—A. E. LYONS.

Progressiveness is looking forward intelligently, looking within critically, and moving on incessantly.—W. P. WARREN.

Forward, as occasion offers. Never look round to see whether any shall note it. . . . Be satisfied with success in even the smallest matter, and think that even such a result is no trifle.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

Harmonious order governing eternally continuous progress—the web and woof of matter and force interweaving by slow degrees, without a broken thread, that veil which lies between us and the Infinite—that universe which alone we know or can know; such is the picture which science draws of the world, and in proportion as any part of that picture is in unison with the rest, so may we feel sure that it is rightly painted.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

Keep moving—the ladder of success was never intended to be cluttered up with men roosting there just to gaze at the surrounding scenery.

The progressive man is always seeking to equip himself for higher work, even though the opportunity to use the knowledge is not apparent at the time.—P. V. BUNN.

There is never any progress until some man sees an ideal and starts out to realize it.

Through broader culture, finer manners, love,
And reverence, to the level of the hills.—WHITTIER.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Roaming in thought over the Universe I saw the little that is
Good steadily hastening towards immortality,
And the vast that is evil I saw hastening to merge itself and
become lost and dead.—WALT WHITMAN.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.—TENNYSON.

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances and in time outgrows
The laws that in our Fathers' times were best.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

—TENNYSON.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.—BERKELEY.

The open mind is the precursor of progress.

Not in vain the distance beacons.
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever
Down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we
Sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay.—TENNYSON.

PROMPTNESS

Punctuality is the soul of business.

Punctuality and politeness are the inseparable companions of gentlemen.—LAMARTINE.

Be slow in speech but prompt in action.—CONFUCIUS.

Punctuality meets an engagement. Promptness meets a situation. Proficiency meets both.—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

Speedy execution is the mother of good fortune.

Make it a rule not only to be prompt in all your appointments, but a little ahead of time.

Five minutes past four is to-morrow if the boat left at four.

PROSPERITY

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider.—OLD TESTAMENT.

To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.—WILLIAM AUSTIN.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.—BACON.

Prosperity walks hand in hand with the dealer who gives service.

God, give us Peace, not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

RELIGION

I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world are of one religion.—EMERSON.

There is more religion in men's science than there is science in their religion.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

To do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly before thy God.—OLD TESTAMENT.

Nothing renders a nation so despicable as religious despotism.—NAPOLEON.

There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it.—BERNARD SHAW.

Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

In heaven you live and work instead of playing and pretending. You face things as they are; you escape nothing but glamor; and your steadfastness and your peril are your glory.—BERNARD SHAW.

There are things for which a man must care or he is no real man. Whether he is getting more truth and character, whether the world is better for his living, whether he is finding God.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Religion is the foundation of morality in the individual and in the group of individuals. Materialists have attempted to build up a system of morality upon the basis of enlightened self-interest.—WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN (Modern Eloquence, XIII).

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—
FRANCIS BACON.

Have, then, an absolute faith in God and in prayer, and only one thing more is needed to complete the fundamental basis of all religions: an honest effort to live according to our conscience, to the best and truest that is within ourselves, and to do for others what we might wish they would do for us.—
EDWARD W. BOK (Modern Eloquence, XIII).

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.—
MACAULAY.

The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principles of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion.—
EDMUND BURKE.

Strange intimations of invisible things
Which, while they seem to sadden, give delight,
And hurt not, but persuade the soul to prayer.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.—KIPLING.

REWARDS

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—
EMERSON.

Desert and reward go not often together.

Nature has laws and this is one—a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.—CARLYLE.

Don't rest on your laurels unless you are prepared to see them wilt.

No amount of pay ever made a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist, or a good workman.—RUSKIN.

No philosophy has ever improved upon the Golden Rule, and the most gorgeous tapestry or trickery looks like a rag alongside the simple beauties of a square deal.—HENRY M. SPILLMAN (Modern Eloquence, III).

We all write our own price tags. We get for our work just exactly what it is worth, and the minute we begin turning out a first-class job, we receive a first-class price for it.

SALESMANSHIP

Many a good salesman never hoists the mainsail.

The first man that a salesman ought to sell is himself.—
HUGH CHALMERS.

To sell even a live proposition requires a salesman who is in dead earnest.—R. W. SMILEY.

A salesman's selling honor is his best selling asset.—DEAN SWIFT.

In salesmanship the greatest possible unselfishness is the most enlightened selfishness.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

There are two kinds of salesmen; one gets business through friends, and the other develops friends through business.—BILL WRIGHT.

One may be a gentleman, a scholar, a possessor of all the good qualities that go to make up a perfect man, but if he cannot sell goods, he is no salesman.

The surest way to improve your salesmanship is to improve yourself.—GLEN BUCK.

A real salesman is one-part talk and nine-parts judgment and he uses the nine-parts of judgment to tell when to use the one-part of talk.—ALEXANDER H. REVELL.

The best salesman is the chap who gets over on the customer's side and looks at his own proposition through the individual buyer's eyes.

Real salesmanship consists in selling a man what he ought to want, but thinks he doesn't.

The highest element of success in salesmanship is the ability to see and tactfully acknowledge the good qualities of the prospective customer.—H. F. DEBOWER.

A market is like a safe. Perhaps you can force the lock, but it's easier to learn the combination.

When Noah saw the waters rising and conceived the idea of the first great ocean liner, he advertised the fact that he was sorry that he could provide accommodations for but two of each of the living species. That's alluring advertising. I do not know how many extra rooms he had, but the conversation that he gave out has been duplicated by every hotel clerk I ever met in my life. There is always a shortage of rooms in the best hotels. And that's salesmanship.—EDWARD S. JORDAN (Modern Eloquence, V.).

SELF-HELP

The only real help is self-help.—PESTALOZZI.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.—EMERSON.

Self-trust is the first secret of success.—EMERSON.

The man who has control over himself is the master of others.

The biggest fool is the man who fools himself.

You are your own worst enemy—and you are your own best friend.—GLEN BUCK.

He who makes a mouse of himself will be eaten by the cats.

The more a man boasts of himself, the less real confidence he has in himself.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—GOLDSMITH.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

—TENNYSON.

What do you suppose will satisfy the soul except to walk free and own no superior?—WALT WHITMAN.

Have unbounded faith in yourself; but express that faith in better work and not in boastful conversation.

The man who believes in himself and who knows he can do a thing is usually telling the truth.—JACK JONES.

Never give up self study. There will always be something to learn about your ways.—WILLIAM C. REDFIELD.

When you feel that you are right and the entire rest of the world wrong, turn the spotlight of inspection on yourself.

Self-distrust is the cause of the most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

The man who can conquer the worst in himself has met and solved the biggest problem he will ever face.—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

Keep a close watch on yourself, for there are times when you'll need to be quickened, freshened, and vitalized by inspiration of your own making.

The world is busy about its own affairs. Your life is your own individual problem. Keep on figuring and don't sulk.—W. L. BROWNELL.

When the world owes a man a living he has a life job as a collector.

He that by the plow would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.

—WILLIAM COWPER.

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Never mind your limitations; grasp your possibilities.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.—HENLEY.

SERVICE

Small service is true service while it lasts.—WORDSWORTH.

The slogan of business to-day is not “dollars” but “service.”

The true test of education lies in its possessor's ability to serve.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people.—TOLSTOI.

Service: Give all we can for what we get instead of getting all we can for what we give.

Success, in my mind, can lie only where there is a real service performed for the benefit of your community, your state, or your nation.—JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

All men seek one goal—Happiness. Happiness (which is true success) can be found only through expressing all one's physical, mental, and spiritual power in usefulness to others.—ARISTOTLE.

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.—MILTON.

SINCERITY

Sincerity gives wings to power.

Sincerity doesn't mean going out of your way to say the disagreeable thing.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—JOHN FLETCHER.

Say not all thou knowest, but believe all that thou sayest.

Honesty is one part of eloquence: we persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Sir, I would rather be right than be President.—HENRY CLAY.

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.—EMERSON.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—SHAKESPEARE.

STUDY

A man who has studied a subject is on that subject the intellectual superior of the man who has not.—BULWER-LYTTON.

When a man stops learning he stops living.

Learn to learn if you would learn to earn.

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.—MILTON.

Experts on yesterday must stand aside for students of tomorrow.—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

If I don't know why I know what I think I know, then I want to know.—WILLIAM C. REDFIELD (Modern Eloquence, V).

The more a man knows, the more willing he is to learn. The less a man knows, the more positive he is that he knows everything.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

What is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit. For it is impossible for anyone to begin to learn what he thinks that he already knows.—EPICETUS.

SUCCESS

Nothing succeeds like success.—DUMAS.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.—DISRAELI.

Common things, uncommonly well done, pave the way to success.

Success comes in cans, failure in can'ts.

The secret of success in life consists in knowing how to change men's minds.—FRANK CRANE.

Any man is a success who can do his work without supervision.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

We must not lower the level of our aim that we may more surely enjoy the complacency of success.—RUSKIN.

Success is merely a matter of buying experience and selling it at a profit.

Men are so constituted that every one undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has the aptitude for it or not.—GOETHE.

The key to the store house of success is education, preparation, concentration and perspiration. The lock cannot be picked by poor work, spite work, guess work or no work.

The longer I live, the more I'm convinced that success doesn't come from lying awake nights, but from keeping awake in the day time.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—DISRAELI.

The successful man is always busy whether he feels like it or not. Any man can work when he feels like it.

Success or failure in business is caused more by mental attitudes even than by mental capacities.—WALTER DILL SCOTT.

Search for success with half the energy that you hunt excuses for an insignificant career and you'll find your place. An intelligent man, driven by will and intent upon a definite task, always gets what he goes after.—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—ADDISON.

The degree of success which a man attains in life is determined by two things—character and knowledge. What we are plus what we know equals destiny.

When you reach the mountain-top wigwag courage to the fellow in the foothills.

When you can think of yesterday without a regret and of tomorrow without a fear, you are on the road to success.

Success breakfasts on obstacles, lunches on objections, dines on competitors, and rests in peaceful slumber on their feathers.
—C. A. TALLINGER.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it.

—ADDISON.

TEMPER

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—OLD TESTAMENT.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.—OLD TESTAMENT.

The one that fust gits mad 's 'most ollers wrong.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.—SHAKESPEARE.

If a man insists on quarreling with you, lend him your ear, but not your voice.

Remember—that when you're in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and that when you're in the wrong you can't afford to lose it.

Reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God.—EPICTETUS.

Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he's well dressed. There ain't much credit in that.—CHARLES DICKENS.

Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!—POPE.

Of all bad things by which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

—CUMBERLAND.

THOUGHT

The power of thought,—the magic of the mind!—BYRON.

Great thoughts come from the heart.—VAUENARGUES.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—SHAKESPEARE.

No man can make others think unless he himself is a thinker.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.—EMERSON.

He who influences the thought of his times, influences all the times that follow. He has made his impress on eternity.

To pass on an idea is to multiply its power.—WALDO WAREN.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything.—WORDSWORTH.

THRIFT

Thrift is better than annuity.

A farthing saved is twice earned.

Cut your coat according to your cloth.

Economy is a great revenue.—CICERO.

If you make not much out of three pence, you'll never be worth a groat.

It may be new to his Grace, but I beg leave to tell him that mere parsimony is not economy. It is separable in theory from it; and in fact it may not be a part of economy, according to circumstances. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part of true economy.—EDMUND BURKE.

A creative economy is the fuel of magnificence.—EMERSON.

TIME

One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

We complain and regret that life is so short, yet we live each day as if it were a thousand years.—SENECA.

Time is your only asset. Each moment is a golden treasure and the way you spend it shapes your life.

Yesterday is dead—forget it. To-morrow does not exist—don't worry. To-day is here—use it.

He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day, begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—EMERSON.

Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and a waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckoning.—WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

I believe in to-day. It is all that I possess. The past is of no value only as it can make the life of to-day fuller and freer. To-morrow depends on the present—I must make good to-day.

To-day is yesterday's pupil.

Seven hours to sleep, to healthful labor seven,
Ten to the world and all to heaven.

Be ruled by time, the wisest counselor of all.—PLUTARCH.

The years are stealing bases on you—get busy.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is
the stuff life is made of.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

TRUTH

Truth is within ourselves.—BROWNING.

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim un-
known,

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I
dare; and I dare a little the more as I grow older.—MON-
TAIGNE.

There is nothing so powerful as truth—and often nothing so
strange.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and re-
pose.—EMERSON.

Whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open
encounter?—MILTON.

If any man can convince me and bring home to me that I
do not think or act aright, gladly will I change; for I search
after truth, by which man never yet was harmed. But he is
harmed who abideth on still in his deception and ignorance.—
MARCUS AURELIUS.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift
sword;
His truth is marching on.—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

We know the truth, not only by the reason, but also by the heart.—PASCAL.

All truth is not to be told at all times.

Whatever practical people may say, this world is, after all, absolutely governed by ideas, and very often by the wildest and most hypothetical ideas. It is a matter of the very greatest importance that our theories of things, and even of things that seem a long way apart from our daily lives, should be as far as possible true, and as far as possible removed from error.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VISION

Where there is no vision the people perish.—OLD TESTAMENT.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.—OLD TESTAMENT.

No man that does not see visions will ever realize any 'high hope or undertake any high enterprise.—WOODROW WILSON.

In the long run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

The great part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to build a hut.—GOETHE.

Vision has ever been the guiding angel of mankind; throughout history it has always been the man of vision who has led. No progress has ever been made without it and a nation's greatest assets are its men of vision, whether educators, statesmen, inventors or industrialists.—J. G. JONES.

A dreamer of the common dreams,
A fisher in familiar streams,
He chased the transitory gleams
That all pursue;
But on his lips the eternal themes
Again were new.—WATSON.

WASTE

Waste not want not. Willful waste brings woeful want.

The shortness of life is not to any rational person a conclusive reason for wasting the space of it which may be granted him.—RUSKIN.

A man looks mighty shiftless when sitting on his front porch at eleven o'clock of a week-day morning.—ED HOWE.

Eighty per cent of our business men are addicted to "nervous rush." But it does not spell efficiency. On the contrary, it means waste of energy, loss of time, more mistakes, a dull brain, and a "tired out" state of existence. The remedy is poise.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; there is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.—SHAKESPEARE.

WILL

Victory is will.—NAPOLEON.

Nothing is impossible to the man who can will.—MIRABEAU.

He who is firm in will molds the world to himself.—GOETHE.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—EMERSON.

Circumstances!—I make circumstances.—NAPOLEON.

People who strongly desire a thing are always well served by chance.—BALZAC.

No man ever arrived at the top without a climb.—J. G. JONES.

Every man is really two men; the man he is and the man he wants to be.—SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.

If you persuade yourself that you can do a certain thing, provided this thing be possible, you will do it, however difficult it may be. If, on the contrary, you imagine that you cannot do the simplest thing in the world, it is impossible for you to do it, and molehills become for you unscalable mountains.—EMILE COUÉ.

Nothing is more certain, humanly speaking, than this—that what a man wills himself to be, that he will be.—JACOB A. RIIS.

There is no man, normally born, however humble, however far from the extraordinary, who cannot, if he will, make out of his mind and the body that goes with it, an honorable success, a life of happiness and a life of usefulness.

WISDOM

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.—OLD TESTAMENT.

Wisdom is knowing what to do, skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—JOHN SELDEN.

Adversity's sweet milk, Philosophy.—SHAKESPEARE.

The men of action are, after all, only the unconscious instruments of the men of thought.—HEINE.

In science, as in art, and, as I believe, in every other sphere of human activity, there may be wisdom in a multitude of counselors, but it is only in one or two of them.—THOMAS HUXLEY.

Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it.—EMERSON.

A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time: a wise man, first to gain time, then to animate them.—RUSKIN.

There is no substitute for wisdom, but the next best thing to wisdom is silence.—JOSH BILLINGS.

Asked what he gained from philosophy, Aristotle answered, "To do without being commanded what others do from fear of the laws."

The fool wonders, the wise man asks.—DISRAELI.

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

—POPE.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—SHAKESPEARE.

WOMAN

Man has his will—but woman has her way.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.—POPE.

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed.—PASCAL.

I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man.
—GEORGE MEREDITH.

What was in the mind of heaven when women were created, will be the riddle to the end of the world.—GEORGE MEREDITH.

“Mr. Evarts, don't you think that a woman is the best judge of other women?”

“Ah, madam,” said the great lawyer, “she is not only the best judge, but the best executioner.”

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.—SHAKESPEARE.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.—CRASHAW.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.—POPE.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.—SHAKESPEARE.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman.

—SHAKESPEARE.

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.—WORDSWORTH.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!—BURNS.

A creature . . .
... So lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd.—MILTON.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.—BEN JONSON.

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.—MILTON.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.—OTWAY.

O woman! in our hours of ease
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.—BYRON.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon;
 To whom the better elements
 And kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that, like the air,
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

—EDWARD COATE PINCKNEY.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,—
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art:
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

—BEN JONSON.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
 (Even as you and I)
 To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
 (We call her the woman who did not care)
 But the fool he called her his lady fair.—KIPLING.

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit,
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, and Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.—WORDSWORTH.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WORK

Do your work and finish it. If you know how to begin, you will know when to end.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

When work seems hardest is the very hour when you need to work hardest.—F. D. VAN AMBURGH.

Two per cent is genius and ninety-eight per cent is hard work.—THOMAS EDISON (Modern Eloquence, IV).

Even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work.—CARLYLE.

Labor, if it were not necessary to the existence, would be indispensable to the happiness of man.—DR. JOHNSON.

The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims.—EMERSON.

If hard work is not genius it is the best possible substitute for it.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Much good work is lost for the lack of a little more.—E. H. HARRIMAN.

In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rousing thee, let this thought be present: “I am rising to a man’s work.”—MARCUS AURELIUS.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy; and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—RUSKIN.

The best evidence of ability is immense capacity for hard work and an intense conviction of its necessity.—NAPOLEON.

Work is given to men not only because the world needs it, but because the workman needs it. Work makes men.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

What matter then where your feet stand, or wherewith your hands are busy, so that it is the spot where God has put you, and the work which He has given you to do.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is noble and holy.—F. S. OSGOOD.

If you can fill the unforgiving minute,
With sixty seconds worth of distance run;
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,
And—what is more—you'll be a man, my son.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

He does not know, nor knowing, would he care
That he is vital to all splendid schemes
Of grace and beauty. He would dumbly stare
If you should tell him he was building dreams
In steel and stone. He works because he must;
The drudge, without whom all our dreams are dust!

—BERTON BRALEY.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are!—KIPLING.

WORLD

He that will consider the world must own he has never seen a better.

One-half the world does not know how the other half lives.

The world is a great book of which they that never stir from home read only a page.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

He is the world's master who despises it, its slave who prizes it.

The world is a ladder for some to go up and others to go down.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine.—EMERSON.

The year's at the spring
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.—CANNING.

That very law which molds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

WORRY

Worry kills, but not work.

Worry is more exhausting than work. Work hard and you'll have no time to worry.—FRANK S. BARTLETT.

Worry breaks men down; hard work seldom does.—H. S. STODDARD.

Thare are people who dont do ennything but watch their simptoms. I hav seen dogs ackt just az sensible, i hav seen a rat tarrier watch the simptoms ov a knot hole, in a board fence, all day, for sum rat tew cum out, but no rat didn't cum out.—
JOSH BILLINGS.

YOUTH

The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity.—DISRAELI.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As "fail."—SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

If the young knew, if the old man could, there is nothing but
would be done.

The old believe everything: the middle-aged suspect every-
thing: the young know everything.—OSCAR WILDE.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execu-
tion than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled
business.—FRANCIS BACON.

Towering in the confidence of twenty-one.—SAMUEL JOHN-
SON.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honor-
able gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon
me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content
myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies
may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are
ignorant in spite of experience.—WILLIAM Pitt.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!—WORDSWORTH.

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

—LONGFELLOW.